

✓

THE NEW SCREENLAND

February
25c

Ann
Harding

22-4

**GARBO!
MENACE.**

KNOW the STARS by NUMEROLOGY!
ANN HARDING'S NUMBERSCOPE

by Clifford Cheasley

The
SMART
SCREEN
MAGAZINE



FROM THIS ONE LIPSTICK . . .

natural color individually your own

TANGEE



New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, \$1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, \$1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, \$1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, \$1.



Apply TANGEE to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette! At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips comes the rose-blush color that is Nature's own glow of perfect health . . . of lovely youth!

For this is the magic of TANGEE . . . it changes on your lips to blend with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion! And should you want more color, a second application will give the desired effect.

TANGEE never gives an artificial greasy made-up look. It is natural, non-drying and permanent. And TANGEE has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, softens and protects.

+++++
SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
 Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."
 THE GEORGE W. LUFT Co., Dept. S-8-C 417 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Name.....
 Address.....

VOICE!



NOW
you can
have the
VOICE
you want!

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send for free Voice Book. Discloses startling voice facts that may save you hundreds of dollars. Tells all about marvelous new SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increases Range. Improves quality. Banish huskiness—hoarseness. 100 per cent improvement *guaranteed*—or money back. Mail coupon *at once* for free book—the greatest voice book ever written—sent FREE with no obligation!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem — send at once for FREE Voice Book.
Mail Coupon Now!

Perfect Voice Institute
Dept. 13-12 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

Perfect Voice Institute, Dept. 13-12
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ Weak Voice ☐ Singing ☐ Stammering ☐ Speaking

Name

Address

City State

Paul C. Hunter, *Publisher*

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Rosa Reilly, *Associate Editor*Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

February, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXII, No. 4

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF ANN HARDING.....	Thomas Webb	16
SCREEN SLANTS.....	Victor De Pauw	18
GARBO MENACE!.....	Marie House	21
SEX AND THE TALKIES.....	Gray Strider	22
TOLSTOY TALKS ABOUT PICTURES!.....	Rosa Reilly	24
KNOW THE STARS BY NUMEROLOGY.....	Clifford W. Cheasley	28
IS THE STAGE THE PORT OF MISSING SCREEN STARS?.....	Rosa Reilly	30
STARRY MONEY AND WHERE IT GOES!.....	Alma Whitaker	32
THE HEIGHTS OF FAME!.....	Sydney Valentine	52
CHOOSE YOUR COIFFURE.....		53
CONFESSIONS OF A 'JUICER'.....	By one	54
HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN ANTI-BLUE LAWS.....	Theodore D. Irwin	62
HEART TROUBLE.....		

PERSONALITIES:

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAK.....		26
IS FREDRIC MARCH BARRYMORE'S TALKIE TWIN?.....	Barton Boone	51
THE RICH LITTLE WORKING GIRL. Claudette Colbert.....	Rowley Trench	57
TWO GRAND PICTURE STEALERS. Mitzi Green.....	Mary Howard	60
THE MUNSON LINE. Ona Munson.....	Thomas Talbott	61
	Brian Herbert	83

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTIONS:

THEIR OWN FAVORITE PORTRAITS: Brief biographies of the Stars with their own favorite poses.....	35-50
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH.....	67
STUDIES: Irene Delroy, Ronald Colman.....	70-71
FASHIONS: Posed by Hollywood Stars.....	74-77
PORTRAITS: Josephine Dunn, Fay Wray, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Jeanette MacDonald, Ona Munson.....	

DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. Screenland's Guide to Current Pictures.....	6
SLAMS AND SALVOS. Letters from the Audience.....	8
SONG HITS FROM THE NEW FILMS.....	Evelyn Ballarine 10
ASK ME.....	Miss Vee Dee 12
HONOR PAGE.....	14
EDITORIAL.....	17
DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH. Robert Allen.....	27
HAND YOURSELF BEAUTY.....	Anne Van Alstyne 58
WHEN BESSIE LOVE ENTERTAINS AT LUNCHEON.....	Emily Kirk 63
THE STAGE IN REVIEW.....	Benjamin De Casseres 64
HOLLYWOOD HEADLINERS TAKE THE AIR.....	Louis Reid 66
BE-BLONDED PICTURE PARTIES!.....	Grace Kingsley 84
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans 86
CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS.....	88
SCREEN NEWS.....	90-95
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS.....	Mary Lee 96
WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR? Friendly Advice to Girls.....	Lillian Montanye 98
ADDRESSES OF THE STARS.....	100
CASTS OF FILMS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE.....	103
MEET THE FAMILY!.....	Paul Hunter, Publisher 130

Marie Dressler's Personal Reminiscences!

There's no more popular star in pictures today—not even Garbo, not even Dietrich! Marie Dressler stands alone—she appeals to everybody. That's why we are so proud to be privileged next month to begin "The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck" by Marie Dressler. It's funny—it's charming—it's touching—it's Marie! In two instalments, the first in the next—the March issue of SCREENLAND, it's the most human and hilarious story of a piquant personage you've ever read, because there is only one Marie Dressler and this is her intimate autobiography. With grand personal photographs from a private collection.



**ZANE
GREY'S**

FIGHTING CARAVANS

with

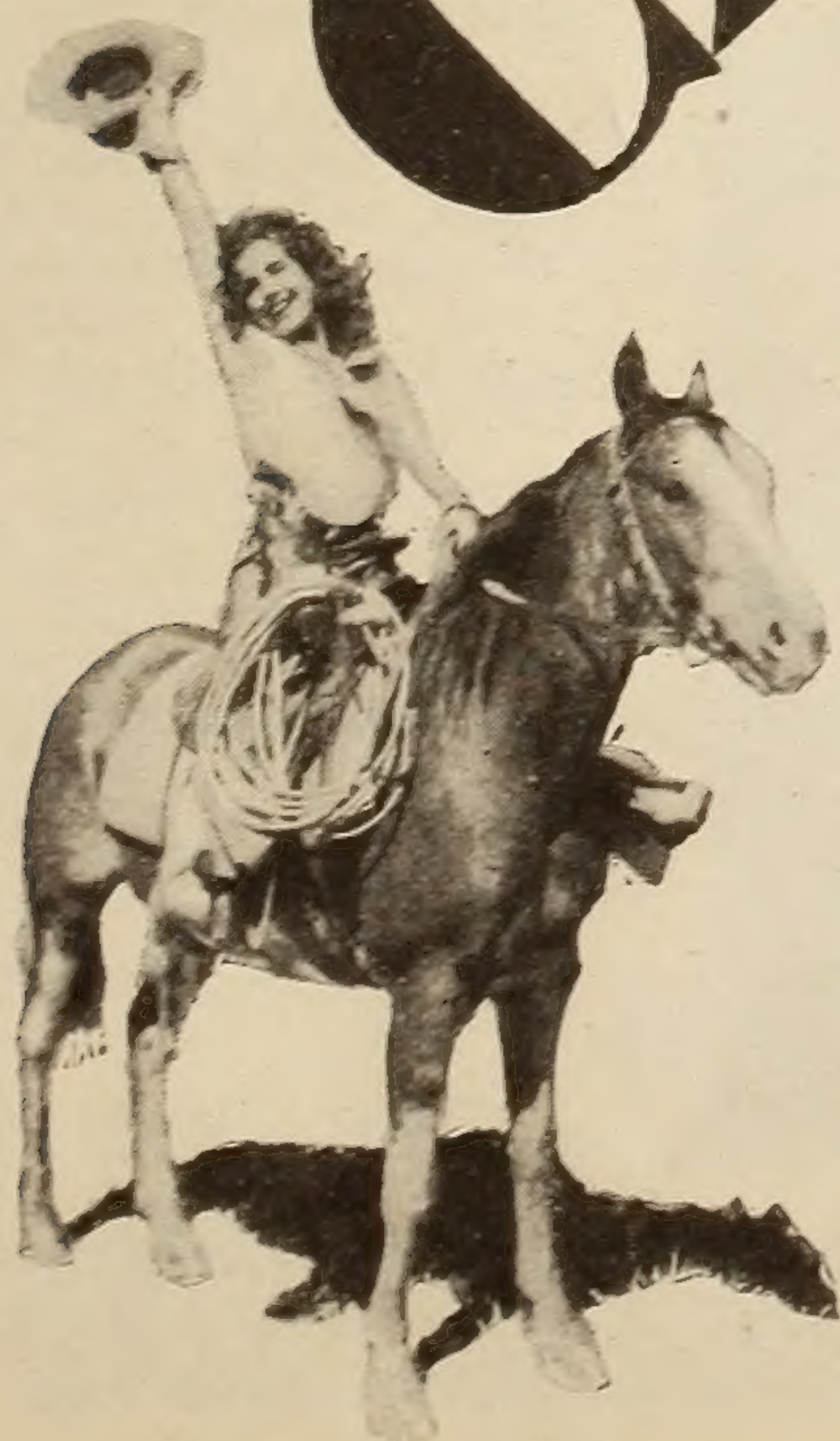
GARY COOPER

**Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence
Fred Kohler and Tully Marshall**



*Ernest Torrence and
Tully Marshall, delight-
ful old reprobates.*

Gary Cooper, adventurer, and ravishing Lily Damita are the lovers in this mighty, moving drama of the old West. A picture as big in scope as "The Covered Wagon," set in gorgeous natural scenery, a cast of thousands. Scenes of action and daring that fairly take your breath away, a story that holds you spellbound to the last. That's "Fighting Caravans," a Paramount Picture, and as always "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"



Paramount
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., Adolph Zukor



Pictures
Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

REVUETTES

Screenland's guide to current pictures—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class A:

A Lady's Morals. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Grace Moore, the famous opera singer, gives a grand performance as Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny and Wallace Beery co-operate. (★)

Check and Double Check. *Radio.* Amos 'n' Andy, Sue Carol, Irene Rich, and Charles Morton in a mêlée of fun with Amos 'n' Andy more than living up to expectation! (★)

Doorway to Hell. *Warner Brothers.* A first-rate racketeer film with Lew Ayres, a baby-faced gangster. Something different. Ayres fine and James Cagney swell. (★)

Feet First. *Paramount.* Here comes Harold Lloyd in another of those break-neck comedies, packed and jammed with hilarious scenes which throw the audience into hysterics. (★)

Just Imagine. *Fox.* An imaginative story of what the world will be like in 1980. Romance by Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick. Comedy by El Brendel and Marjorie White. (★)

Kismet. *First National.* This former stage hit makes a real screen hit, with Otis Skinner as the outstanding character, and Loretta Young and Mary Duncan assisting. (★)

Lightnin'. *Fox.* Will Rogers as the lovable, shiftless, hen-pecked hotel owner, husband of Louise Dresser—is perfect. His grand sense of humor puts this on the 'big time' map. (★)

Little Caesar. *First National.* Individual characterizations make this racketeering talkie something different. Edward Robinson as *Little Caesar* and Fairbanks, Jr., as a dancer, give unforgettable portrayals. (★)

Min and Bill. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in their first co-starring picture, from the book, "The Dark Star." Marie and Wallie are a great team. Marjorie Rambeau featured. (★)

Morocco. *Paramount.* One of the best pictures of the month, introducing the new foreign knock-out, Marlene Dietrich, who wins them all with her beauty and talent. Gary

See page 103 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

Cooper and Adolphe Menjou do good work. (★)

Mothers Cry. *First National.* A mother's difficulty in raising a family. Dorothy Peterson from the stage—excellent. David Manners, Helen Chandler, Sidney Blackmer, Evelyn Knapp and Pat O'Malley in cast. (★)

The Big Trail. *Fox.* John Wayne, America's new boy friend, runs away with this splendid covered wagon picture. Marguerite Churchill, Tyrone Power and Tully Marshall give fine portrayals. (★)

Class B:

Big Money. *Pathé.* Horse racing, crap games, Wall Street, and innocence—all contribute in making this a real talker. Eddie Quillan proves he can do high-hat rôles as well as low comedy.

Borrowed Wives. *Tiffany.* Paul Hurst, a comedy cycle cop, Rex Lease, and your old friend, Vera Reynolds, in a farce melodrama which doesn't quite click.

Brothers. *Columbia.* Bert Lytell is twins. Honest. He plays a foundling and a rich lawyer. But, of course, the foundling has the heart of gold. Entertaining.*

Derelict. *Paramount.* That old devil sea and George Bancroft manage to make this new talker an outstanding picture. Jessie Royce Landis from the stage makes her film début.

Du Barry. *United Artists.* Norma Talmadge as the little milliner who conquers the heart of the King of France. Glamorous settings with fine work by Norma, and William Farnum, as Louis XV.

East is West. *Universal.* A popular stage play of a decade ago, finely directed, capably acted, with Lupe Velez and Edward G. Robinson. Notwithstanding, a little shop-worn.

Escape. *Associated Radio.* A London clubman trying to help a little down-and-outer, in a resultant fight, gets convicted of manslaughter. Good story and fair acting.

Father's Son. *First National.* Leon Janney working out the problem of a boy's relationship to his father, Lewis Stone. Irene Rich in a mother's rôle. Something it would pay the whole family to see.*

Hot Heiress. *First National.* Ona Munson, the high society gal, falls for Ben Lyon, a humble riveter. One of these strong arm rôles which weak women like.*

Laughter. *Paramount.* The tug between love and money is the background of this excellent Nancy Carroll romance. Fine direction, swell dialogue and good acting by Nancy, Fredric March, and Frank Morgan.

Life of the Party. *Warner Brothers.* Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy pretend they're gold-digging widows—but t'ain't so. Just good home girls who give the audience plenty of laughs.*

Murder. *British International.* Good drama, well done, but a trifle too draggy to interest up and coming Americans. Not much comedy.

Night Work. *Pathé.* That snappy little comedy Napoleon, Eddie Quillan, comes through with another snappy little comedy. Eddie, Sally Starr, and a baby provide lots of fun.

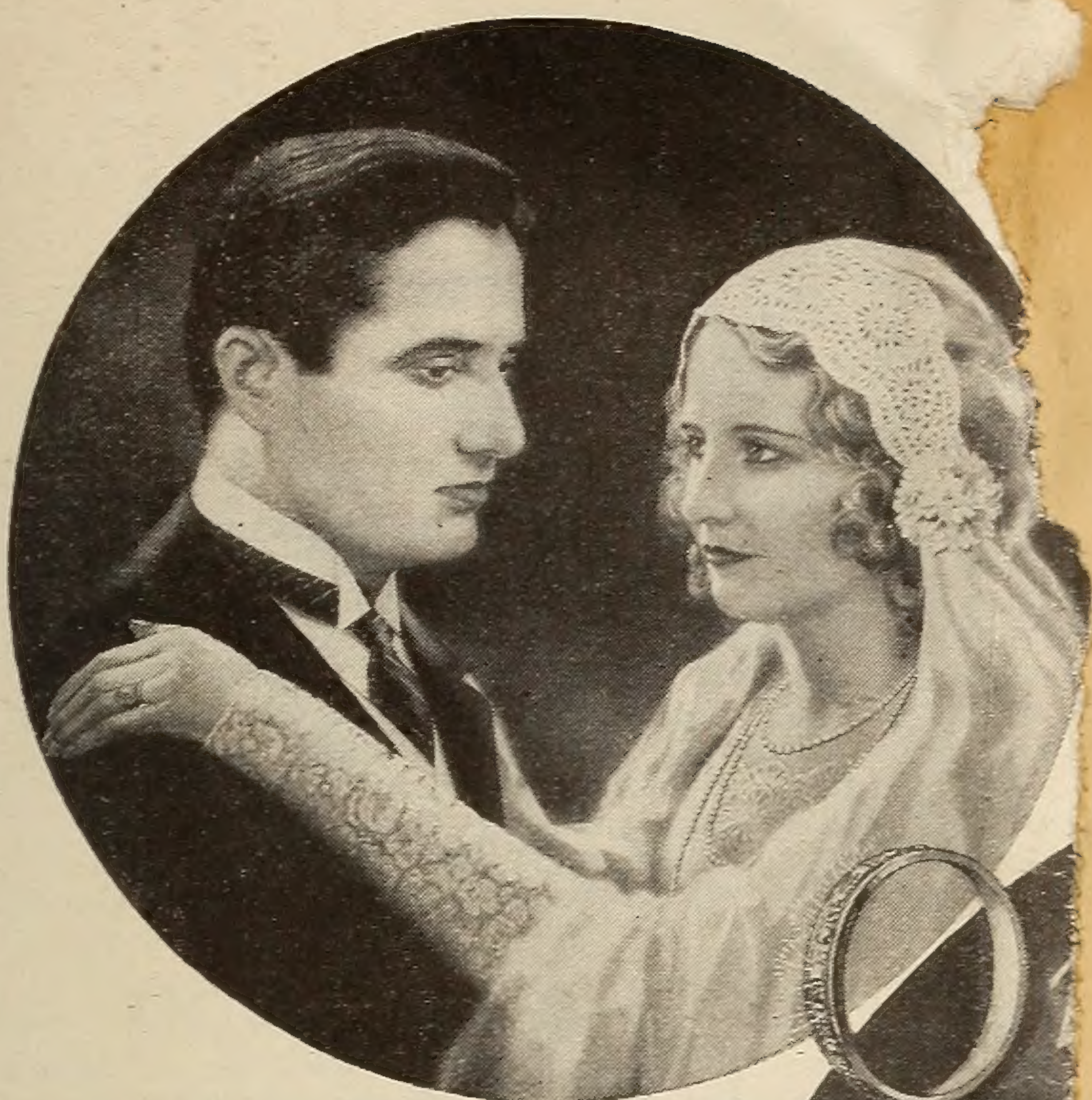
* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. (Continued on page 123)



Diane Ellis, Nancy Carrol, Fredric March and Glenn Anders in a scene from "Laughter," one of the best comedy romances of the season.

for February 1931



ILLICIT

Which -
**DOES THE MODERN
GIRL PREFER?**

SAFETY in marriage or daring adventures
stolen love? What is the real truth about
modern generation's attitude toward the
sacred convention of marriage? "ILLICIT"
frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story
one girl's amazing adventures in the dan-
gerous business of *experimenting* with love.



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. AND

When you write to adver

Salvos

s have a race in this department every month! The most constructive letter, not exceeding 150 words, on pictures and players receive the prize-winning blue ribbon of \$10.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize, \$20.00. And to give everybody a chance, there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters will be printed. SCREENLAND's race meet closes on the tenth of each month. Send your contributions to Slams and Salvos Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

calculable benefit to humanity. Voltaire said that "The doctor's art consists in amusing talk while the nurse does the cure." That's correct, for practically all illness is caused by thought taint. Life, as Nietzsche said, is a well of happiness, but you can poison it by thought. Our fundamental cure is in reversing thought. The movies are miracle workers. They induce health and happiness because they suggest beauty, health, joy and peace. They attain highest idealism in their noble service of making the greatest number happy. Better be a Marian Nixon or a Conrad Nagel than a Napoleon, for they help to heal and make humanity happy.

Mrs. E. M. Ryan (Nurse.)

Tozeur, Tunisia, N. Africa.

HOW'S YOUR ACCENT? (Third Prize Letter)

One of the most potent phases of the talkies seems to be their value as an illustrated book of etiquette. Of course there are a great many exceptions, but there is a certain type of picture which really gives a post-graduate course to many of these earnest seekers of a 'which-fork-to-use' education. Such players as Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Hedda Hopper, Clive Brook and Basil Rathbone are really giving valuable lessons to the aspirants to Emily Post correctness. Moreover, they listen so eagerly to these charming voices and English accents and strive so diligently to imitate them it often makes me wonder what has become of good old United States as she used to be spoken.

That's just one phase of the talkies. They have something in them for everybody. To the people who have few entertainments, they are an answer to a real need. To the average person in search of amusement, they are adequate. To the supercilious highbrow, they are an excellent target for his acid criticisms!

Mrs. W. B. Warren,
Greenville, N. C.

LISTEN, LEW AYRES! (Fourth Prize Letter)

I have decided to accept SCREENLAND's kind invitation to 'pick a winner.'

One night I stopped to see a Greta Garbo film, "The Kiss." But I was fascinated, instead, by a strikingly romantic youth who played a secondary part but nevertheless made a hit. He was altogether lovable and human. He might

(Continued on page 101)

res,"
an ad-
r, "is a
ingly ro-
ic youth
can be
Richard
ur de
at one
ent, as
was in
Quiet'
at an-
r as sim-
and lov-
as the
next
loor."

been there.
hood, but
town, vil-

m a very
I am all
I am—

recht,
5th St.
n, N. Y.

NCE

place in
But for
e to go
in New
nd died,
an in-

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

OUR DICK!

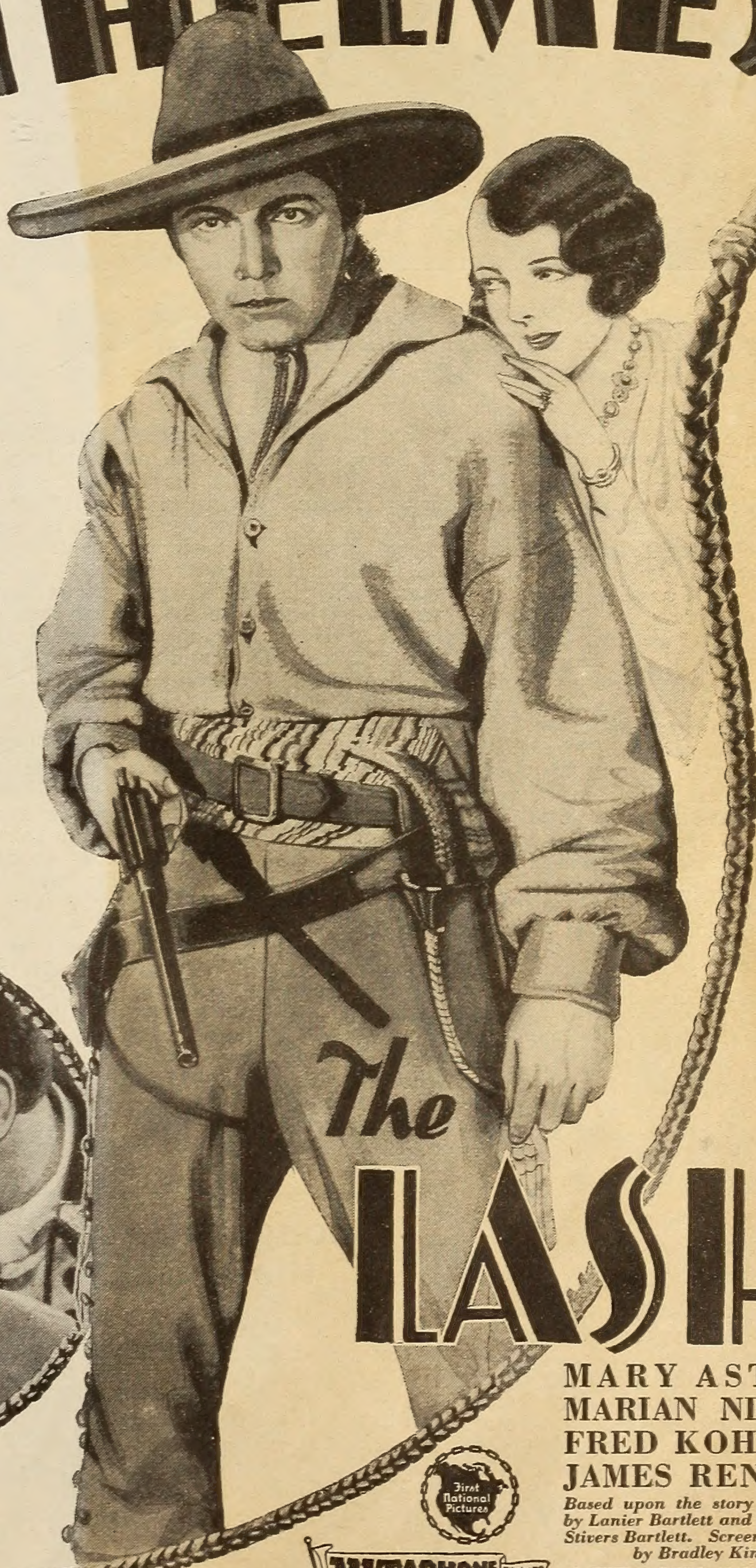
—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol*.

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!



The LASH

MARY ASTOR
MARIAN NIXON
FRED KOHLER
JAMES RENNIE

Based upon the story "Adios" by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Maurice Chevalier, that "Playboy of Paris," says it with songs; he's telling Stuart Erwin and Eugene Pallette *It's a Great Life*!

SCREEN SONG HITS

SCREENLAND'S
new depart-
ment featur-
ing big musi-
cal moments
of the movies
and their rein-
carnation in
phonograph
records

By

Evelyn Ballarine

THE wags are adding this new simile to their list: "As rare as a theme song in the new talkers"—but it's not true and won't be while we have Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Al (Mammy) Jolson, and Maurice Chevalier in our midst.

And speaking of Chevalier—he introduced a couple of honeys in "Playboy of Paris:" *It's a Great Life* and *My Ideal*—and when Maurice sings them they're sung—by everyone! Maurice has recorded both these songs for Victor and they may also be purchased in sheet music.

Check and double check *Three Little Words*—it's from the Amos 'n' Andy opus, one of the best sellers and a very tuneful number. The sheet music is published by Harms, Inc. Also, a Victor record—music by Duke Ellington's band.

Everybody's whistling, humming or singing *My Baby Just Cares for Me*, thanks to Eddie Cantor. It's from "Whoopee" and one of the outstanding fox-trots of the season. Try it on your victrola—Eddie sings it. A Victor record.

But then maybe you're tired of 'hot cha-cha' numbers and go in for languorous waltzes—if so, we have just the thing for you—step this way, please! *The Kiss Waltz* made its debut in "Dancing Sweeties"—remember Sue Carol sang it? This waltz has been used in more feature pictures than any other song written before.

Ruth Etting has recently completed a Vitaphone Variety in which she includes *The Kiss Waltz* in her repertoire. The sheet music is published by M. Witmark and Sons and there's a Victor recording of this song played by George Olson's orchestra.

If you are one of the few hundreds of thousands who have a yen for Buddy Rogers then step into the nearest 'Record Shoppe' and if you don't see what you want just ask for *My Future Just Passed* and *I'd Like to Be a Bee in Your Boudoir*. They are song hits from "Safety in Numbers." He has also recorded *Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love* and *Up on Top of a Rainbow Sweepin' the Clouds Away*. Charles croons these songs for Columbia.

Maybe It's Love from the football talkie of that title, with Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett and James Hall is having a nice play. Joan Bennett sang it so nicely in the film but she didn't make a record of it, the meanie! However, Nick Lucas did for Brunswick. (Remember Nick in

"Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Show of Shows?") He plays the guitar and sings *Maybe It's Love* in his romantic voice and you actually believe it. Honest!

Romance of Elmer Stremminway is syn-copated nonsense put over in unique style by El Brendel in "Just Imagine." It's a wow! All the "Just Imagine" songs were written by Buddy De Sylva, Lew Brown, and Ray Henderson, theme song kings. This trio wrote the music for "Sunny Side Up." Maureen O'Sullivan and John Gar-ric chant *I Am the Words, You Are the Melody* and *Old-Fashioned Girl* and they sound very much like big-timers. Abe Lyman's Orchestra has recorded some of these songs for Brunswick.

Constance Bennett has a tango written for her. She dances to it in "Sin Takes a Holiday." It is called *Constancia*—sounds like an epidemic and probably will be what with La Bennett's popularity. You'll be singing it!

You can throw a party in your own home and have the movie stars do the entertaining for you. No, not through television—we haven't come to that as yet—but *à la* Victrola or *à la* your Radiophonograph.

It's possible to have Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Kane, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett, Rudy Vallée and countless others sing for you all in the

Song Bets of the Month

Three Little Words

Fox-trot—Duke Ellington Orchestra
(Victor)

Maybe It's Love

Sung by Nick Lukas (Brunswick)

My Baby Just Cares for me

Sung by Eddie Cantor (Victor)

Go Home and Tell Your Mother.

Fox-trot—Guy Lombardo Orchestra
(Columbia)

My Ideal

It's a Great Life

Sung by Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

same evening. That line-up should prevent any party from being a flop.

Wouldn't you like to hear Helen Kane boop-a-doop *My Man is on the Make* from "Heads Up," or maybe you prefer *I've Got 'It* from "Young Man of Man-hattan?"

Cliff Edwards and his trusty ukulele are always good fun. *Singing a Song to the Stars* and *The Moon is Low* are some of his recent Columbia recordings.

Next we have Jeanette MacDonald singing *Beyond the Blue Horizon* and *Always in All Ways* from "Monte Carlo."

If your taste runs to opera stars, Lawrence Tibbett will sing some of the songs from "The Rogue Song" for you—*When I'm Looking at You*, *Rogue Song*, and *White Dove*.

Let's listen to John Boles sing *It Happened in Monterey* and *Song of the Dawn*, the hit songs from "The King of Jazz."

John McCormack sings all the songs from "Song O' My Heart" and Dennis King has made recordings of *If I Were King* and *Song of the Vagabonds* from "Vagabond King." These are all Victor records.

Go Home and Tell Your Mother which Robert Montgomery sang in "Love in the Rough" has been voted one of the most popular songs this season.

Leo Reisman and his Central Park Casino Orchestra have recorded for Victor *You Will Remember Vienna* and *I Bring a Love Song*, the charming ballads, from "Viennese Nights" with Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon. Harms, Inc., publish the score of this operetta.

A month of song hits and no misses!

**"A HOLLYWOOD
THEME SONG"**

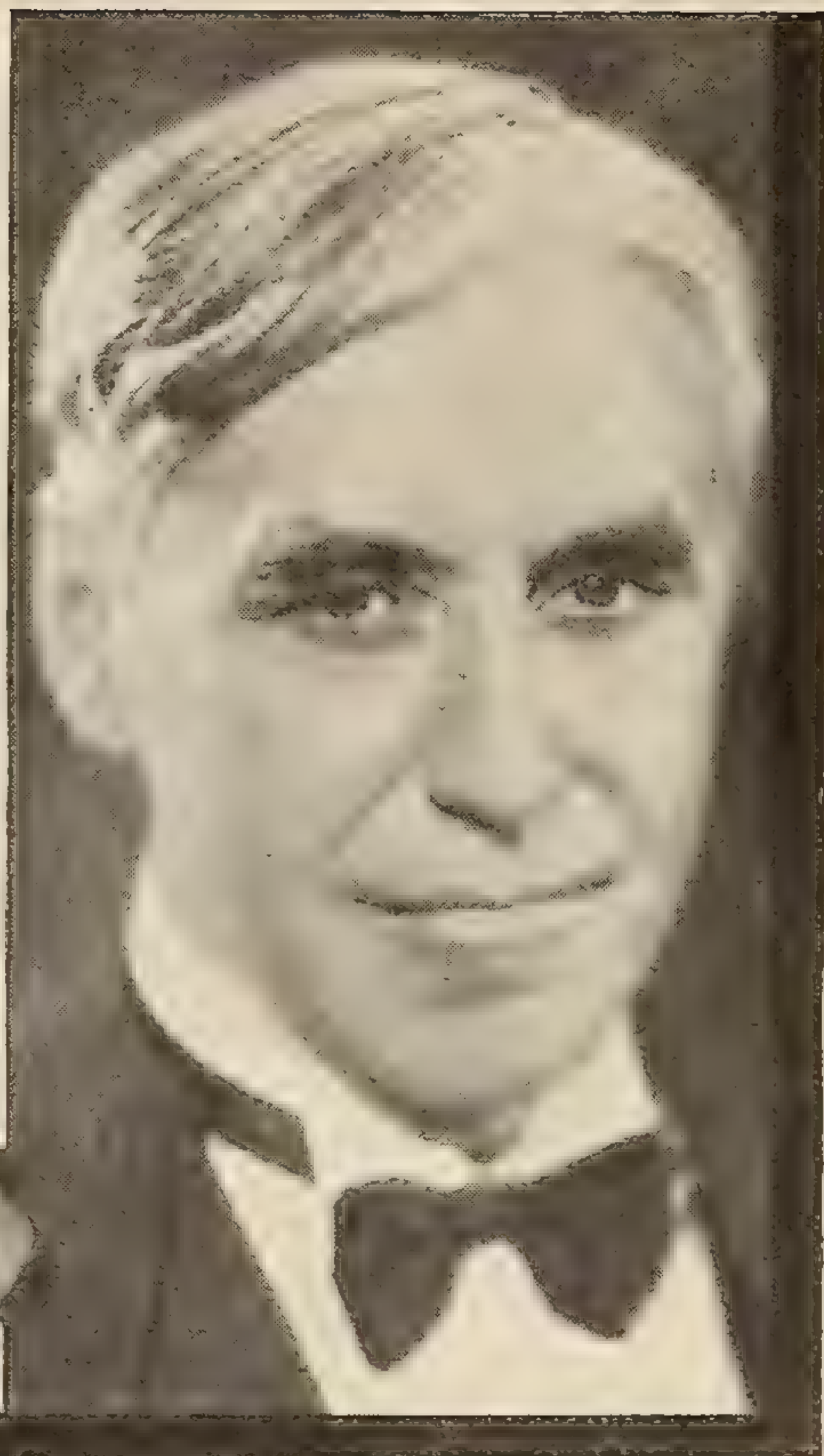
with

Harry Gribbon

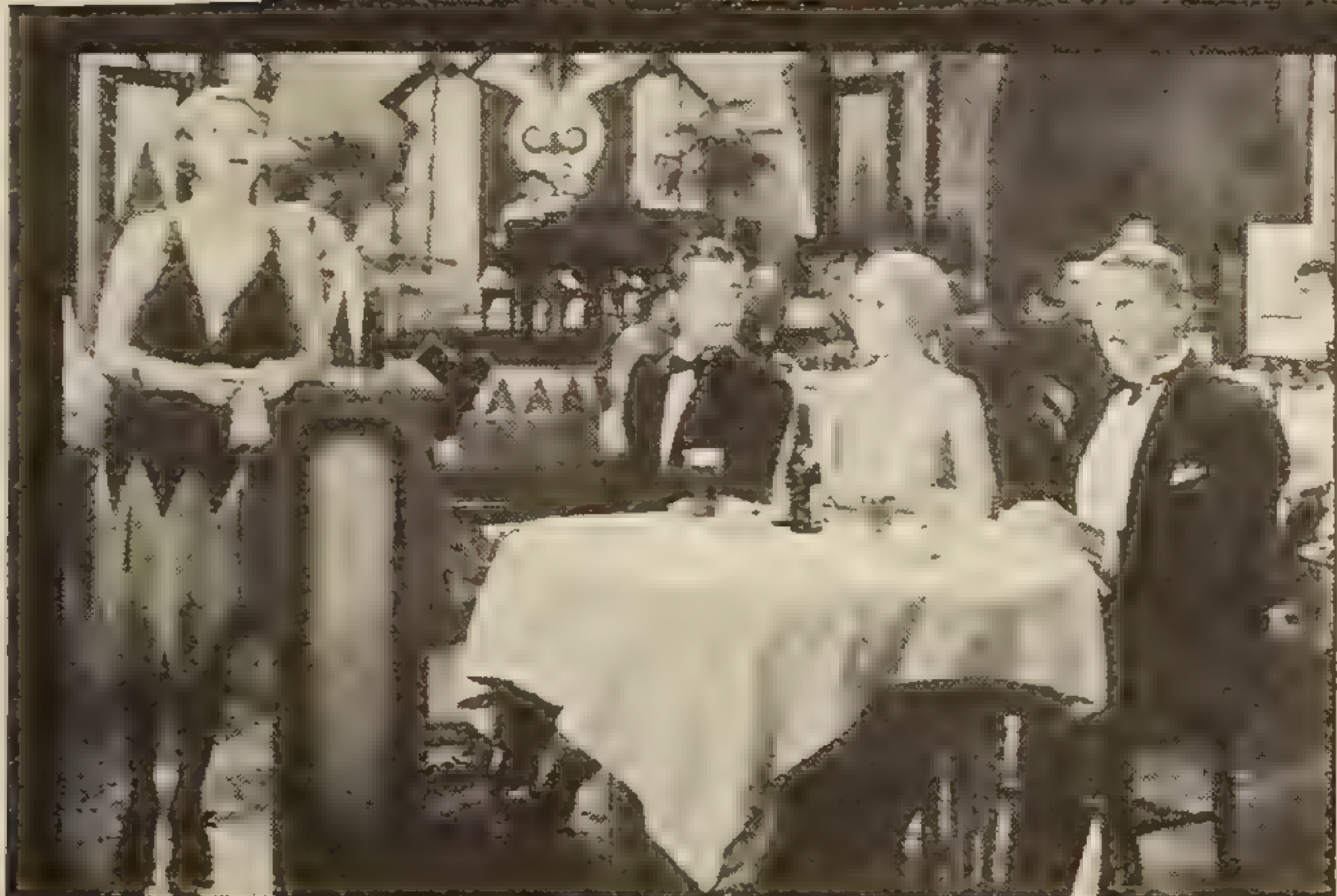
Yola D'Avril

Patsy O'Leary

Mack Sennett is famous for his satires on the movies themselves. And this one, kidding the theme song, is one of his greatest. The critics call it "great fun", "one long howl", "a riot."



*America
is safe
as long as it
can laugh*



"ROUGH IDEA OF LOVE"

with

Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman Mildred Van Dorn

If you want a rough idea of love as Frankie and Johnny demonstrate it—and a very clear idea of how funny an "action comedy" can be—don't miss this one.

America's collective sense of humor is one of the principal reasons for its greatness; one of the surest guarantees of its future.

Among its most honored sons and daughters have always been those who made its millions chuckle. For they do more for public morale than most of its statesmen.

While you can laugh you'll never be licked. And if you'll get your film entertainment where they show *EDUCATIONAL'S COMEDIES* (and that includes most of the better theatres of the land) you'll always be sure of your share of laughs.

MACK SENNETT COMEDIES



"NO, NO, LADY"

with

Andy Clyde

Frank Eastman Dorothy Christy Cyril Chadwick

A new and funnier slant on the amateur "drawn"; a comedy done in the best modern manner, with plenty of the kind of laughs that will shake your ribs.



"DANCE HALL MARGE" with

Harry Gribbon Marjorie Beebe Frank Eastman

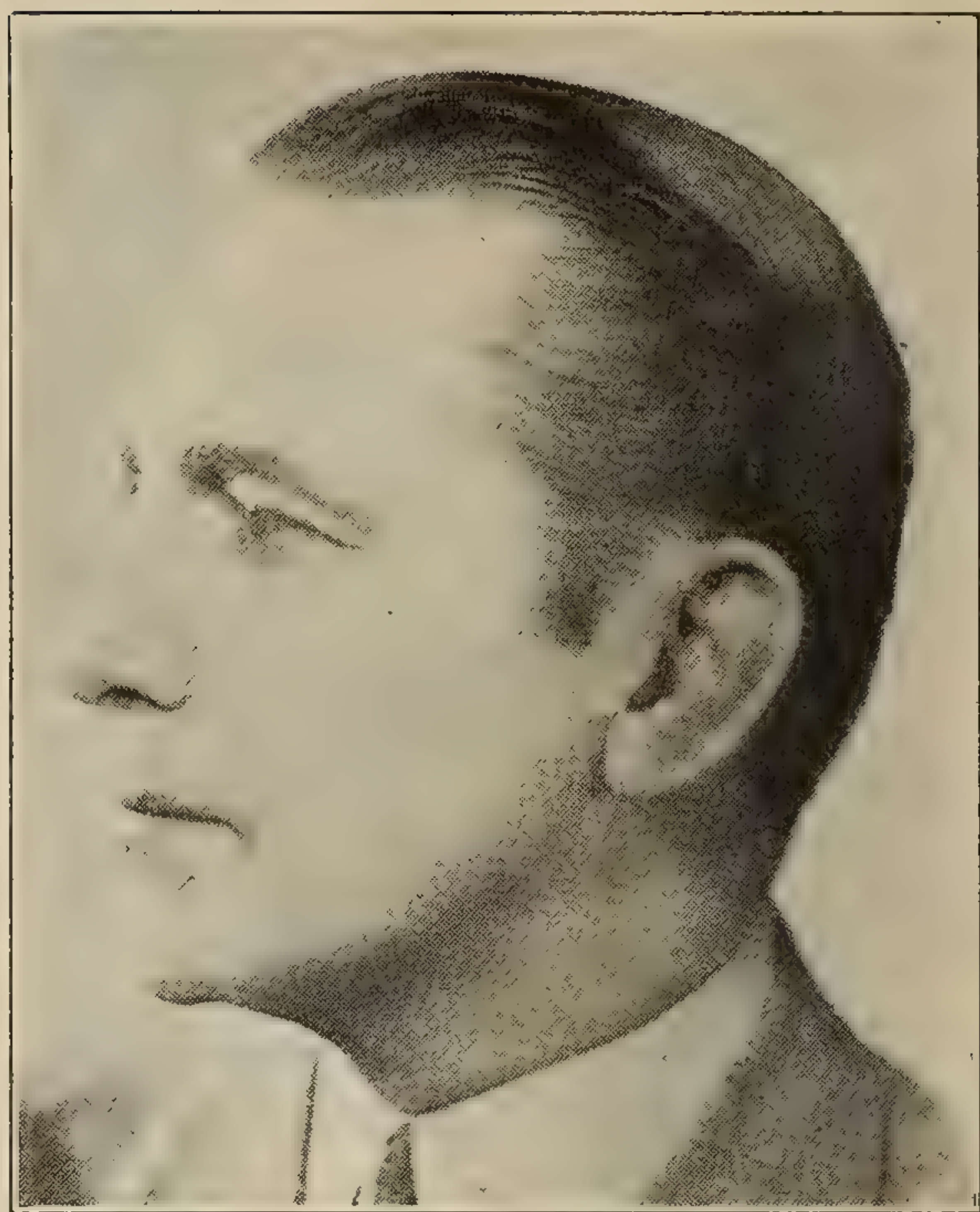
A taxi dancer tries to put on the ritz for her wealthy new boy friend. Does she get by with it? Oh, boy, how you'll howl while you're finding out. There are a lot of laugh gags here that nobody ever dreamed of before Marge had her nightmare.





Boys of a feather flock together—into the movies. And a little confusion resulted. Fans knew their old friend, Bill Boyd—you see him pictured at the left. They had been cheering him since "The Volga Boatman." But who was the William Boyd who appeared on the screen in "The Locked Door?"

The mystery was solved when Pathé decided to call its Boyd Bill—as the fans had been calling him all the time. And so Mr. Boyd from the Broadway stage can serve his own little niche as William Boyd—there he is, to the right. And now that that's all settled, how're your folks?



ASK ME *By Miss Vee Dee*

Telling you what you want to know about pictures and players

If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

JANE K. No, you aren't dreaming—there are two William Boyds in pictures. Just two Boyds in a gilded cage. To avoid confusion, however, Pathé will bill its William Boyd as Bill in the future, while the other Boyd will continue his screen career as William. Watch for Bill (Pathé) Boyd in "The Painted Desert" with Helen Twelvetrees and William in "Derelict," a Paramount picture starring George Bancroft.

Marjorie O. Class A in pronunciation, attention! Accent Ramon Novarro's last name on the second syllable, Richard Barthelmess' on the first and there you have two bright stars all set and ready to twinkle. No, Nancy Carroll and her husband, Jack Kirkland are not separated. Nancy, Jack and daughter Patricia are a happy family. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is 22 years old.

Joey Okly. My assortment of stars who are under five feet is a bit low just now but there may be a new crop when next you write. Mary Pickford, Frances Lee and Janet Gaynor are just 5 feet tall. Paramount's little cutie, Mitzi Green, is 10 years old. Mitzi is appearing with Jackie Coogan in his new picture, "Tom Sawyer."

Back Stop. Whose little football player are you, or is it baby-golf? Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall and has brown wavy hair. His first film appearance was in "So This Is College"

and his next will be with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration."

Sue and Irène. Billie Dove is a very friendly and charming girl and not a bit high-hat as you call it. Her latest releases are "One Night at Susie's" and "The Lady Who Dared." Write to First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., and ask about stills of Billie. I do not know Charles Erwin; you may mean Stuart Erwin and if so, he is very much alive and is playing in "Along Came Youth." You must have seen him with Maurice Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris."

Marion D. Another class in figures and oh, what figures! Marion Davies is 5 feet 5 inches, with golden hair and blue eyes; Vilma Banky is 5 feet 5 inches, blue-grey eyes and golden hair. Dolores Del Rio is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, black hair and dark brown eyes. Gary Cooper has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. Bill Boyd is 6 feet with blond hair and grey eyes. I mean Pathé's Bill, not Paramount's William.

Turn to page 100 for addresses of the stars. Complete casts of current films on page 103. Consult these before asking questions.

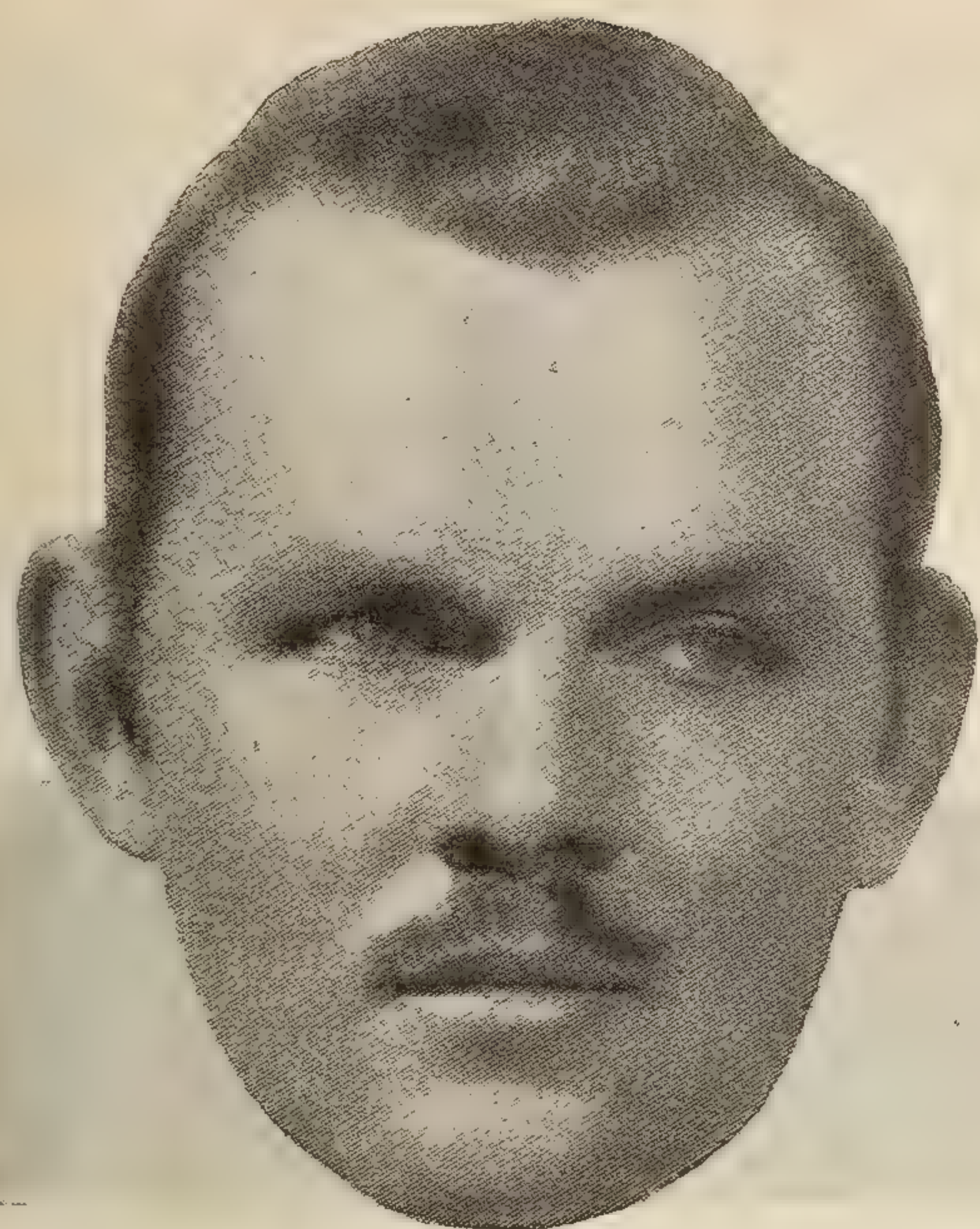
L. K. of La. Yes, it's said that Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli are 'that way' and will be married any time now. Charles was born Aug. 9, 1905, at Walpole, Mass. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. Has appeared in "Old Ironsides" and "Rough Riders" but his great success came in "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor. His latest, co-starring with Janet, is "The Man Who Came Back."

L. A. M. Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, France, a little over thirty years ago. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. His wife, Yvonne Vallee, was a former dancing partner. His newest picture is "Playboy of Paris" with Frances Dee.

Ruth T. You're glad to wait for your first public appearance in print—goody, goody! you've made a hit with me. Charles (Buddy) Rogers is not married or engaged as far as I know. He will be 26 years old on Aug. 13, 1931. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. First film was "Fascinating Youth," newest one, "Along Came Youth."

Marion L. Don Alvarado's next picture will be "Beau Ideal." Don's wife is a non-professional. He was born Nov. 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ralph Forbes appears with Don in "Beau Ideal." Ralph was born in London, England, on

(Continued on page 97)



**IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER
IN ONE PICTURE!** *The most
amazing combination of world
famous stars ever brought to the screen!*

Lawrence
TIBBETT



and Grace

MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

“**NEW
MOON**”

with

**ADOLPH MENJOU
and Roland Young**

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



...She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!



SCREENLAND

HONOR PAGE

Won by
Marlene Dietrich
and
Marie Dressler

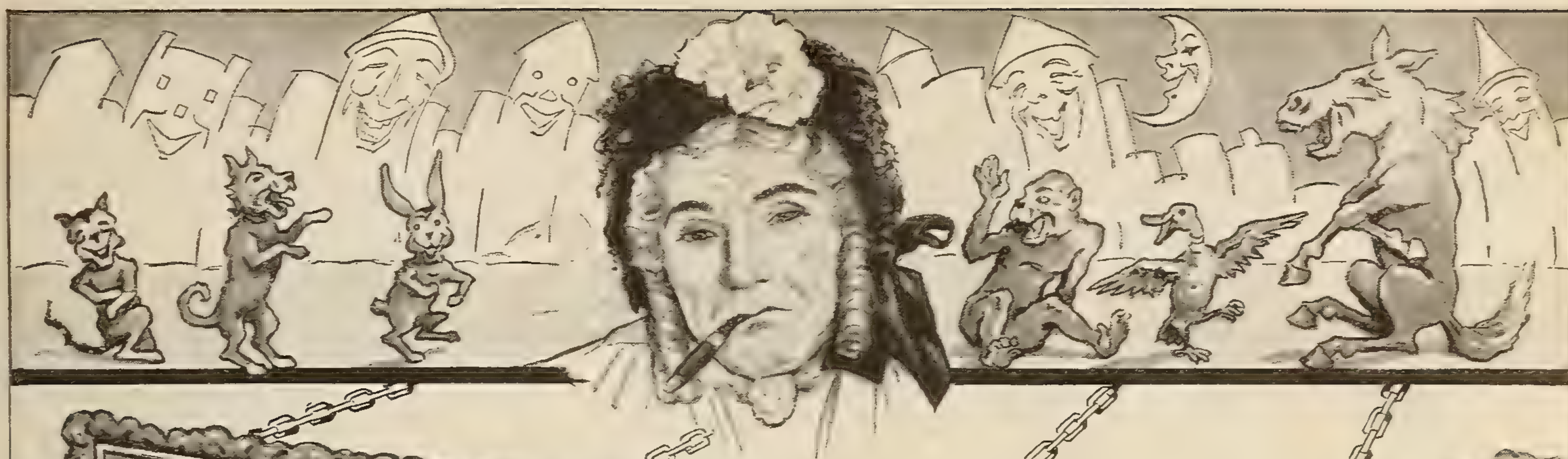
Marlene Dietrich, Continental beauty, whose first picture, "Morocco," has firmly established her as a new screen siren.

Marlene Dietrich, a newcomer, and Marie Dressler, an old favorite, share this month's Honor Page. Apparently, real art has no age limitations for the beautiful, glowing Marlene, and Marie, the merry and mature, are as different as night is from day, yet who can say which is the better actress or who gave the better performance? La Dietrich, as a vaudeville entertainer in "Morocco," is a new and interesting personality to reckon with—Marie Dressler, as the owner of a cheap wharf hotel, gives a remarkable portrayal.

We doff our hats to Marlene Dietrich and Marie Dressler!

Marie Dressler in a scene from the comedy-drama "Min and Bill." As Min, Marie gives an outstanding performance—a great portrayal.

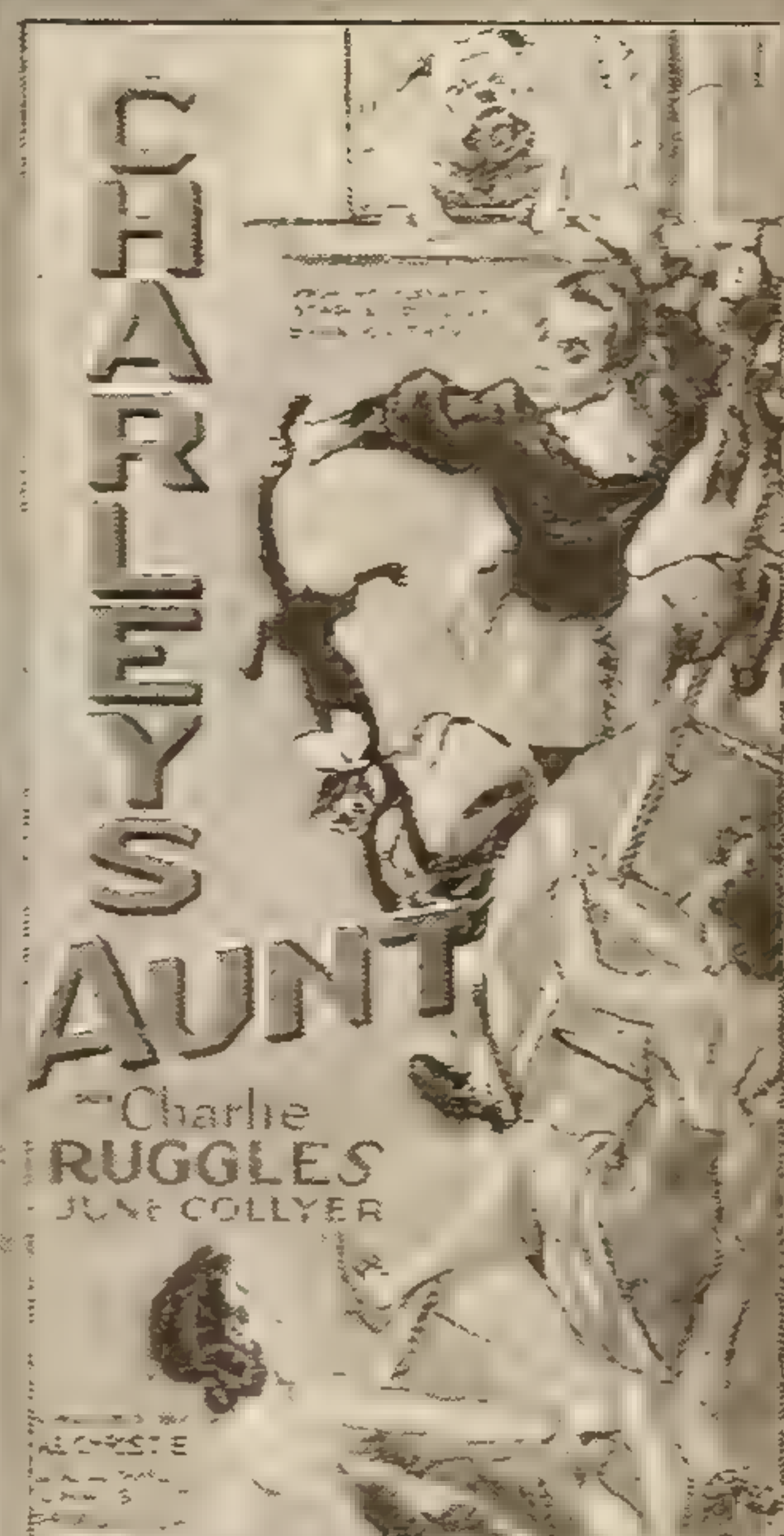




CHARLEY'S AUNT

Featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

You'll **LAUGH** as you
never **LAUGHED** before



FROM BRAZIL-
WHERE THE
NUTS COME
FROM!

A COLUMBIA



PICTURE

PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

SCREEN SLANTS

By
Victor De Pauw



ALL IN THE NAME OF COMEDY!

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

THIS is the time of the year to indulge in the favorite editorial sport of prognosticating.

But not this year, and not this editor. I'm going to fool you. I'm going to let the new year take care of itself. I like surprises. I don't want to figure out everything that's sure

to happen or may happen or should happen; I want to have something to look forward to. We're in the most exciting business in the world, so why give the show away?

Besides, there's enough to talk about right here and now, without delving into the past or peeking into the future. Just look around you. There's never been a time in the personal history of pictures—and that's what I'm interested in, though maybe I shouldn't admit it, much more than the technical history—when the screen was so glowing and glittering with color and glamour and life and promise. It's the most romantic place in the world today, a film theater.

Not even a crowd—composed mostly of men, anyway six feet tall and three feet broad, all trying to find a parking place on my new galoshes—could scare me out of my original intention of getting in to see Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco." I'd missed the preview and lost my pass and I had to wait my turn in line at the box office window. I was pushed and shoved and trampled on on my way into the theater so that by the time I was hurled into my seat I didn't even mind that it was on the extreme right with a view of the screen that would have crossed Ben Turpin's eyes right back again.

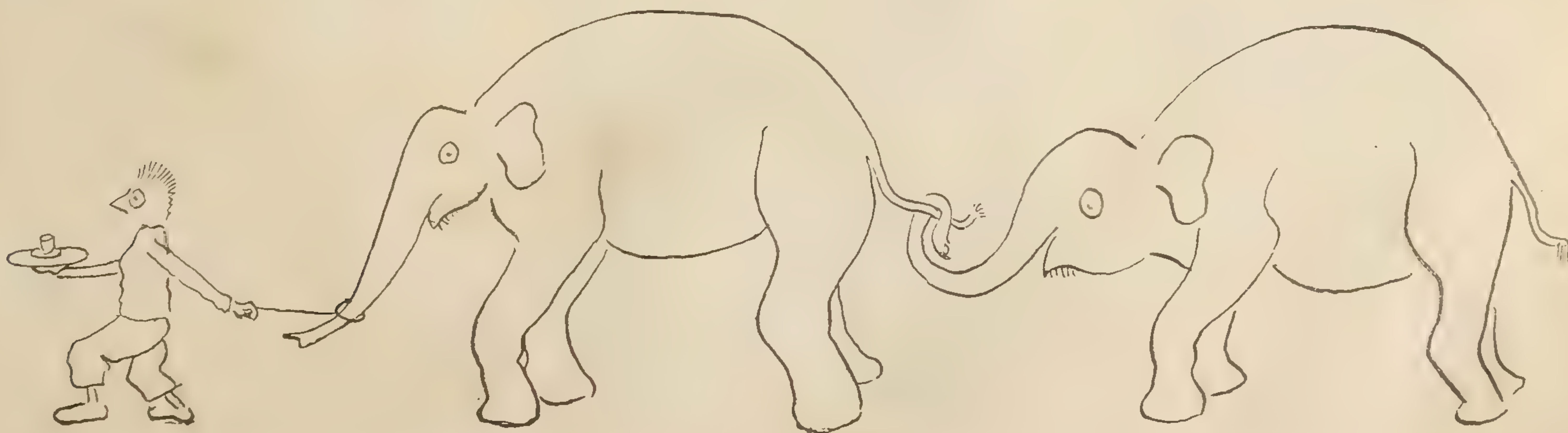
Gary Cooper looked even longer and narrower than usual, while Adolphe Menjou's mustache

seemed to be trying to merge with his left eyebrow. As for Dietrich, my view made me wonder who started the story that German frauleins are short and plump. La Dietrich, from where I sat, made Garbo and Tashman and the other tall gals look like candidates for the Singer Midgets. But it didn't seem to matter. By the time somebody moved and I grabbed a better seat I was so entranced I didn't care. Something was happening.

Here was the most romantic event in the most romantic industry in the world—the birth of a new star. Out of the nowhere into the here—a blessed event whose first words to American movie producers were "Ya, ya" but who in the amazingly short period of two months has acquired a vocabulary to gratify Dr. Vizetelly. Marlene—and be sure to pronounce it Mar-la-na and astound your friends—is no little accident. She's an eugenic child, ushered into the screen world under the elegant auspices of Paramount with Dr. von Sternberg assisting.

Pickford—Swanson—Valentino—Bow—Garbo—and now Dietrich—such personalities keep the movies moving. Without them this would be a dull business. Just when you're a little bored with what your local screens have to offer, along comes—always in the nick of time—a brand new, grand new sensation. That's the magic of the movies.

There's romance wherever you turn. The most splendid and touching romance of them all is Marie Dressler's. Where else but in Hollywood can an actress win riches and new honors when she is almost shoving sixty? That homely face of Marie's is more endearing than the toothy smiles of a dozen current ingénues. In fact, Marie Dressler is the star of stars. She's the real Garbo Menace!



The Property Man: "Two elephants and a demi-tasse? Coming up!" A drawing by Roland Young.

GARBO MENACE!



Drawing
by Cecil
Thomson

Will Garbo survive the unprecedented onslaught of beautiful rivals from the four corners of the world? Will she weather the storm and emerge greater than ever? There's never been such a battle in the history of motion pictures!

*By
Marie
House*

GARBO, beware! Thrones have shaken—kingdoms have tottered—gilt halos have worn thin—and all for love of new idols!

A new crop of rivals is springing up. It's a menace, that's what it is. Everybody wants to play at menacing Garbo. A rival will get you Greta, if you don't watch out! And all of us little orphanfannies shiver and shake and hide behind the overstuffed, and wonder who will outrival Garbo?

It was four years or so ago that Garbo happened. Before then, sirens, women with a past, were looked at askance as they writhed on voluptuous tiger skin divans. Sniffed at—if sneakily admired. They belonged with incensed rooms behind purple velvet draperies. But it was Garbo who brought the lost lady into the home. Who played fascinating heroines with a somewhat crimson past. Who made the 'other woman' understood. Look at the long line of misstepping ladies she has played—and



From England comes Evelyn Laye. Is she a serious rival for Garbo's honors?

watch the thermometer rise. "The Torrent," "The Tempest," "Flesh and The Devil," "Love," "A Woman of Affairs," "Anna Christie," "Romance." She's made the siren what she is today. And we aren't satisfied!

Since this gold mine of devastation was imported from Sweden, other prospectors have gone hunting for sirens. They've searched the 'hyways' and the byways, the out-of-the-way places of Europe, and points, north, south, east and west. Every steamer has brought them by boatloads. Full of hope and allure!

Who doesn't remember the first Hungary menace—or was it Austrian? Vilma Banky! Golden, beautiful Vilma from Budapest. Hers was a special sort of loveliness. She got off to a bewitching start as the leading lady for Valentino in "Son of the Sheik." That was allure for you. Making love to the 'great lover.' Then that perfect team of Ronald Colman and Vilma, in those beautiful love tales, "Dark Angel," "Two Lovers," and "The Magic Flame." Vilma was making hey, hey while the fan sun shone. Vilma from Budapest and Greta from Stockholm. Running neck and neck in the flicker race. Ex-

IS GARBO'S THRONE SHAKING?

Ever since M-G-M found Greta Garbo, producers have been searching for a girl as potent to melt the hearts of movie patrons, a girl whom they could build up and bill as Metro did Greta. They tried—and failed. There seemed to be only one Garbo. Until now! Suddenly, Marlene Dietrich—Evelyn Laye—Tallulah Bankhead—others—have appeared to test her terrific power. Will they break the spell? It's up to YOU!



The greatest menace of them all—so far! Marlene Dietrich, the sizzling siren from Berlin, whose popularity in "Morocco" may threaten the Great Garbo's throne.

citing! Then along came Lochinvar La Rocque and carried the poetic Vilma off to the tune of Mendelssohn—while Garbo said "No!" to Gilbert! Came the microphone. Vilma made the hurdle in "A Lady to Love," Garbo in "Anna Christie." Both spoke in guttural, slightly unpleasant voices. Vilma has retired—or aspired to the legitimate stage. The talkie field is Garbo's to gather fan mail while she may!

Russia sent two rivals. There was the blonde Vera Veronina. Oh, we heard a lot about Vera. "Sirens, watch out!" sang the band wagon that accompanied her into pictures. 'Challenging Sweden' was blazoned on all of the banners. Flags flying. Hurrahs. Confetti. Applesauce! Here was fire, the well-known old-world allure! Two or three pictures for Veronina "The Patriot," with Jannings. "The Whirlwind of Youth" with Lois Moran. Then a Raymond Griffith comedy, of all things. Back to Ufa. Garbo was then "A Woman of Affairs."

Then the famous Baclanova, prima donna with the Russian Grand Opera Company that toured the country. She entered the movies with fanfare, press notices. A sniff for Garbo! She played in "Street of Sin," in "Three Sinners," with Pola Negri, in "Forgotten Faces," with Clive Brook, with George Bancroft in "Wolf of Wall Street." She made a mean menace in "The Dangerous Woman." She braved the talkies; her luscious Russian accent added to her potent charm. She was splendid. A credit to the camera, to the microphone. Suddenly a comedy, "Cheer up and Smile" with Arthur Lake. To England to make a picture. Then vaudeville. Then married to Nicholas Soussanin. Along came a young Nicholas. Baclanova, they say, is to go on the stage in New York. Garbo is in "Inspiration!"

Hollywood blossoms with Gretas. Greta Garda, Greta Grandstedt, Greta Nissen. La Nissen had a charm all her own. Nissen from Norway. Scores flocked to her banner. Another blonde Greta from the north. Like an aurora borealis she burst on the movie world in "Beggar on Horseback." She was vivacious, gorgeous, dazzling. She garnered followers in "Blonde and Brunette," "Lucky Lady," in "Fazil" with Charlie Farrell, in "The



Tallulah Bankhead, darling of the London stage, daughter of Representative Bankhead of Alabama, is on her way over here to make pictures for Paramount. Her first, "Her Past," with Clive Brook. Tallulah is devastating—daring—seductive!

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR? AH, YES—THE GATHERING OF THE GARBO FANS!

Wanderer" with Willie Collier, Jr. She was to have been the blonde home-wrecker in that big air smash "Hell's Angels." Along came the talkies—and Jean Harlow played the part. But now it looks as if Greta Nissen will have her chance. She'll play in "Women of All Nations" for Fox.

The Swedish Greta, they gossip, is to do the life of Mara Hari, the mysterious woman spy of the World War.

But, what of this new potent shadow that looms on the horizon? It looms, and looms. A siren from Germany. Here, at last, we are promised, is something that out-seduces Garbo. *Dietrich* is the name the electric lights will blazon. Shiver, Garbo, shiver! Whispers are going around Hollywood that la Dietrich quite leaves the Swedish comet in the shade. She has just that *je ne sais quoi*, only more so. Marlene Dietrich, the find from Berlin. Tall and slim, wicked hair-line brows, drooping, lidded blue eyes, reddish gold hair. With strong, sculptured, modeled face—and beautiful mobile mouth. Well, is this, at last, *the rival*?

And just who, and why, you ask, is Marlene Dietrich?

She's the daughter of a German army officer, born in Berlin. She studied music seriously as a young girl, but an injury to her hand forced her to rest from her arduous studies. It was then she became interested in the stage and entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama. Her first rôle on the stage was in the German version of "Broadway," made in Berlin. Then she played in musical comedy on the Berlin stage. Two of her best pictures, made at the big German studios, were released in the United States. "I Kiss Your Hand, Madam," and "Three Loves." When Josef von Sternberg, Paramount director, went to Germany to work, he selected her for the lead in the picture he made with Emil Jannings, "The Blue Angel," and admired her work. When he returned to the United States, he was anxious to import Marlene. He felt there was siren gold in that foreign star. She has just finished her first English picture "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou, and is starting on "Dishonored." She speaks excellent English without an accent, and despite the fact that she is a serious young German *hausfrau* with a husband and baby in Berlin, whom she adores—she's mysterious, aloof. She won't be social— (Continued on page 114)

Suzy Vernon, charming French stage and screen star, imported by First National for French dialogue films. She may play in American pictures later if she can lose that accent!



Above: Lissi Arna was imported for German dialogue pictures. She plays the Joan Bennett part in the Teutonic "Moby Dick."

Below: Carla Bartheel from Berlin has featured rôles in the German versions of "Those Who Dance" and "Way of All Men."



Below: Jeanne Helbling, also from that dear Paris, has come to Hollywood, to play the leading femme rôle in the French version of "The Bad Man." Jeanne looks like a menace!



SEX *and the* TALKIES

In which Ursula Parrott, of "Ex-Wife" fame, explains how an honest treatment of sex on the screen can help reduce the ratio of unhappy marriages

By Gray Strider

"NOTHING is so important as sex in the life of the American woman today," declares Ursula Parrott.

Ursula, as you all probably know, is the much-talked-about young author of the best seller, "Ex-Wife," and of the later book, "Strangers May Kiss." Miss Parrott also wrote the original talkie scenario, "Gentleman's Fate," for John Gilbert, and adapted "The Divorcée" and "Strangers May Kiss," from her two famous novels, for Norma Shearer.

"There is hardly anything in life more difficult," continued Miss Parrott, "than for the average woman to solve perfectly her marital relationship with her husband. The movies can help. But have they the courage to do it?"

"Some people have criticized me severely," Ursula Parrott went on, "for writing so plainly about sex. But that is the one thing in which most of us are interested—if we're honest. Many more people have criticized me for refusing to make my heroines sweet young things. But that I don't care to do."

"I don't write about sweet young things because I feel women today are more experienced than they were twenty years ago. And since I write about typical modern girls, I insist that they be typical! Besides, a sweet young thing has no history. For that reason I confine my literary attention to women who

Ursula Parrott, who writes best sellers, says the movies are doing their best to treat sex honestly.



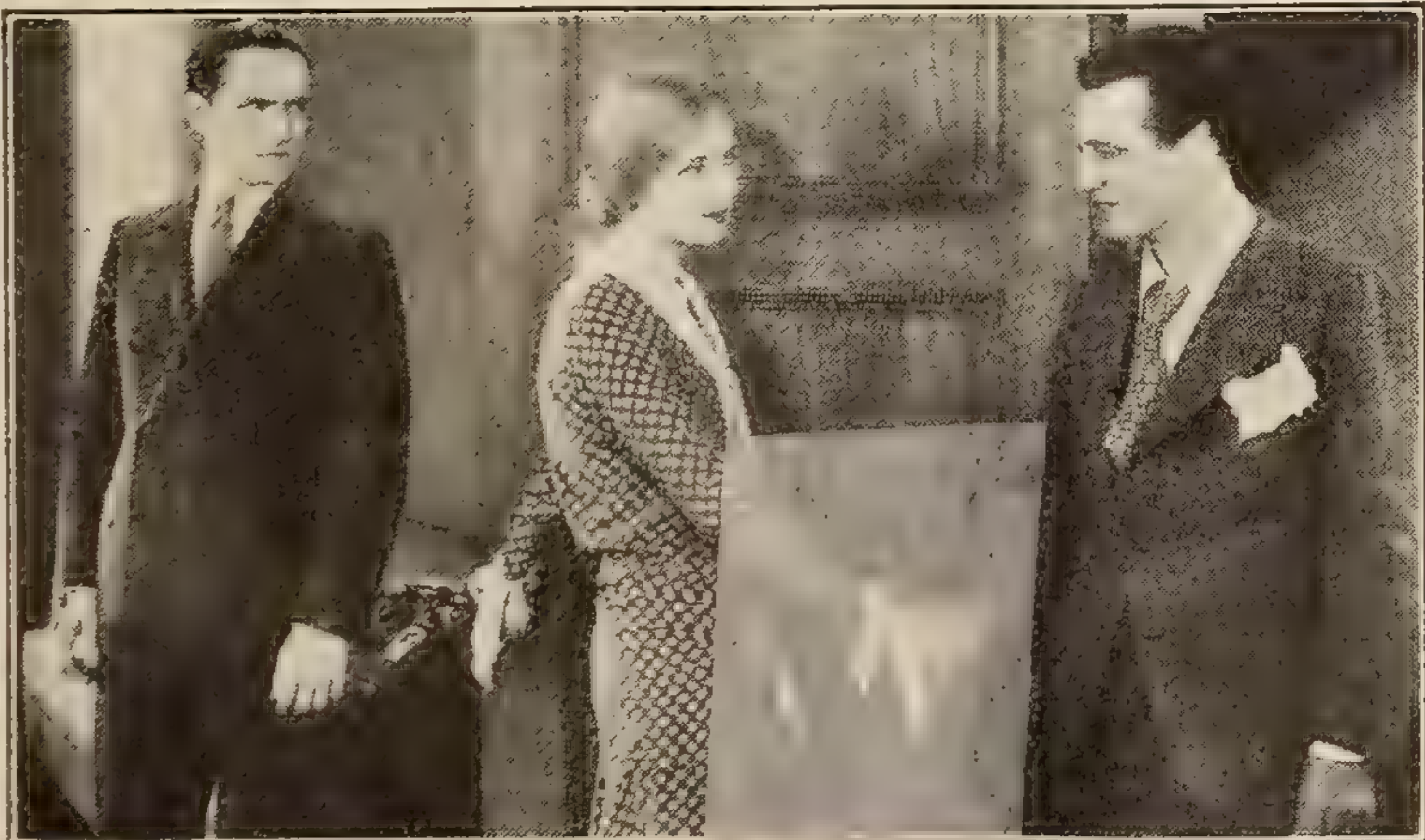
Norma Shearer and Chester Morris in "The Divorcée," a sophisticated film from Ursula Parrott's first novel, "Ex-Wife."

understand the meaning of life. "And, by the way, this, I think, is the most difficult age of all for a woman to be happy

in. I laugh every time I hear a foreigner say that American men spend their days sweating down in Wall Street to buy their women-folk another diamond bracelet. They do! But which woman gets said diamond bracelet? The wife, or 'the other woman?'

"I'll tell you the answer to that one: If the wife has the brains and persistence to keep her beauty fresh and her sense of humor working, she can usually give 'the other woman' a run for her money. Because, after all, the wife is on the home grounds. And possession is nine points of the law. But many wives refuse to accept their jobs seriously. They don't realize that the job of being a wife sometimes has longer hours and less pay than an office position. But it isn't always the woman's fault.

"A woman used to be allowed to mature naturally. Now she doesn't dare! A woman of thirty-five today tries to act like a girl of twenty. Foolish? Of course. But the men demand it. In former years, the village belle became a wife and mother. (Continued on page 128)



Ann Harding, Fredric March and Leslie Fenton in "Paris Bound," the kind of honest movie which Miss Parrott says does more for marriage than a million preachments.

TOLSTOY TALKS

About Pictures!

You'll soon be seeing "Resurrection," the talker, with Lupe Velez and John Boles. You remember the silent version, with Del Rio. Now read what Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great novelist, thinks about the movies. An exclusive interview!

By Rosa Reilly

"MOVIES!" said Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the late illustrious Count Leo Nikolaiëvitch Tolstoy. "Movies! What do I think of them?"

The giant, grey-bearded figure of a man pondered the question. After a moment he smiled mischievously, his great, granite face breaking into a thousand wrinkles: "I'll tell you what I think of them. And I'll be honest, too. I think the medium is splendid, but," and now he made a wry face, "the way they are being produced today is pretty shoddy. For, instead of lifting the multitude up to the level of art, they are dragging art down to the level of the multitude."

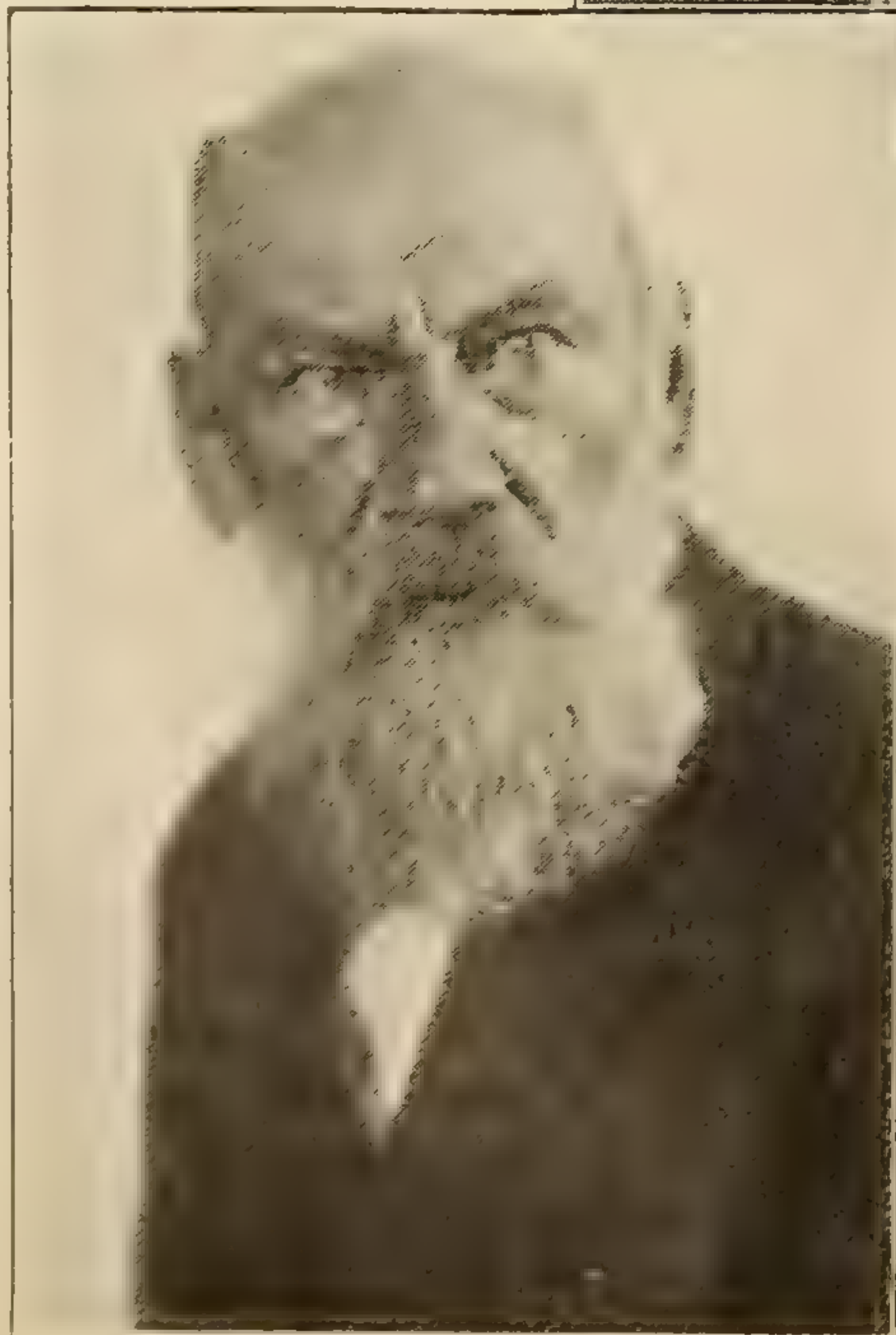
Now that the talking version of "Resurrection," taken from the book by Count Ilya's father, the great Russian novelist and social reformer, with Lupe Velez and John Boles in the leading rôles, is almost ready for release, our thoughts go back to the silent screen version of this masterpiece. Edmund Carewe directed it, and Count Ilya Tolstoy was asked to work in a supervisory capacity on it, in order that the real spirit of the great novel might be caught. But when I asked the Count about this, his reply was a little startling.

"Catch the spirit of my father's book—that is ludicrous. They brought me to Hollywood just to get my 'o.k.' on the picture for publicity purposes." It's strange how 'up' on American slang this celebrated Russian gentleman is. "They didn't really want me to work on that film at all," he



Underwood & Underwood

Above: A rare photograph of Count Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian novelist, whose book, "Resurrection," was filmed in Hollywood with Dolores Del Rio in the pre-sound era, and with Lupe Velez in the new talker edition. Left: Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great man, who was present during the filming of the first version of "Resurrection," and here gives his views in a pungent interview.



continued, stroking his thick beard.

"I tell you you will never believe what a hard experience this was for me! Whenever they came to me with an idea which I knew was incompatible with my father's philosophy of life, I would say: 'Gentleman, follow the book.' But how could they? When Edmund Carewe started directing that silent filming he had not even read the book!



John Boles and Lupe Velez have the leading rôles in the second and sound screen version of "Resurrection," directed by Edwin Carewe.



Dolores Del Rio and Rod La Rocque in a scene from the silent picturization of the Tolstoy classic, also directed by Mr. Carewe.

"One morning Mr. Carewe would come running in to me: 'Count Tolstoy, I have an idea.'

"'Yes,' I would say. 'What is it?'

"'I'll tell you,' he would answer, 'We'll have a dance hall sequence. We'll have the hero and his regiment halt before a road house in the country. A pretty girl runs out. The hero leans off his horse and hugs her—while he is drinking his drink.'

"'That cannot be,' I would answer. 'A Russian officer would not do such a thing before his regiment, Mr. Carewe. Follow the book.'

"The next morning, he would come in again. 'I have a swell idea today. I know you will like this one.'

"'Yes?' I said politely. I was always polite.

"'Well,' Carewe said, 'we'll have the heroine seen outside in the snow with her dead baby beside her. She is all alone, digging a grave for her child.' She weeps as she digs. And then buries the child of her shame—alone, as the snow falls.'

"'That cannot be,' I declared with determination.

"'Why not?' he shouted in a furious tone.

"'Because,' I replied, 'no Russian mother in those days would ever, under any circumstances, have buried her child without a man of God present to say a prayer for the soul of her baby.' It was always like that.

"My father gave up his home and his wealth to teach his philosophy to the poor. His philosophy was simple. It was just—the Sermon on the Mount. Between helping the poor, he wrote. His works were so famous that when he turned them over to the publisher for printing, he would not allow one word to be changed. He had



Count Ilya Tolstoy played a part in the silent screening of "Resurrection," that of the old philosopher. He is shown at right in the scene above.

How about a little argument? Count Tolstoy says there's little or no art in American movies!

"Garbo is the only one—she has something!" he says.

We don't endorse all of the Count's opinions but we present them to you because, in common with all the rest of the world, we love a good argument!

earned that right because he was a great artist. But it was impossible for me to make my co-workers in Hollywood understand why I didn't want anything changed. Why I was forced to say, day after day: 'Follow the book.'

"During the entire filming of the silent picture, all I heard was 'production value,' 'sex appeal.' Naturally I realize that money must be made from films, but I also feel sure that good pictures, artistically conceived, will make money. If less 'cow-boy' psychology had been applied to 'Resurrection' and more real thought, this would have been an even better film. But even as it was, 'Resurrection' was considered one of the six pictures of the year. And

after it was released, Mr. Carewe was offered a contract to direct seven pictures. This film also did a great deal for Dolores Del Rio, who after its release started climbing straight to the top. I feel that, in part, at least, this was due to my influence.

"I understand now that Mr. Carewe is making a talking version of my father's novel. I only pray it will be better than the other.

"In Russia today, despite their economic handicaps, they are making better pictures than in America. Of course, they are filled with propaganda. But they will outgrow that. In Germany, too, they make fine, artistic films. But here in America—well, I hope you won't think I am prejudiced against your country—for I am not—but here they seem to have admirable technique, but very little else!

"It is the same with radio and the theater. I like to listen in over the air, but for every time I hear Rimsky-
(Continued on page 115)

KNOW *the* STARS

Ann Harding's
Numberscope

By
*Clifford
Cheasley*

This is the first of an important series of penetrating numerological analyses of famous screen stars by the outstanding authority on Practical Numerology, Mr. Clifford Cheasley. Whether you are interested in this 'science of numbers' or not you will be fascinated by the revelations of stellar temperament and character which Mr. Cheasley exposes in his pleasant way. You'll know more about Ann Harding than ever before after you read this—more, in fact, than Ann herself knows until she reads it, too!



The lovely and lovable lady from Broadway who has won screen audiences—Ann Harding, the subject of our first Numberscope.

Clifford W. Cheasley, in this article, tells Ann Harding all about herself.

THE name given to you at birth, Ann Gately, holds the numbers that are the keys to your personality, and in making this analysis I shall take up the two most important phases of your Numberscope. First, the number that is arrived at by the addition of the vowels of your name and which is called the 'Ideality' or 'Motive,' dealing with the character of your inner nature, shows the things that you really like and the kind of conditions that you would have around you all the time if there were no one or nothing else to be considered. The other phase is called the 'Expression' or 'Method' and deals with the way in which you express yourself—probably the side of your temperament that is seen more by your public through the way in which you interpret your ideas and your talent. Your 'Ideality'

number is 7; your 'Expression' number is 7-11.

Your ideas about Life and people have always been a little different and unusual even from the time when you were a small child and believed greatly in fairy tales. You will never be too old to dream, for the 7 number of your 'Ideality' is the sign of the dreamer, of the one who lives mentally in a world that is often far removed from the one around us. The number 7 makes you aristocratic and refined in your tastes—which some people will interpret as a touch of superiority in your nature, when it is really that you were born with the capacity for seeing through people and conditions rather



De Barron

by NUMEROLOGY

than just looking at them.

You would early be drawn to want to write and to express your ideas from behind the scenes rather than directly through your own personality. Even an interest in the theater would be derived from this same number, because although when you commence to play you often feel a little awkward and self-conscious, you can soon lose a sense of yourself in the character that you are portraying, and from this point you can show the great ease in expression which has gained you so much recognition in your work.

You are always happiest in your work of acting and writing, for you like to feel you are expressing deeper art and beauty through the things you do and say.

In spite of having some rather idealistic leaning toward domestic life it would never be possible for you to put the balance of your attention into domesticity. Your ideal home is a place of quiet and rest, where you can surround yourself with peace and harmony which you are more determined to enjoy than anything else.

On the other hand you would not feel that being married, having a home and children would take anything away from your power as an actress but rather that home and motherhood could be an inspirational background to art. Because you are not really the domestic type of number 6, however, an unfortunate marriage and an inharmonious home life would affect you more tragically than it would a less idealistic person. You would feel very sorry for yourself.

In your home life you will relax, and will see that you have your own little place where you can be alone for meditation. With your family you will often imagine yourself as a gracious queen holding court and in everyday interests will get lots of fun pretending.

There is no inclination to bother very much about trying to be a business woman and if you had not been born in August you would have been a much worse manager of your finances. You will find it hard to interest yourself in financial matters or in advancing in the commercial world.

I know therefore that it was not love for business that



Ann and her husband, Harry Bannister. How does Miss Harding combine her career and her domestic life? This story enlightens you.

caused you to accept an office position in New York City about eight years ago when you left your paternal home. It just seemed that the commercial world was the easiest way to find your freedom and economic independence; and then the influence of August, which is a number 8 month according to Numerology, would have to produce circumstances before your 21st year, that really, against any dislike on your part, would draw you into the commercial world in order that you might gain through experience a better knowledge of detail, better judgment relating to people and finances.

You could not have been in the commercial world very long before you began to feel that you would never really care for the career of business woman no matter how much your work might be appreciated, and so you followed your deeper urge,

coming from the literary and artistic number 7 of your 'Ideality,' when you became associated with the reading department of a film company.

The number 11-7 or 9 which is the key to your 'Expression,' your methods, and manner, is quite in line with the 7 of your inner nature. It gives the latent ability for greater public success than you would really have believed in as a child when you were far more reticent and reserved, inclined to want to hide away from people.

Nine in Numerology is three times 3; and 3 is the number of personal success in self-expression, the symbol of the natural-born advertiser. Because your number 9 is arrived at by 11-7 there will be more of the poetic, mystical, spirituelle than the emotional, smart or distinctly modern character in your portrayals. You will feel towards the public a certain indifference and will seldom be found 'playing to the gallery,' but your art will be the whole thing.

This is the numerological explanation of why on the screen you will start a new standard of motion picture acting which on the part of your contemporaries will require more than good looks and sex appeal for them to equal.

After the diet of screen personalities which the public had been served on the whole from the end of the war

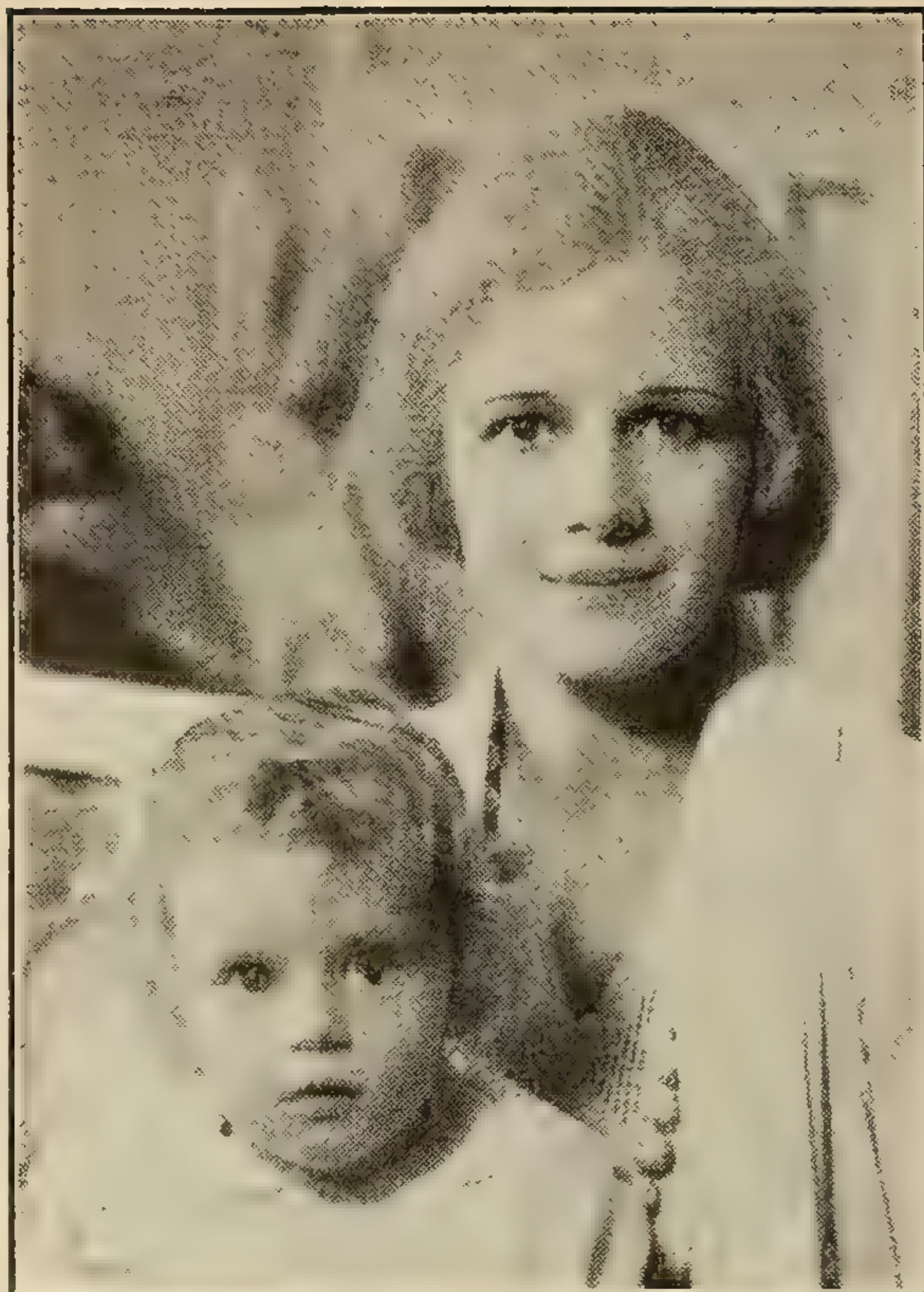
Watch for the Numberscope of Greta Garbo
By Mr. Cheasley—next month!

to the advent of the talkies, your personality would be of a kind requiring new angles of appreciation.

In seeing you act for the first time a good many of the movie public would not be quite sure whether they liked you even while they recognized that you were a good actress; but your numbers show that you will grow upon your public's taste, so to see you again is to cause them to accept you and the higher type of portrayal you would represent.

Most people go to the movies to escape from themselves and the results of their own mistakes. While they must be amused they desire more often to forget and to live in imagination the romance and adventure of the pictured story. Your numbers of 7 and 11-7 giving you the vibration which is the very ideal of dreams and adventure, ensures that you will never disappoint the imaginative among the movie-goers, for out of your inherent quality you will weave a portrayal which by its very beauty is so far removed from physical experience, as to lift your audience out of their daily lives.

Casting directors are not always character analysts unfortunately, so that the best talent has been too often diverted into unnatural channels of expression. Wondering whether this might be your fate or just what the years of the immediate future hold for you, I must explain to you the numbers of your birthdate.



Home and motherhood can be an inspirational background to art, as Ann Harding Bannister proves!

The numbers of your birthdate relate to your life, its associations, opportunities, your past, present and future.

Just as your original name at birth represents you, so the numbers of your birthdate represent the lessons you have come to learn and the kind of individual you are becoming as the result of the lessons you learn from your association and experience. In Numerology the birthdate is recognized under the name of the 'Path of Life' because it is a definite chart of the pathway that you must follow to the attainment of your happiness and success.

We saw earlier in this analysis how the fact of being born in August caused you to commence your career in the business world, but this influence lasting only until about your 21st year would make it necessary that you be released from the business world into an entirely different field.

The number symbolizing this next chapter of your life, lasting until your 45th year, is 7, the number of mystery, the drama, the stage and literature. Whereas, the number of your birth month, August, was 8—entirely opposed to your 'Ideality' or deeper self of 7—this second experience has exactly the same number of 7.

Who would not be happy and successful, getting what they want and continuing to meet just the kind of opportunity for work for which (*Continued on page 106*)

Hollywood Heartbreak

ONCE upon a time Gladys White held high hopes of being a motion picture star. Was she not considered the image of Pola Negri, for whom she doubled on occasion? Actually she was a bit more beautiful than Pola—but she lacked Pola's brains.

Recently Gladys tried to commit suicide. For so long, since Pola left Hollywood, Gladys had been trying to support herself and her 11-year-old boy. For a while she got an occasional 'extra' engagement, but pretty soon she had to become a waitress. Later even waitressing was hard to get, and so—oh what was the use?

One day a kindly neighbor, Mrs. Ferguson, called on her.

"You're too late, I've taken poison," said Gladys White.

But the neighbor called the receiving hospital pronto and Gladys was not to be allowed to end things that way.

She is glad now, because people have promised to help her find work. But it won't be in pictures.



Pola Negri — the glittering, glamorous actress who reigned as queen of the Hollywood scene—for a while.



Gladys White, Negri's 'double,' and once a seeker after the fame and fortune Hollywood bestows—sometimes.

The DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH

Here's
Robert Allen
—will he be a
new star?

You have heard of the Book of the Month and the Song of the Month—now we're giving you, every month, the Screen Discovery of the Month. Robert Allen wins this first page. Warners are grooming him for stardom.

He wants to play robust rôles. He is well over six feet tall, built like an athlete with broad shoulders and slim waist. He has blue eyes and light brown hair. Girls—Bob Allen!



THE latest lad to be tagged for screen glory is Robert Allen. He's only twenty-four, fresh from Dartmouth, with no professional experience either on stage or screen. And yet the miracle happened—the miracle that keeps the movies moving; a film executive saw him, sized him up as a potential star, and now Robert is embarking upon a hopeful screen career at the Warner Brothers Studio in Hollywood. Bob indulged in amateur dramatics in his home town in Mount Vernon, N. Y.; and later at College, where he was also a football player and boxer. After college he spent eight months in Wall Street, and four months with an airplane company. One summer vacation he was a life-guard; another, he drove a ten-ton oil truck; a third he wielded a sixteen pound sledge-hammer and a pick and shovel. He studied art and was told he had a future. But then came the screen offer and he grabbed it. He is quiet, hates to see women smoke, has an air pilot's license, plays polo, rides to hounds, is economical, plays the violin, and isn't married.

Miss Moore, one of our favorite cinema Colleens, gave a grand performance in "On the Loose."



Irene Rich stage debuted in Hollywood, in the world's worst play. She's to have another fling.



Lois Moran is a regular little devil in the drama, "This is New York," but a good girl underneath.



Anna May Wong shows more dramatic talent than any picture player treading the Broadway boards.

Is the STAGE the SCREEN

YOU can hardly stroll down the sidewalks of New York these days without stumbling over a former movie queen, or a used-to-be featured player.

It's sad to think of the scores of formerly popular movie lights who have foundered in the treacherous celluloid sea and never come back, since the tidal talkie wave surged over the Hollywood landscape, sucking voices, personalities, and whole careers down to oblivion.

But it's even sadder to see the forty or fifty Hollywood players and stars who have quit the Gold Coast on the slim chance of climbing back to wealth and fame by storming New York's stony-hearted theatrical frontier. You see them on the legitimate stage; doing four and five a day in vaudeville; making personal appearances with road shows; and as a last recourse, going on in little stock companies, in far-flung, provincial playhouses.

Not all of these former film favorites are failures by a long shot. But every person who's seeking this 'new' stage medium, as they call it, is in New York or on the road because in some way or another, he or she is unsuited for the big gamble of talking pictures. They're all hoping the stage will prove the port of missing screen stars; that the stage will provide them with that necessary technique or publicity or prestige which will enable them to ride back to Hollywood clutching fat film contracts.

But will it? Out of this half a hundred, how many will go back in triumph? Let's look them over.

First we have Lillian Gish. She left Hollywood nearly a year ago to star on Broadway in Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." Next we have Anna May Wong. She did wonders in a rather uninteresting British picture, "Flame of Love," and is now appearing in an Edgar Wallace mystery drama, "On the Spot." After her is Lois Moran, who has a leading rôle in "This is New York,"

Will former screen favorites find stage experience the gateway to brighter film futures?

Right: Esther Ralston danced her way back to talkies via the three-a-day.



Above: Jeanette Loff lends her fragile blonde beauty to an operetta.



Right: Mary Lawlor's a dramatic amphibian, good on stage or screen.



Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are so good in "Cherries Are Ripe" you forget they're married.



Last year, Estelle Taylor went a-vaudevilling. Now she's back in Talkie Town.

This musical comedy queen, Irene Delroy, is as good on old Broadway as she is back in sunny Cal-i-for-ni-a.



Sally Phipps knocked the Big Town dead in the successful New York stage play, "Once in a Lifetime."



Port of Missing STARS?

By

Rosa Reilly

Left: Everybody does wrong by Lya de Putti, the vest-pocket vamp. Her play folded.



Above: Agnes Ayres pleased the Hoboken folks with her big dramatic moments.

Left: Stanley Smith will play with Mary Lawlor in "You Said It."

by Robert Sherwood. Lya de Putti did her best in the play, "Made in France," which lasted barely ten days in New York. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur took a twelve weeks' whirl at vaudeville. Herbert Rawlinson, as we go to press, plans to appear in "Trade Winds."

Colleen Moore made a brave start in "On the Loose," but after due consideration, she decided not to bring the play into New York. Sally Phipps is appearing—and doing very well—in "Once in a Life Time," the stage sensation that burlesques Hollywood. Basil Rathbone goes into rehearsal very soon for "A Kiss Of Importance," in which Montagu Love also has a part. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are co-starring in "Cherries Are Ripe," with good reports coming in off the road.

Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin are ready to appear in a Gladys Unger play. Jeanette Loff plans to go into an operetta, for which she is extremely well suited. Olive Borden was doing a single for Warner's in Pittsburgh. Agnes Ayres has had a toss at stock over in Hoboken, N. J. Irene Delroy and Ona Munson, already great favorites on the musical comedy stage, have signed up for New York engagements. Paul Muni had fine criticisms in his stage play, "This One Man." Lina Basquette is dancing in Harry Richman's night club.

Armida has been most successful in "Nina Rosa," while Stanley Smith and Mary Lawlor have been selected to play in the new Jack Yellen-Lou Holtz college musical production "You Said It." Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire, always well liked in musical comedy circles, are playing at the Palace, New York, as we go to press. Dennis King, another musical comedy favorite, plans to appear in a forthcoming operetta. Irene Rich, who did fine dramatic work in "The Woman Who Takes," a Hollywood production of Jane Murfin's short- (Continued on page 126)

STARRY MONEY

How the film favorites spend and save

A YEAR ago, after the market broke, stars were panicky. One fellow who had earned \$180,000 in two years, hadn't a nickel to show for it. An intense wave of economy set in. There was a rush to financial advisers and business managers.

These gentlemen put the stars on stern financial rations—many were only allowed \$25 a week spending money and they did not dare buy a thing without the advice of their financial tyrants. For instance, one man who had been a generous host, spending over \$10,000 for forbidden nectar in a single year, was sternly reduced to \$2,400 to buy *cau de vie*, no matter how many friends he lost. Another, who lost \$20,000 at Aqua Caliente, had to wire pleadingly for permission to pay his debts of honor, and was disciplined with a mere \$10 a week allowance thereafter and threatened with frightful reprisals if he gambled again for two years.

All of this had a very reforming effect temporarily, and it has resulted in some nice little surpluses for investment now.

Will Rogers was never in this pickle, however. Will knows a thing or two about taking care of his money, which comes not alone from acting in pictures, but from his writing for newspaper syndicates, his radio talks (\$1000 per), as well as from his gilt-edged investments

and real estate. He's probably the richest bozo in all Hollywood, and very Scotch about it. His one extravagance is polo ponies!

Rex Cole, of the Equitable Investment Corporation, is one fellow who takes care of the money of thirty-five picture people, including Ann Harding, Warner Baxter, Lucile and Jimmie Gleason, William Boyd, Robert Ames, Mary Astor, Kay Johnson, Neil Hamilton, and others.

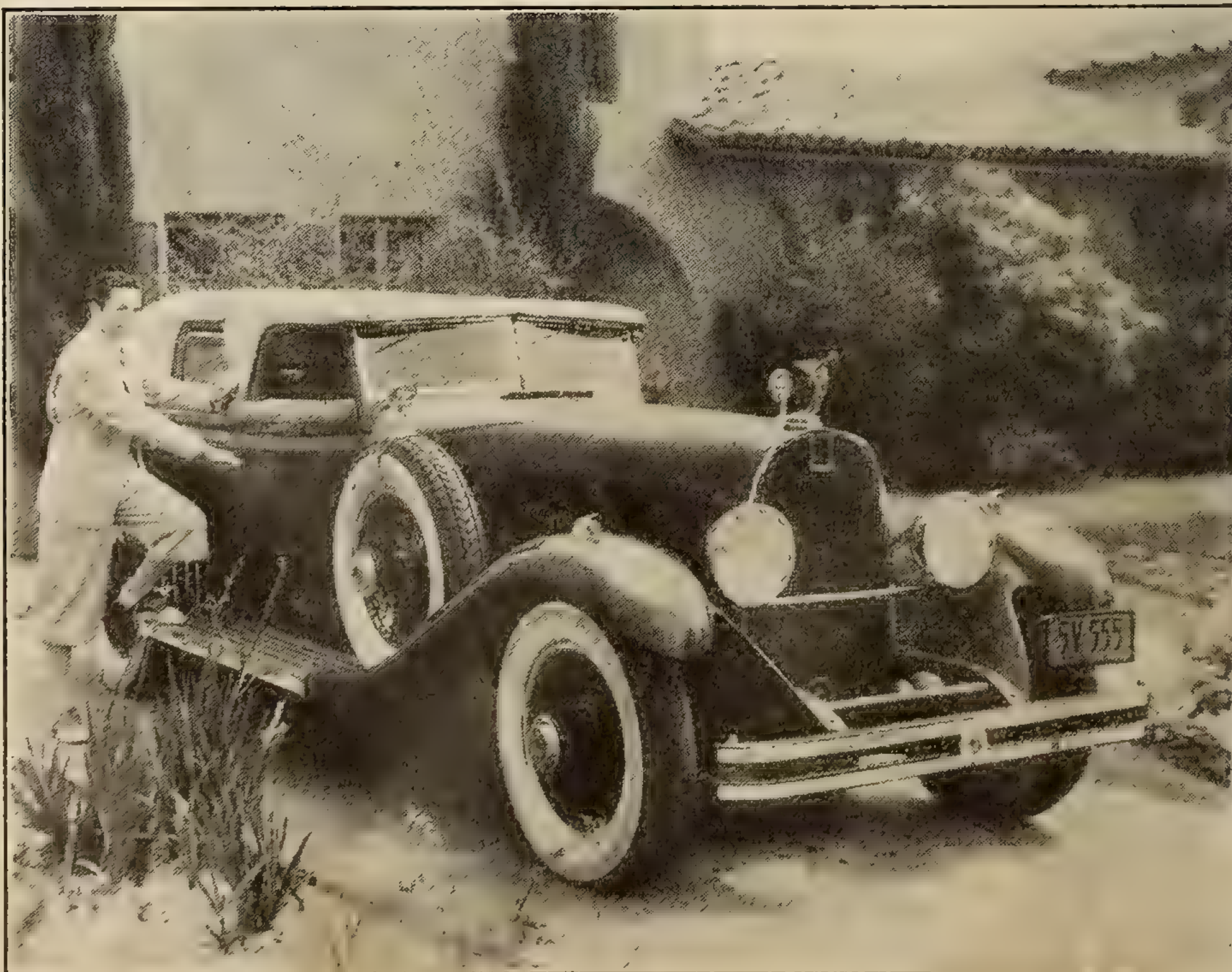
Cole is an arch-tyrant! Stingy pocket money allowances, few servants, (he sometimes makes them dispense with a chauffeur or a lady's maid or a butler, according to circumstances) and he insists upon paying all bills himself, chiding them for any unnecessary extravagances. He disapproves of their buying grand homes. They must rent them. But he is merciful about beach cottages, swimming pools, tennis courts, anything that helps to keep them fit. None of these Equitable clients may invest in anything but staunch, established, conservative bonds. He allows William Boyd to keep his yacht, however, as that comes under health.

Richard Dix, who doesn't belong in this company, plays the stock market and wasn't cured a bit by losing a wallop in the last crash. He loves being a heavy winner, but can bear up bravely when he is an even heavier loser.

Bebe Daniels and Louise Fazenda manage their own affairs, and believe wholeheartedly

Mary Nolan has romantic ideas about her savings! She's put enough pennies away to buy herself a white villa on the blue Mediterranean.

One of Charles Rogers' latest 'investments'—a convertible Dupont automobile. It has triple uses: as a town car, an open car, or closed.



and Where It Goes!

By Alma Whitaker

in real estate, both being multiple landlords. Janet Gaynor has been a careful little saver, which made it possible for her to weather her arguments with Fox. Charlie Farrell believes in real estate and owns a yacht. Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman have invested in a ranch near San Jose, and they also pin much faith to antique furniture. Corinne Griffith went in for lots of gold plumbing right after she married Morosco. She said it was jolly to feel one could always sell a faucet or a bit of pipe in a hurry.

Warner Baxter believes in stocks and bonds, but the company sees to it that he is highly conservative about his purchases. Maureen O'Sullivan owns a big chicken ranch in Ireland. El Brendel has put a lot of money in bisque dogs! Kenneth MacKenna collects rare editions of books, which have an international market value.

Jose Mojica buys handsome art treasures, with a recognized worth. Mary Brian likes spreading her resources, so that she buys real estate, stocks, bonds, bank certificates, building loan certificates, etc. Clive Brook likes to keep a large balance at the bank, sends some to his parents in England, and buys bonds with the rest, besides keeping up a trust fund for his children.

Clara Bow's money goes into a trust fund, which was formerly managed by her secretary, Daisy de Voe, until the two girls split. It is very necessary that Clara have somebody to

El Brendel puts his spare money in dogs. Honest—in little bisque puppies. He says they'll grow up to be valuable canines some day!

keep tab of every tiny item she owns, as, it is said, she is beset by indigent relations. You'd be surprised at the financial burden this little girl carries. Her father recently dropped a handsome sum for her in a restaurant enterprise.

Richard Arlen and his Jobyna work on a stern budget system. They improve their delightful home all the time and the rest of the money goes into building and loan investments. Charles Rogers goes in for both bonds and property. He lately bought a home at Beverly Hills with a swimming pool and many other delightful features—which he considers a first class investment, too. Perhaps his big automobile is an investment, also!

Gary Cooper adores ranches. He has one in Montana, another in Arizona. He is also providing a trust fund for himself, in case anything untoward happens.

That big Welshman, Lawrence Grant, who has been playing character rôles right along, from silents to talkies, without a break, says he is strong for annuities. He thinks it would be a good joke to put all his money in these, and then make handsome wills leaving vast amounts to greedy relations, who would die of heart failure when they learned all the money had died with Lawrence.

Alice White was one of the (Continued on page 110)

Sunnyside, Montana, is now Gary, Montana, after Mr. Cooper, who has put his extra cash into a guest ranch there.



The HEIGHTS

Who's the tallest star in pictures—and who's the shortest? And what has height to do with screen success? You'll be surprised!

HOW high is up?

If you know the answer to that one you know everything and this story can't tell you a thing. But if heights still have the power to thrill you—if, in any words, a trip to the tip of the Chrysler Tower can make your heart stand still and your stomach turn upsy-downsy—you'll want to know just what height has to do with winning that shy little will o' the wisp, screen fame.

Suppose you're a girl with movie ambitions—which heaven forbid. Suppose you're tall—say, five feet seven inches or so—and pretty as anything. And still your friends tell you that you haven't a chance on the screen because you tower above such sprites as Janet Gaynor. What'll you say? How can you answer them? Why, like this: "Yes? And I suppose Garbo is a midget!"

Greta
Garbo
5' 6"



Mary
Pickford
4' 11½"



Ann
Harding
5' 5"



Billie
Dove
5' 5"



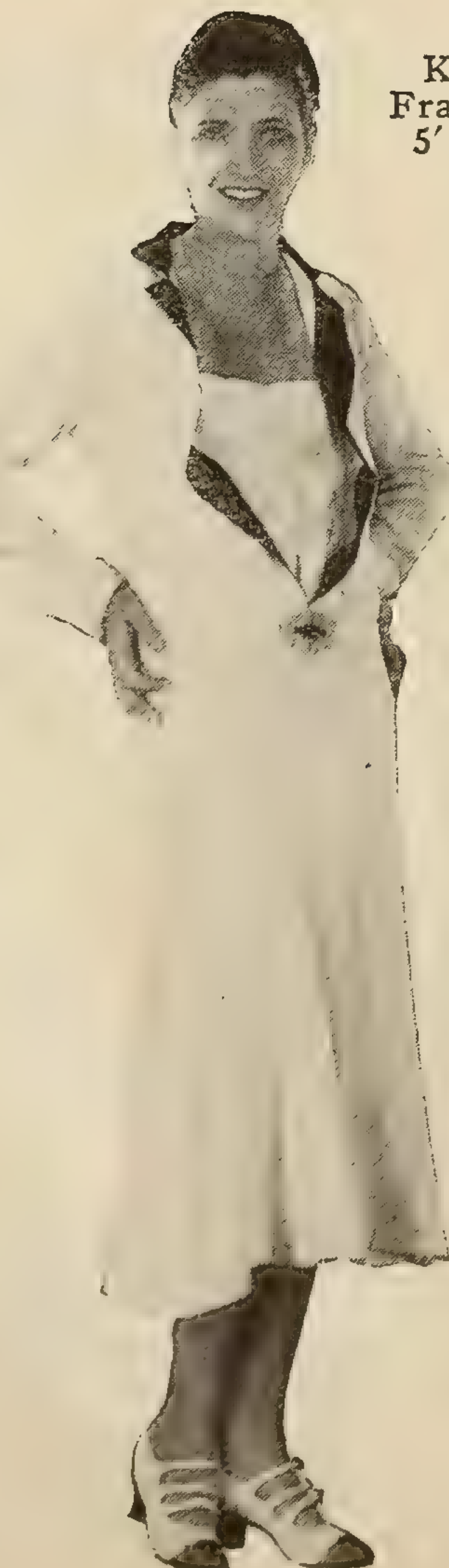
Marlene
Dietrich
5' 5"



Joan
Bennett
5' 2"



Kay
Francis
5' 5"



of FAME!

By
Sydney Valentine

Assisted by Miss Vee Dee

And Tashman! And do you know how tall they are? Garbo is 5' 6", that's how high she is. And Tashman is an inch taller than that—5' 7"!

You have them there! And then all you have to do is to crash the gate. We don't want to be 'ornery' about it but so many girls are writing in to Miss Vee Dee all the time asking for the heights and weights of the screen queens that Miss Vee Dee is kicking and screaming. Just before she went into hysterics for the tenth time in a day—that was yesterday—she turned over her statistics to me with a faint moan and gasped: "Jaynor, 5' 5", Marlene Garbo, 5' 2"; the combined heights of Connie and Joan Bennett equal the height and weight of Lilyan Tashman at the last census—" Her voice trailed off. I heard later that someone had written in asking for the heights and weights of all the extras in

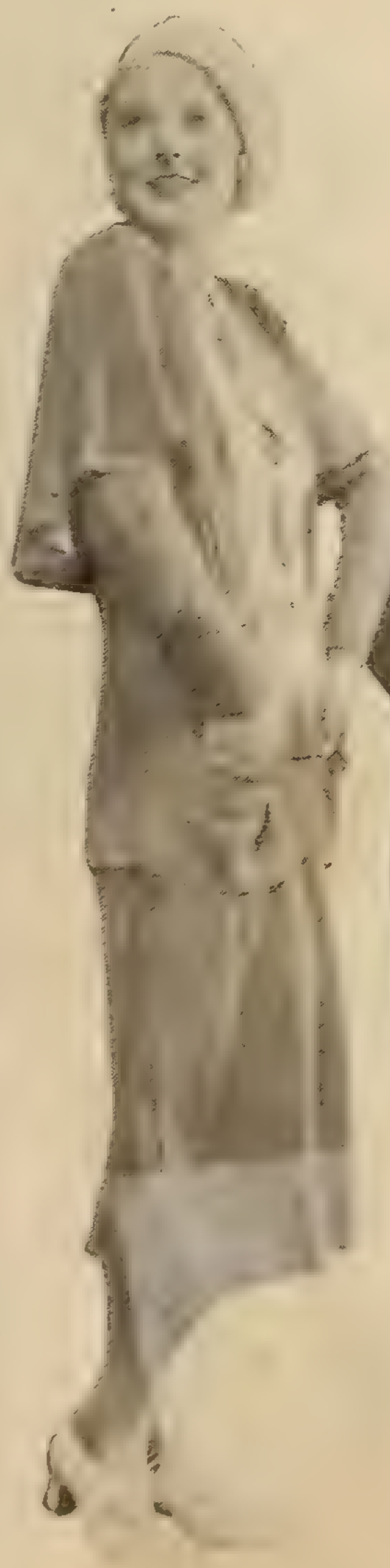
Janet
Gaynor
5'



Lilyan
Tashman
5' 7"



Dorothy
Mackaill
5' 5"



Jeanette
MacDonald
5' 2"



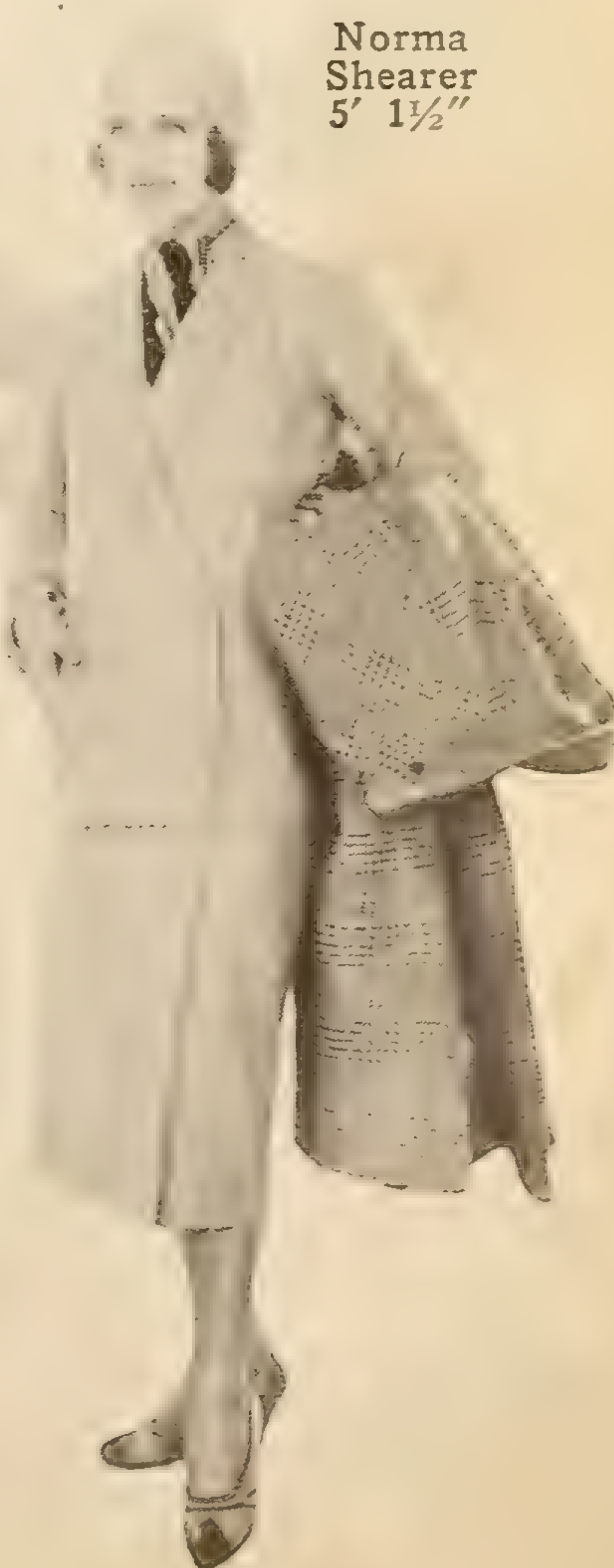
Clara
Bow
5' 3½"



Loretta
Young
5' 3½"



Norma
Shearer
5' 1½"





Anita
Page
5' 4"



Marion
Davies
5' 4"



Gloria
Swanson
5' 1/2"

Here's a surprise! Norma Shearer, who can look so regal in her films, is a little bit of a girl—just 5' 1 1/2" tall! Norma weighs just 118 pounds.

Which is the taller, Constance or Joan Bennett? I'll tell you—Connie is 5' 4", Joan, 5' 2"; with Constance tipping the scales at 105 and Joan at 105.

Another good height is 5' 3 1/2"—both Clara Bow and Loretta Young are just that. But Clara's weight is a trifle more than Loretta's—just ten pounds more, to be exact; and Loretta weighs 100 pounds. (This is Clara's weight a. r.—after reduction.)

Garbo and Dietrich—the lovely lady rivals from Sweden and Germany—are just one inch and two pounds apart! Greta's extra inch takes care of her added poundage. Both girls are so graceful that you're never conscious of the fact that they are slightly over the average height.

Now, go ahead and scale the heights of fame, if you can!

It doesn't matter how tall you are—look at Garbo. It doesn't matter how small you are—gaze upon Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer. It doesn't even matter if you're just plain, medium height—consider Connie Bennett, Joan Crawford. *Nothing* matters—if you can carry your height gracefully, or make up for lack of imposing stature with ability and brains. I hate to discourage you—but height has little or nothing to do with winning film fame!

Joan
Crawford
5' 4"

Constance
Bennett
5' 4"



Cecil De Mille's last picture. Poor, little Vee Dee! We hope she'll be better soon.

In the meantime, I want to lay forever the ghost idea that height has very much to do with film success. Weight, yes! But not height. Of course, there may be exceptions. Some girls are turned down for good parts because they happen to be taller than certain leading men. Other youngsters miss out because they are too tiny. But it doesn't happen very often. Consider the case of the first screen queen, Mary Pickford—the tiniest of them all. Mary is only 4' 11 1/2" tall—and it hasn't stopped her, so far! The next smallest big star on the screen is Janet Gaynor who's just 5'. These girls are lucky enough to be small-boned, and they keep their weights down—Mary to 92 pounds, Janet to 100. Gloria Swanson is next—5' 1/2" tall, weighing 98 pounds.

The other extreme—Lilyan Tashman. Lil, who looks tall and stately enough on the screen, is even taller than that—she's 5' 7", the tallest important actress in pictures. Garbo comes next with her superbly carried 5' 6". Just as these girls are supreme in their lines, so you won't find any other actress to touch them in height.

There seem to be two favorite heights among the screen stars, so if you simply must have a standard to grow or stretch by, I'd suggest 5' 4" or 5' 5". Of the famous girls who are 5' 4" there are Joan Crawford, (110 pounds); Marion Davies (120); Anita Page (118); Nancy Carroll (116); Evelyn Brent (112). At 5' 5" we have: Kay Francis (112 pounds); Billie Dove (115); Ann Harding (118); Marlene Dietrich (120); Dorothy Mackaill (110).

Greta Garbo

Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm in 1906—her real name is Greta Gustafsson. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Unmarried. Next picture, "Inspiration," with Robert Montgomery.



THEIR OWN FAVORITE PORTRAITS

The stars select the likenesses they prefer. Paste these in your album! They have that personal touch!



Nancy Carroll

Nancy Carroll (La Hiff) was born in New York City, November 19, 1906. She is married to Jack Kirkland, playwright, and has a four-year-old daughter, Patricia. Nancy's next picture is "Stolen Heaven," with Phillips Holmes.



Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 3, 1900. She was a Follies girl. Marion is five feet, four inches and has blue eyes and golden hair. Her next talker is "The Bachelor Father," with Ralph Forbes.

Marion Davies



Dorothy Mackaill

Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, March 4, 1904. She appeared in the Follies before she entered pictures. She has been married and divorced from Lothar Mendes. Unmarried now. Her next talker is "Once a Sinner."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. A new star for First National—new picture, an air sequel to "The Dawn Patrol."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



John Gilbert

John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His real name is John Pringle. He has been married three times—first to a non-professional, next to Leatrice Joy, and now to Ina Claire. His next film is "Gentleman's Fate."



Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City, on December 24th. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall and weighs 110 pounds, with blue eyes and brown hair. A Broadway star at the age of eighteen! Married to Ralph Forbes.

Ruth Chatterton



Clara Bow

Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 29, 1905. She broke into pictures via the beauty contest route. She has red hair, is five feet three and one-half inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her latest picture is "No Limit."



Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6th. Married to Grant Withers, is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Her next film-play will be "The Devil to Pay."

Loretta Young



Charles Rogers

Charles (Don't call me Buddy)—Rogers was born on August 13, 1904, in Olathe, Kansas. He has black hair, brown eyes; is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds. Unmarried. His current film is "Along Came Youth," with Frances Dee.



Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on Friday, January 13th. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, a well-known actress. Kay is five feet, five inches tall, has grey eyes and black hair. Her next picture, "Scandal Sheet."

Kay Francis



Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. Her real name is Lucille LeSeuer. She was a chorine in "The Passing Show" before she entered pictures. Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Next film, "Within the Law."



William Haines was born January 1, 1900, in Staunton, Virginia. Unmarried. Next film, "Remote Control." He was the winner of a 'new faces' contest, was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is still with the same company.

William Haines



Fredric March

Fredric March was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 13, 1898. He came from the Broadway stage. Married to Florence Eldridge, of the stage. Next picture, "Sex in Business," with Claudette Colbert.

Right: In these two pictures of Fredric March, taken from his new film, "The Royal Family," doesn't he look like a younger edition of John Barrymore?



Left: Two more interesting poses of March in his clever imitation of the almost inimitable Barrymore. Note the way he handles his hands—as Barrymore did in "Hamlet."



Fredric March and Nancy Carroll in "Laughter," the talker which brings them both new dramatic laurels.



Is Fredric March BARRYMORE'S Talkie Twin?

See the resemblance of Fredric March to John Barrymore? And there are those who say his talkie talent is not so far behind!

By Barton Boone

FREDRIC MARCH, The 'Compleat' Man! Old Izaak Walton would have had a swell time had he been able to write about motion picture stars instead of those disciples of the angle worm. And Freddie March would have been a 'compleat' model for so discerning a scholar as Izaak. But Walton or no Walton, Freddie remains the all-sided paragon of the cinema, the apple of most women's screen affections, and the cinder in nobody's eye.

If you're interested in paradoxes—and who isn't interested in those things?—we'll start with the fact that despite the Paramount player's aristocratic and fore-shortened, French-trimmed and snootily spelled name, 'Fredric,' he remains not only yours truly on letters, but to his friends as well as envious contemporaries, only 'Freddie.'

With Freddie as a start, it's easy to describe with the pen this pleasant-visaged fellow. Maybe dissect is the word, for we intend taking him apart to see what

makes him click—with the public.

His Boswell enters Freddie's name in the lists as follows:

"Born in Racine, Wis., March entered the University of Wisconsin with the class of 1920."

There's the rub! It not being handicap enough for an actor to be born any place outside New York, he has to be taken to college immediately thereafter. At any rate, no mention is made of the intervening years so we'll have to let it pass with an entry such as 'years spent in servitude' or 'years spent watching Wisconsin cows' or some similar and infinitely unimportant item. We'll skip adolescence. Everyone should.

Unlike most biographies of the marquee-lighted persons in which education is forgotten immediately after it is mentioned, solely because the subject of the discourse never succumbed to a degree, young March, undaunted by prairie fires, problems in calculus, unrelenting co-eds and a leaning toward (*Continued on page 127*)



Just as we were getting used to Carol Lombard's fluffy bob, she switched to this classical effect, with a cluster of flat curls above the ear. How do you like it?

Why, Mary Brian! After selling us on the idea that you are Hollywood's most modest maiden, you have to go and reveal your left ear. Not that it isn't a very nice ear.



CHOOSE YOUR COIFFURE

A new hairdress a day keeps boredom away. Try some of these on your own tresses, gals!



Now let's get this straight! But no—Kay Francis' new coiffure is decidedly curly—a halo of ringlets around her head. Well!

Screen audiences fell for Kay Francis' sleek bob, shown below. Then why does Kay change it? Oh, you know women!



And the latest—a severe Russian reaction, with expression to match. Now that that's over, Kay, give us your pet bob again!

Confessions of a

What, you don't know what a 'juicer' is? He knows the stars better than we do. Read what he says about some of your favorites

'JUICER'

By One



All right, all right—don't tease and we'll come right out and tell you what's a 'juicer.' He's an electrician, that's what he is. He lights the stars. Here he is in action, lighting Robert Armstrong pretty for "Within the Law."

I AM just a roughneck 'juicer,' or electrician if you want to be technical.

And yet I have been a guest in more stars' homes than any other single individual.

My overalls have carried me past scores of doors men in tuxedos and gals in Paris gowns have tried to crash in vain.

Y'see, by a funny combination of circumstances, I have become known as an expert in lighting interiors of houses with portable equipment.

For several years I have not only worked on pictures in the studios, but I have been sent out to get home pictures of stars and celebrities, not only with our own photographers, but with such visiting camera experts as Steichen, Offner, Chidnoff and Nikolas Muray.

I walked right into a star's bedroom with a photographer to receive her apologies for forgetting an engage-

ment. Just try to be nonchalant when a star apologizes!

I've dragged electric cable across some of the slickest Oriental rugs you ever saw.

I've petrified a score of stars who were afraid that I would break expensive chairs, or knick-knacks.

I've thrown spotlights right into the eyes of Herbert Hoover—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Of all the stars' homes I like to go to, and like to duck, at one and the same time, let me list first William Haines and Buster Keaton.

They are great hosts. Never go to either one that I don't get a great feed. But they're such practical jokers that a day with either one of them is enough to put still more grey hairs in this Irish red head of mine.

Haines is possibly the worst. He knows a lot about photography and when both the cameraman and electrician have their backs turned. (Continued on page 117)



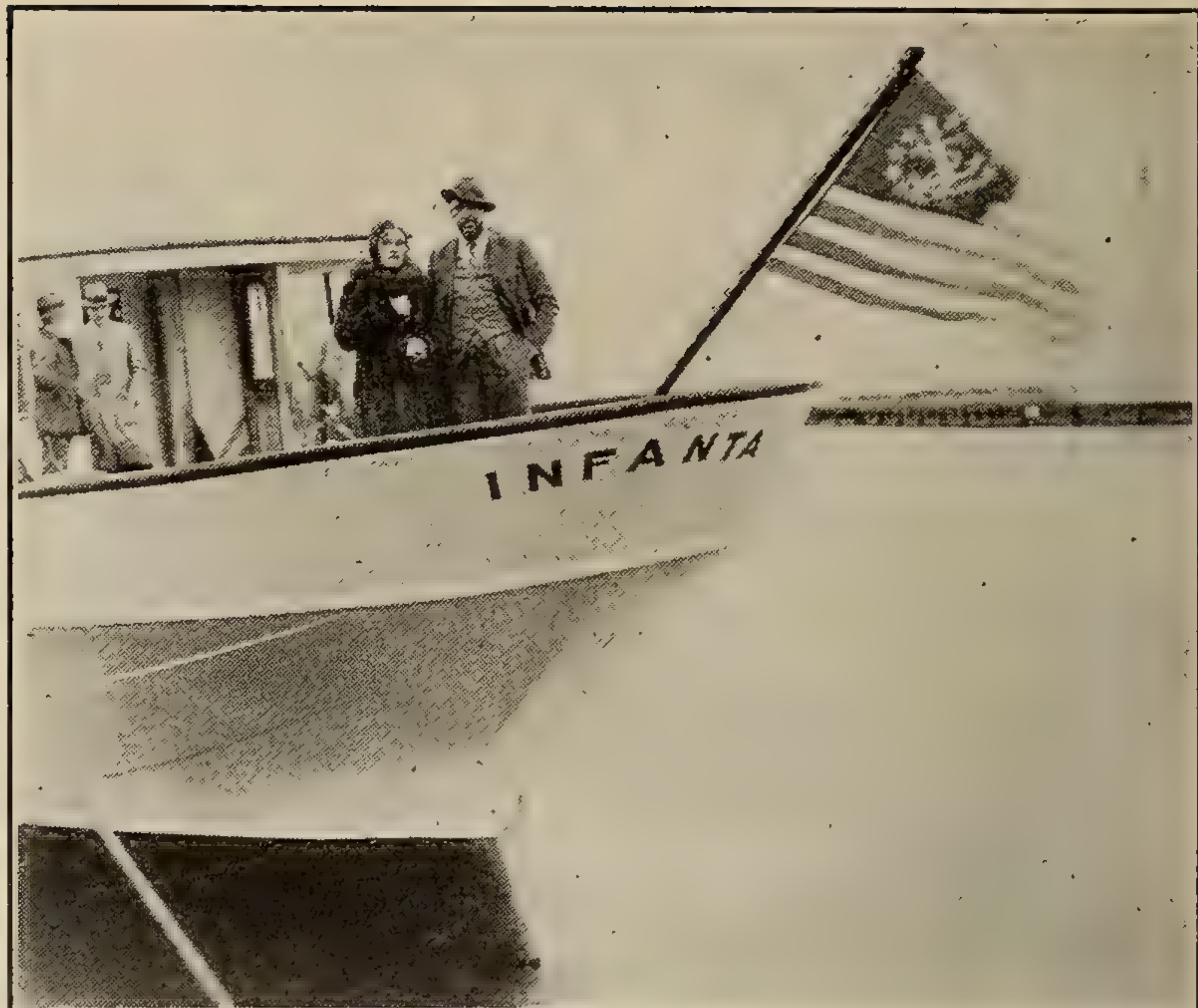
You don't catch Bessie Love "Dancing with tears in her eyes." Bessie says, "a little song, a little dance, they're my one sure cure for those down-in-the-mouth blues."

OUT in our capital of the cinema, in this year of grace, there thrives a quaint and merry pastime called 'ringing doorbells.' It is, declare its Hollywood adherents, the most effective of modern therapeutics for the dismal, the dumps, and the doldrums. To those uninitiated in the vagaries of the movie star, it may be described as the insouciant ambulation of a disconsolate individual from door to door of the homes of his acquaintances. He tarries—this seeker of the elixir for the blues—only long enough to look over the ground and receive a little hospitable refreshment, and then he ankles on to the next, usually the nearest, of the friends on his repertoire. According to latest statistics, it is after the sixth doorbell has been lustily rung that the average-sized slough of despond is inclined to vanish completely.

Not all is sunshine and moonlight, to be sure, in the land of professional lovers and laugh-provokers. They are subject—these ladies and gentlemen with halos of romance and risibilities—to apparently recurrent doses of 'the willies.' While many resort to the innocent doorbell, our most celebrated stars of the screen have their exclusive prescriptions for that down-in-the-mouth feeling. Take our wags and zanies, if you've no objection, at their various laugh-clown-laugh performances:

When in unusually low spirits, the maestro of all living comedians, the enigmatic Charlie Chaplin, selects a boon companion with a capacity for saying nothing, and quietly steals away for a fishing session. Hour after hour he sits with his companion, their conversation confined to spasmodic grunts. The mental calm thus acquired, Chaplin contends, invariably restores his good humor.

Will Rogers seeks the nearest Penny Arcade in whatever city he may be in, to view the thrilling "Great Mail Robbery," "A Night in Paris," and similar antique



When John Barrymore falls into the royal doldrums, he grabs mama and baby Dolores, jumps on the 'Infanta' and loses his blues sailing away.

How to make

Intimate slants on how the Hollywood boys and girls snap out of it!

By
Theodore D. Irwin

cinematographs. Harold Lloyd institutes a barbecue in his back yard, and cooks all the food which none of his guests eats. Karl Dane indulges in a cross-country run. Broadway's favorite Merry-Andrew and toastmaster, William Collier, Sr., rides back and forth in trolley cars.

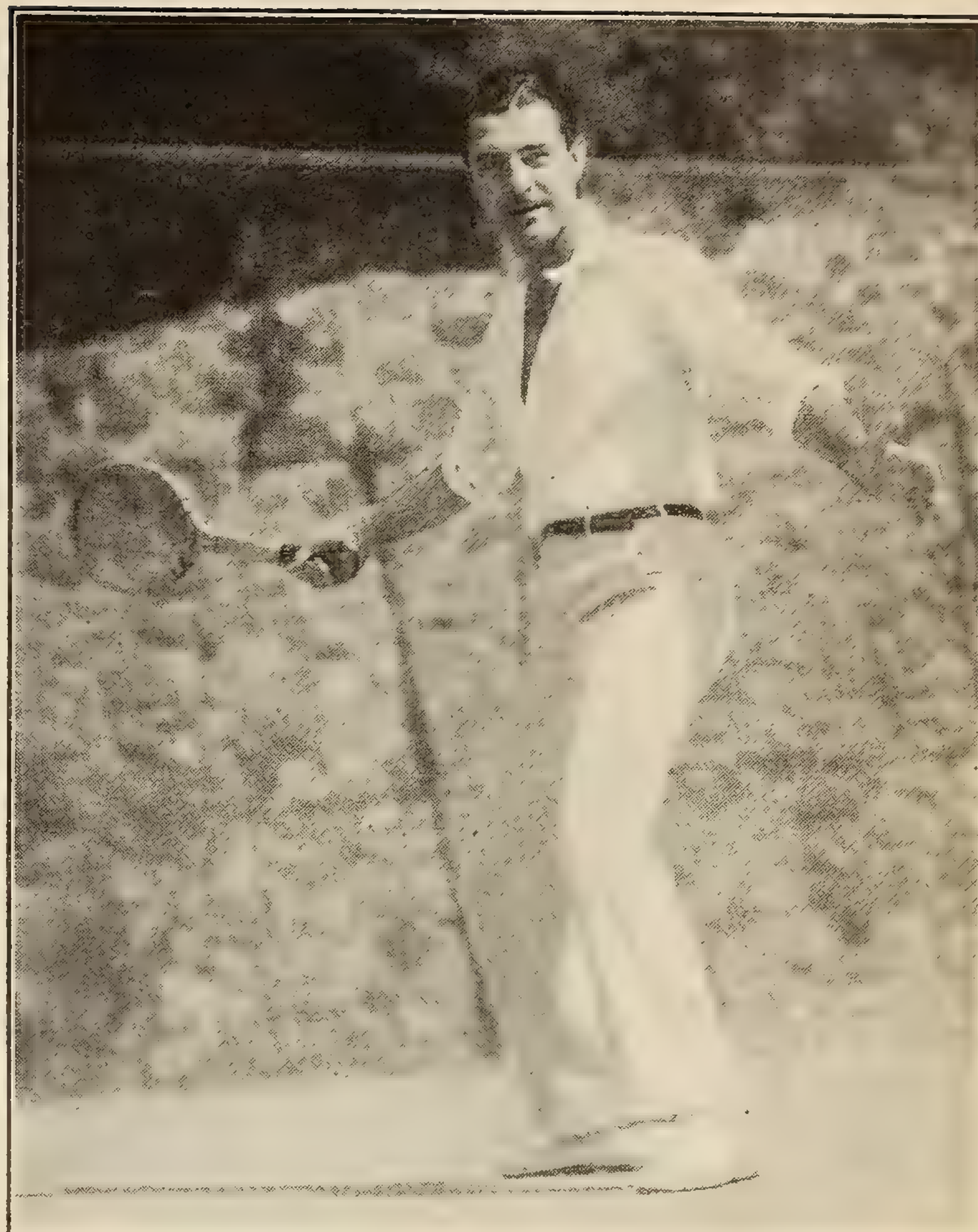
As an antidote for the sulks, Douglas Fairbanks prefers telling the local politicians how to run things, or,



Charles Rogers uses music to bolster up his spirits—drums and cymbals preferred! But we can never believe 'America's boy friend' ever gets blue.



Ben Lyon still seems to have Bebe Daniels up in the air. "But, honest, he's not scolding me," she says. "He's just a good-hearted boy husband helping the girl friend get her wings."



John Gilbert's not playing tennis, really. It's just his way of working a 'mad' off. King Vidor, Hollywood's second worst tennis player, is on the other side of the net. Guess who's the worst!

your own ANTI-BLUE LAWS

if the mood is protracted, taking a trip abroad. An excellent cabinet-maker, William Haines constructs fine pieces of furniture. The Gleasons depend on each other to 'kid' the blues away. El Brendel, who sews as well as any woman, finds relief in the needle and thread! A novel way to kill the blue devils.



Eddie Lowe was taken for a ride! 'S truth! He felt so low he had to take a gallop down Malibu Beach until the wind blew his blues away.

After the recent Wall Street debacle, Eddie Cantor, who is devoted to the movies since "Whoopee," replied to an inquiry concerning the effect of the financial crash upon himself, by getting down on his knees and praying, "O Allah, I thank thee, thou hast left me my shirt and my health!" And thereupon decided to write a book satirizing the stock market. His method, thus, of evading that morbid feeling, is to burlesque the provocative incident and turn it into a profitable gag.

Those prize buffoons, Ben Turpin and Chester Conklin, according to a reliable report, frequent a pretty little cemetery near Hollywood whenever the blues hits them. Robert Benchley, who has deserted the screen for his old love, drama obituaries, exults in showing strangers in town through New York's speakeasies. Marc Connelly 'throws a party.' Hollywood's champion amateur boxer, Buster Keaton, relieves a grouch by pounding away at another's jaw; Nat Carr corrals all available cronies to his side; and Charley Chase, like Chaplin, turns to Izaak Walton's passion, for his solace.

The Brothers Marx, when life looks lugubrious, are prone to concoct a new practical joke to inflict upon the nearest victim. The reticent Harpo, however, has his own patented and copyrighted contrivance: back-stage, he sits very placidly while a member of the cast, usually a lady of pulchritude he has chosen permanently for the operation, tousles his hair! Groucho, on the other hand, blandly reads the stock market reports.

Hal Skelly rides a bicycle.

Though often it hides beneath the elegant misnomer of temperament, the lovely ladies are as susceptible to 'the mopes' as the masculine members. In the throes of despondency, Greta Garbo takes long solitary walks, preferably in the country. La Garbo's hob-nailed hiking boots have seen much service in the foothills of Hollywood and the San Bernardino (Continued on page 116)



**Claudette Colbert—Broadway's and Hollywood's Ultra-Conservative!
She'd Order Cup-Custard in a Speak-easy!**

Claudette is Mrs. Norman Foster in private life. She met him when both played in "The Barker" on Broadway. The Fosters were together in "Young Man of Manhattan" on the screen. How does a wife feel about playing opposite her husband? The story tells you all!



The Rich Little Working Girl

"Acting is my business," says Claudette Colbert, an actress who refuses to dramatize her job

By
Rowley Trench

IF you saw "The Barker" on the Broadway stage or if you were among the few who saw the short-lived "Dynamo" you will understand why I looked forward to meeting Claudette Colbert. She is one of the few fine actresses not in the faded forties. Fame has met her talent half-way.

In "The Barker" she was unforgettable as the tent-show girl, hard yet yielding, primitive yet lovely. She was all youth and allure, playing the part with a vivid vitality that made it dominant in what was essentially a play about men.

Then there was the storm-tossed heroine of "Dynamo," O'Neill's re-write of "The Old Homestead," brought up to date with electricity and modernistic stage settings. In an altogether unbelievable rôle Colbert was human and sympathetic. She definitely demonstrated her acting ability; and her sex power, again, was high.

We met under Paramount auspices high in the upper reaches of that company's private skyscraper on Times Square.

"Shall we have tea?" suggested Miss Colbert.

The election spirit was upon us at the time, so a rapid but honest straw vote was taken, revealing one vote for tea, and two for anything but tea. We went to an elegantly upholstered sink in the fertile fifties. The head waiters outnumbered the guests three to one. A major domo approached our table daintily.

"What will you like?" he wondered.

The lovely Colbert eyes smiled at him appealingly.

"Cup custard," said the lady.

"Cup custard we have not," said the waiter blandly.

"But we have perhaps tea."

That was depressing, but Claudette was pleased, going so far as to order toast and jam.

The most memorable of Miss Colbert's exquisite features are her eyes, deep pools of brown, a soft, dark, velvety brown. One could drown pleasantly in such eyes.

She wore something smart and tailored and simple, as conservative as her conversation. A tactful woman, she said the wrong thing at no time. She was the soul of discretion, the essence of diplomacy. Concerning the fact that she maintained one apartment, her husband (Norman Foster), another, she vouchsafed no comment. She did expand upon the trip they had recently concluded.

"We went round the world aboard a freighter," she said. "As advertised, it was quite marvelous. So different from the routine trip on the usual boat. It was great fun. That is, after we became good sailors. Freighters are not exactly like the *Europa*, you know. Solid comfort is lacking, and there are no stabilizers to cut down rolling. We rolled magnificently!"

It was during the run of "The Barker" that the Foster-Colbert romance developed. They have been married a year or two. In "Young Man of Manhattan" they played husband and wife. It couldn't have been difficult for them. Yet there was the possibility that playing opposite one's husband might have its disadvantages. I asked Miss Colbert about it.

"It's easier in one way to play with your husband. In another it isn't. I suppose that's a typically feminine answer. But let me explain how I feel about playing with Norman."

"When I'm playing opposite (Continued on page 125)



At the moment, it's very smart to wear brilliant red liquid nail polish. Grand, if you can get away with it! And Grace Moore can.

HAND

By

Anne Van Alstyne

capability. She prefers to give the appearance of luxury, and most of the time she gets away with it.

Here is another pair, with nails polished and shining but with ragged cuticle and 'moons' half hidden. A busy girl, that, with good intentions but so rushed! Here is another pair, hands tanned and strong, but nails neglected. An outdoor girl whose interests make her forget herself.

How many girls who care for their complexions with the utmost wisdom neglect their hands shamefully. And yet, my dears, the same type skin we have on our faces is on our hands. If your face needs creams to keep it from being too dry, your hands need them, even more. It's not quite so apt to follow with oily skins, since we wash the hands so much more often, and that has a drying effect. But hands need protection against rain and winds and against too much heat and cold. And they need their own special kind of make-up, a dash of powder, a bit of lotion, and good manicuring.

If you're one of those darlings of life who have time and money sufficient to secure a regular weekly manicure, by all means indulge in it. But even with that, your hands need daily care. But if you're just an average girl, like most of us, you'll only be able to afford less occasional manicures, and want to cultivate your hand beauty at home.

And you really can do it, quite easily. The two primary aids to hand beauty are, of course, good pure soap and water. Keep your hands clean, naturally, but don't be obsessed about it. By that I mean, don't rush out every minute or two to scrub your hands carefully. Too many girls, particularly business girls, get this fetish. If you're a working girl, don't depend on the office soap. It probably will be harsh. Get your own cake, keep it protected from dust. Provide your own soft towel and keep a bit of hand lotion handy. When you do wash your hands, dry them thoroughly. Nothing so quickly creates chapped, rough hands as half drying.

Then the personal manicuring. The nails should always be

WHEN old-fashioned people used to tell a girl's fortune, they didn't look into her face or into her mind. They looked in her hands.

"There," they said, "there is your future," but they didn't really mean anything of the kind. What they really meant was—"There is your personality, and judging you by that personality, I can judge what is going to happen to you when you grow older and love comes along and happiness bends down its lovely face to you." Remember your hands reveal your character even while your face may conceal it!

And they were very wise, those old-fashioned people, for nothing tells so much about a girl as her hands.

This being true, I can not understand why so many of us neglect the beauty that is within our hands. Our hands are much more expressive, actually, than our faces, much more revealing of character and intelligence, yet most of the time we do nothing about them. We let our hands be blunt and busy, or flabby and idle when we could make them more lovely than flowers and more harmonious than music if we only wanted to.

Give me your hands and I can tell you all about yourself. Here is a pair of capable hands with rather square-tipped fingers. But the nails are too long and I know the girl who owns those hands is a bit shy about her own



Use a bit of powder polish on a buffer to go over the nails before applying liquid polish, as Mary Brian does.

YOURSELF BEAUTY

Nothing tells so much about a girl as her hands. Make them lovely!

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS

clean and unblemished. White spots on the nails are usually bruises. Some nails bruise more easily than others and this frequently indicates that something is wrong with the diet—a lack of green foods usually, or poor blood supply—but there isn't much you can do to cover such spots. You must just wait till they grow out.

The little pink pale half moon at the base of the nail should be definitely marked by pushing back the cuticle. With some types of hands this is more difficult but persistence will finally triumph.

The length you wear your nails is all a matter of personal taste. I know a lot of smug people will tell you that no girl of refinement wears long or pointed nails, but I don't believe anything of the kind. The more conservative girl will wear shorter nails, just covering the tips of her fingers. She'll also tint them conservatively, but I still insist this is all a matter of personal equation. My own choice is to suit your personality. Some of the movie's loveliest actresses go in for exotic nail lengths—and find them most expressive. There's one point to remember, however. Most men don't like women with long nails. (Still, most men claim they don't like make-up and what have

BARGAINS IN BEAUTY

There are bargains in beauty waiting for every girl. Let Anne Van Alstyne help you get them. A finer skin, a new way of dressing your hair, a new color for your party dresses, or a new trick of make-up. She can tell you all about them and will be only too glad to advise you on any or all of them—or on any other beauty problem. Just address Miss Van Alstyne in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY

girls done about that—worn more, that's all).

At the moment, it's very, very smart to wear brilliant red liquid nail polish. On sophisticated hands, this is great. On shy little hands it looks silly. In New York at the opera, you frequently see women with nails tinted to match their gowns—green, scarlet, black or what have you. Grand if you can get away with it. Personally, I couldn't. But whatever the tint you choose—and I really think for average hands the best is one coat of average pink and one coat of colorless—be careful that you don't go about with the polish half peeling. Have it all or nothing. The nail tips in all cases ought to be white and slightly opaque. Good nail bleaches will accomplish this but they should not be used too plentifully because they sometimes harden the cuticle just under the nail tip. A good plan is to run your orange wood stick, tipped with cotton and dipped into manicuring cream or oil under the nail tip while you cleanse it. This keeps the fingertips soft.

Dry polish of various kinds, powder, cake and paste, are all good if used correctly. They aren't as smart right now as the liquid ones. Neither do the effects of them last as well but if you prefer them, be careful to fol-
(Continued on page 104)



Loretta Young's hands are harmonious—with pink-tipped fingers to invite the luxury of a decorative ring. Ring courtesy of J. R. Wood and Sons, Inc.

... TWO GRAND

Meet Mitzi Green, the little 10-year-old screen thief, who is called 'a second Elsie Janis'

They start young in Hollywood. Only ten years old, with only eighteen months' film experience, nevertheless Mitzi Green is a famous screen starlet.

By

Mary Howard



"Oh, you beautiful blonde!" In "Tom Sawyer" Mitzi Green wears a blonde wig to play Becky Thatcher. The young man at her side? Jackie Coogan!

THERE'S nothing Green about Mitzi but her name and the spinach she eats for lunch every day—which must be flavored with a blossom of garlic! And yet this little vaudeville trouper who in eighteen months has won fame and fortune in the movies is not the usual, sophisticated stage child. She is an entirely normal little girl who loves to play kid games, make dresses for her dolls, and of all her achievements to date, is proudest of the fact that she can skip rope—backwards!

Not since Charlie Chaplin discovered baby genius in

the dark eyes of Jackie Coogan has any child made such an instantaneous histrionic hit as Mitzi Green, daughter of Joe Keno and Rosie Green, vaudevillians. Mitzi has stolen every picture she has been in: "Marriage Playground," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Honey," "Sante Fe Trail," and others. Her impersonations of Garbo, Chevalier, Moran, Eddie Cantor, Ethel Barrymore, Al Jolson, and Fannie Brice are miniature works of art. But nobody ever taught Mitzi. She's a natural. She sings, dances, does imitations, and has yet to be prompted or cued by any adult. She is absolutely fearless when it comes to dramatic technique. Will try anything. Has never been stage struck, and is charged with more inner vitality than I have ever seen in either grown-up or child.

In her dressing room at the Paramount Theater in New York where she was making four personal appearances a day, I met Mitzi for the first time. She is exactly like her screen self. A large, robust child, with very pink cheeks and very straight brown hair. She's just a normal ten-year-old girl, delighted with herself and the world. Her eyes are brown. Her legs are chubby. Her dress was a simple little flowered affair. And she was struggling with the intricacies of cancellation when I knocked on her dressing room door.

Yes, Mitzi has to do lessons just like any other little girl. Only she has to fit her spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, and English in be-

tween her daily personal appearances. With all this, she sometimes finds time to ride horseback in Central Park, or to take a swim. She's crazy about bridge. Recently somebody taught her the game, and she is so fascinated with it that she tells her governess: "Let's just have one more hand," even if it's only two minutes before her act is due to go on.

The way Mitzi got her name is interesting. When she was born her father was playing in "Head Over Heels," a musical show with Mitzi Hajos, the popular Hungarian prima donna. Miss (Continued on page 112)

PICTURE STEALERS

Introducing 'Skippy', Alison Skipworth, who's always stealing picture honors

By
Thomas Talbott

SKIPPY—Alison Skipworth—one of the best character actresses along Broadway's tungsten territory, will steal any scene that's not nailed down. And she's carried these thieving tendencies all the way out to Hollywood where in "Outward Bound," "Children of Dreams," "Raffles," and "Stolen Thunder," she had no difficulty in walking away practically with every sequence she was in.

A grand old gal is 'Skippy.' Shoving fifty, I judge. With merry blue eyes, reddish brown hair, a nice tubby figure, and a gay cackle that'd warm your heart even on a cold foggy day. And with it all a *grande dame*, who can, nevertheless, give our popular Marie Dressler a pretty good run for her comedy money.

"Every time I stop and think I am earning money for having my picture taken—at my time of life, I break out in a horse laugh," whispered Skippy, as we stood in the wings of the Empire Theater, where she was rehearsing for "Marseilles," her new Broadway show. "To my great surprise, I have made good on the screen," she continued. "It was the last thing I ever expected—or hoped for. I'm still stunned!"

"At first I was prejudiced against talking pictures,



Alison Skipworth, who's never too old to learn new tricks! Just a few months in Hollywood and she steals every screen sequence she's in.

like many stage people are, if they tell the truth. I didn't want to go to Hollywood. I hated to leave my little farm down at Smithtown, on Long Island, where I creep away to rest and enjoy life. I hated to learn new technical tricks. I thought, too, I would hate Hollywood with all its razzle-dazzle.

"I didn't. I learned to like it. But I can never quite give up the stage all the same. Maybe it's vanity. I don't know. But I love the stage. I love getting the reaction of the audience. I love everything about it. But I'm getting mighty fond of Hollywood, too.

"As a town it's great. But work on the screen is terribly difficult. I have the most profound admiration and respect for any man or woman who makes good in films. The technique is forty times harder than stage technique. And don't let anybody fool you on *that* one!

"On the screen you work in dead silence. You get no applause. You don't know whether you are good or bad. And by the time the picture's released you don't care. It's like worrying over whether you digested your last Sunday's dinner.

"I'm terribly nervous on the lot, frightened of the cameras. I still can't believe in myself on (Continued on page 112)



As the lowwager with a shady past in "Outward Bound," Alison Skipworth walks right away with her scenes, assisted by Montagu Love, as the 'big business man.'

Below: Score's tied on this match. Viola Dana and Jimmy Thomson, golf 'pro,' were 'welded' recently



Above: Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, shot an arrow into the air. It landed in the heart of Billie Dove!

Below: Dorothy Lee is James Fidler's vivacious Valentine—they were married not so long ago.



VICTIMS of Valentine 'Heart Trouble'

Cupid works overtime in Filmland where there's real romance as well as reel romances



Left: She's his Frances (Dee); he's her Joe (Mankiewicz). The paramount romance on the Paramount lot!



Right: John Wayne says that Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian Consul in Los Angeles, is his Valentine.



Right: Don't be so serious, Ed. You know, faint heart ne'er won fair maid!



Above: Claudia Dell can't decide on her Valentine. She's looking toward Ed-die Silton but Gavin Gordon wears a winning smile.



Left: Gavin Gordon lost out in one "Romance." Will he win in this one?

When BESSIE LOVE Entertains at LUNCHEON

One of Hollywood's favorite girls
gives her favorite luncheon
recipes

By Emily Kirk



Bessie Love's Favorite Luncheon Menu

Grapefruit de Luxe
Chicken and Mushrooms in Ramekins
Shoestring Potatoes New Peas Hot Rolls
Shrimp Salad Cheese Straws
Café Mousse
Coffee Mints

Bessie has just the magic touch needed for the making of cool, crisp, colorful salads. This one is of shrimp, too. One of our favorites.

Bessie Love's coffee service is the envy of all her friends. That is, it would be if she didn't let them in on so many grand luncheons.



TO most people, a luncheon is just a luncheon. But at Bessie Love's house a luncheon is a work of art. Every good cook has something of the great artist about him. It needs as much ability to create and serve a fine dish as it does to paint a fine picture. And Bessie Love has that ability.

Bessie loves to entertain and her favorite party is a luncheon. There is nothing formal or strained about Bessie's parties either. She has the happy knack of providing the casual atmosphere of comfortable friendliness which every hostess aims to achieve and so seldom does. A rare accomplishment indeed! Add to this the perfect setting of Bessie's hillside home, and well, if you never have had one of these luncheons you're out of luck, that's all!

Along one side of the house, overlooking the valley and the hills beyond there is a tiled, arched, balcony-like veranda. Here, Bessie almost always serves her guests, shaded from the heat in summer and basking in the noon-time sun of the winter months. Bessie has literally grown up with the pictures. Her friends are among the girls who, like herself, spend most of their time on the sound stages and in the dressing rooms of the various studios. But when they have a day off for shopping or play and forgetfulness of cameras and microphones, one o'clock in Bessie's veranda, a low easy chair, plenty of delicious food and much conversation.

For these little informal gatherings of the 'gang,' Bessie's specialty is her meat salads. And what salads they are! Time and time again Bessie has given the

other girls her recipes, but no one seems to be able to put the things together with the magic touch of Bessie's cook.

Sometimes it's chicken salad, sometimes turkey. Again it's a combination which defies analysis. Bessie lets them guess what it is. Once in a while she steps over into the sea food class and serves lobster or shrimp or crabmeat as the foundation of her salad.

Bessie is the possessor of the most complete assortment of luncheon plates any one has ever seen. Her favorites are quaint, Delft blue ones, comfortably large enough to hold the delicacies which arrive on the veranda with the salads. Always there are tiny, puffy rolls and gay, little blobs of clear jelly. Usually there is some kind of hot vegetable, cooked and seasoned so that it does not taste like a regular vegetable.

After the maid has taken away the Delft blue plates, she brings in small glass bottles of hot, clear coffee—or tea if the guest prefers—and an ice with little cakes or a frozen pudding, something delicious and dainty and not-too-calorie-filled. Then, it (Continued on page 108)

Hits and Hoots of the Broadway mid-winter season

The STAGE

"On the Spot"

EDGAR WALLACE hit it off with all shots in "On The Spot." Here is a melodrama played in the modern spirit—humor, murder, highjacking, double-crossing, police, etc.

Tony Perrelli is the central character—a rich Italian-American Chicago booze racketeer, played with gusto, irony and a final tragic note by Crane Wilbur, who squeezed every drop out of the part. He lives in a swell Michigan Avenue palace-apartment, and even plays the organ when he is not putting men 'on the spot' or knocking them off in his apartment.

His mistress, *Minn Lee*, is played by the exotic Anna May Wong. To attempt to describe the hallucinating beauty and charm of this woman is beyond my vocabulary. I forget that as an actress she is not so much. But those hands! Men have died for less—and even less.

Minn Lee commits suicide, and the final curtain is the most effective and original that has got into melodrama in my recollection. And I'm not blowing it.

"On The Spot" is great entertainment. A picture? A clean-up!

"Elizabeth the Queen"

The Theatre Guild has gone Lynn Fontanne completely in Maxwell Anderson's drama of Big Liz,



Isabel Jeans, a lovely actress from England, and Leslie Banks in "The Man in Possession."

Left: Glenda Farrell, who has a rich part in the Edgar Wallace play.



Anna May Wong, the Chinese cinema actress, in Edgar Wallace's mystery drama, "On The Spot," shown in a touching scene with Crane Wilbur.



who is England's Virgin Queen or what do you know about *that*?

In this show, which is no great shakes of a play, the Queen as depicted by Miss Fontanne, looks like a comic-strip Mae West done by an Elizabethan comic-stripper. Here at least is character get-up which if it isn't Queen Elizabeth is certainly something you'll remember for a long time: her paint-smeared and drawn face, her curses, her gin-deep voice, her necking of Sussex, and finally her really fine acting in the Tower scene when she sends Sussex to his death.

Everybody has his guess at the famous dead, and I suppose this Maxwell-Anderson-Fontanne guess is as good as any other. But Miss Fontanne is *Nina Leeds*—

in REVIEW

By
Benjamin DeCasseres



Lenore Ulric, in "Pagan Lady," with Franchot Tone. Not a great play, but who cares—so long as Ulric's there!

or *Dulcey*. The rest is silence. It is better that way!

Alfred Lunt as Essex, the Queen's lover, is a bit too self-conscious and have-you-seen-me? Philip Moeller directed. The rest of the cast was mediocre. There is neither inspiration nor movement in "Elizabeth the Queen," to my mind.

"The Man in Possession"

Heigh-ho!—Isabel Jeans! Imported from England by Lee Shubert in a boneless but entertaining play called "The Man in Possession" (English for a sheriff on the premises).

Heigh-ho! I said, for this Miss Jeans is about the most original, swanky, intelligent, handsome, high-stepping comedienne that the Old Woman has sent us in many a day.

Supporting her, and carrying the show with her, is Leslie Banks, a tart, pert, snappy comedian. Together, they are a whole evening.

The play? A black sheep, who as a bum-bailiff, takes possession of his brother's sweetheart's home (she is 'a lady in seduced circumstances'). Lounge. Curtain of second act lowered just in time to keep Kelcey Allen from blushing. Nice ending.

Pretty rickety as a play; but Jeans and Banks and a fine acting cast carry "The Man in Possession" to *victoire et mazuma!*

"Pagan Lady"

If you want to revive the electronic tingle in your nerves and blood, I recommend an eyeful of Lenore Ulric.

Oh, it doesn't make any difference what the name of the play is. It is always the sweet-smelling Blood-Red Rose of Sin. Call her *Lulu Belle*, *Mimi*, *Tiger Rose*, *Kiki*—or *Dot Hunter*, in her present play, "Pagan Lady"—*n'importe!*

La Lenore frankly wears me to a frazzle, for she is the most compellingly sensuous and flamingly luring figure on the American stage. Everything about her says, *Ecce Lilith!*

In "Pagan Lady," by William Du Bois, she is the red-ripe sweetheart of *Dingo Mike*, Florida bootlegger. While he is away on 'business,' Dot seduces a young evangelist, who goes back to God in tears, while she continues with *Dingo* to smuggle booze and tumble nice young men.

The play is a second edition of "Rain;" even the one set is a "Rain" set without rain. It was staged by John D. Williams, who put on "Rain."

The play is shaky and wobbly. But who cares? See Ulric and regain your youth! (Continued on page 104)



Lynn Fontanne as Elizabeth of England, with Alfred Lunt (her off-stage husband), as Essex, in the Theatre Guild's "Elizabeth and Essex."

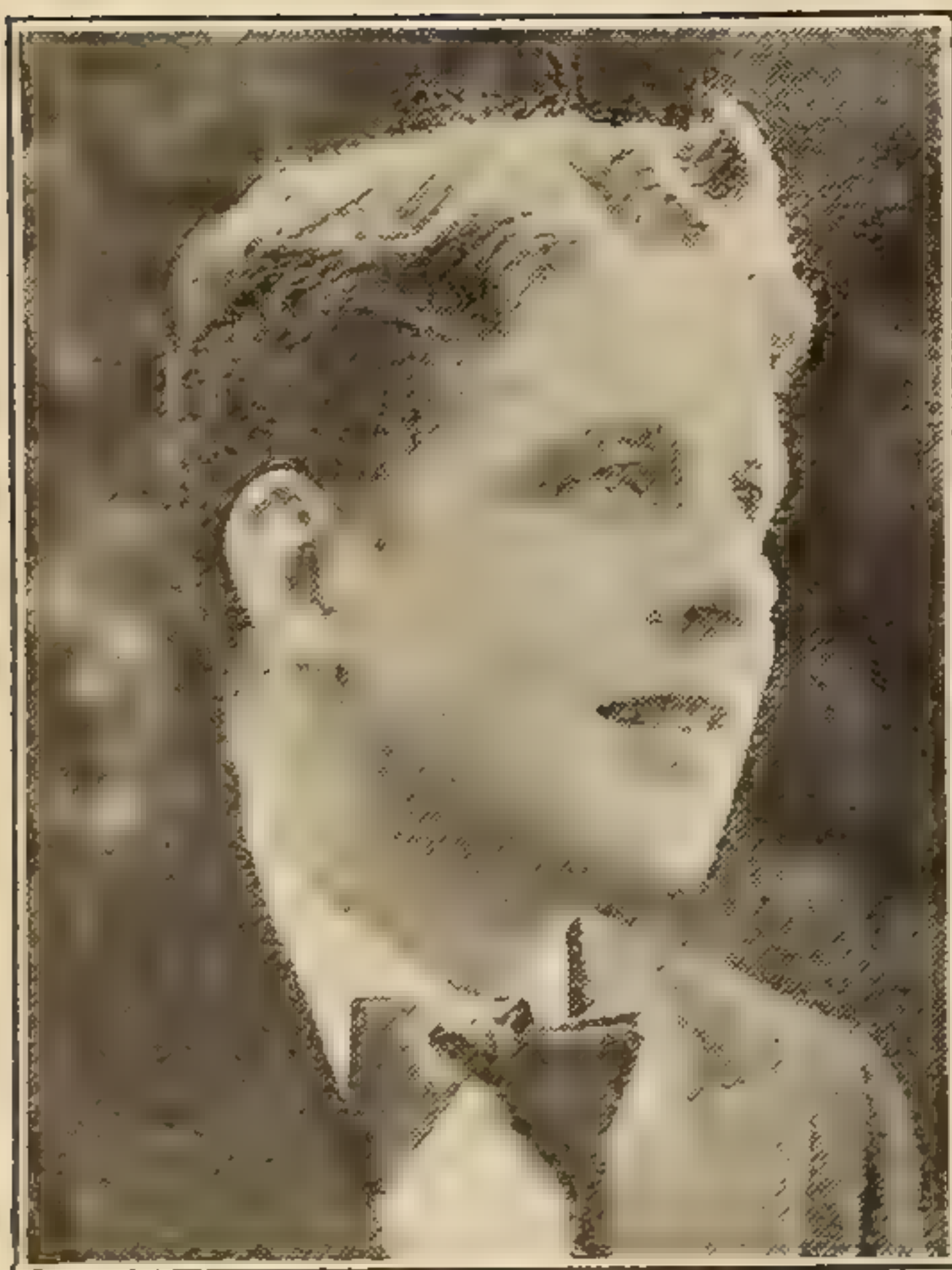
Hollywood Headliners



TAKE THE AIR!

There's a regular picture parade through the realms of radio

By Louis Reid



Rudy Vallée, a minstrel of the talkies, crooned to fame.



Will Rogers, film favorite, is a highly paid radio performer.



Another screen notable heard regularly is Lillian Roth.

ONE of the largest divisions in the ceaseless parade to the microphones is composed of the stars of the screen. The hosts of Hollywood are marching in ever-increasing numbers past the armchairs of the nation, singing their theme songs, airing their anecdotes, greeting what they are pleased to call 'their public.'

They were a long time responding to the beckonings of the broadcasters. Despite their familiarity with the microphone they feared a plunge into the radio sea when they knew that fifty million ears were cocked to their splashes. Gradually they lost their timidity, lost it as they heard the sweet tinkle of gold on the broadcasting shore. Today there is scarcely a star of Hollywood who has not braved the radio waves.

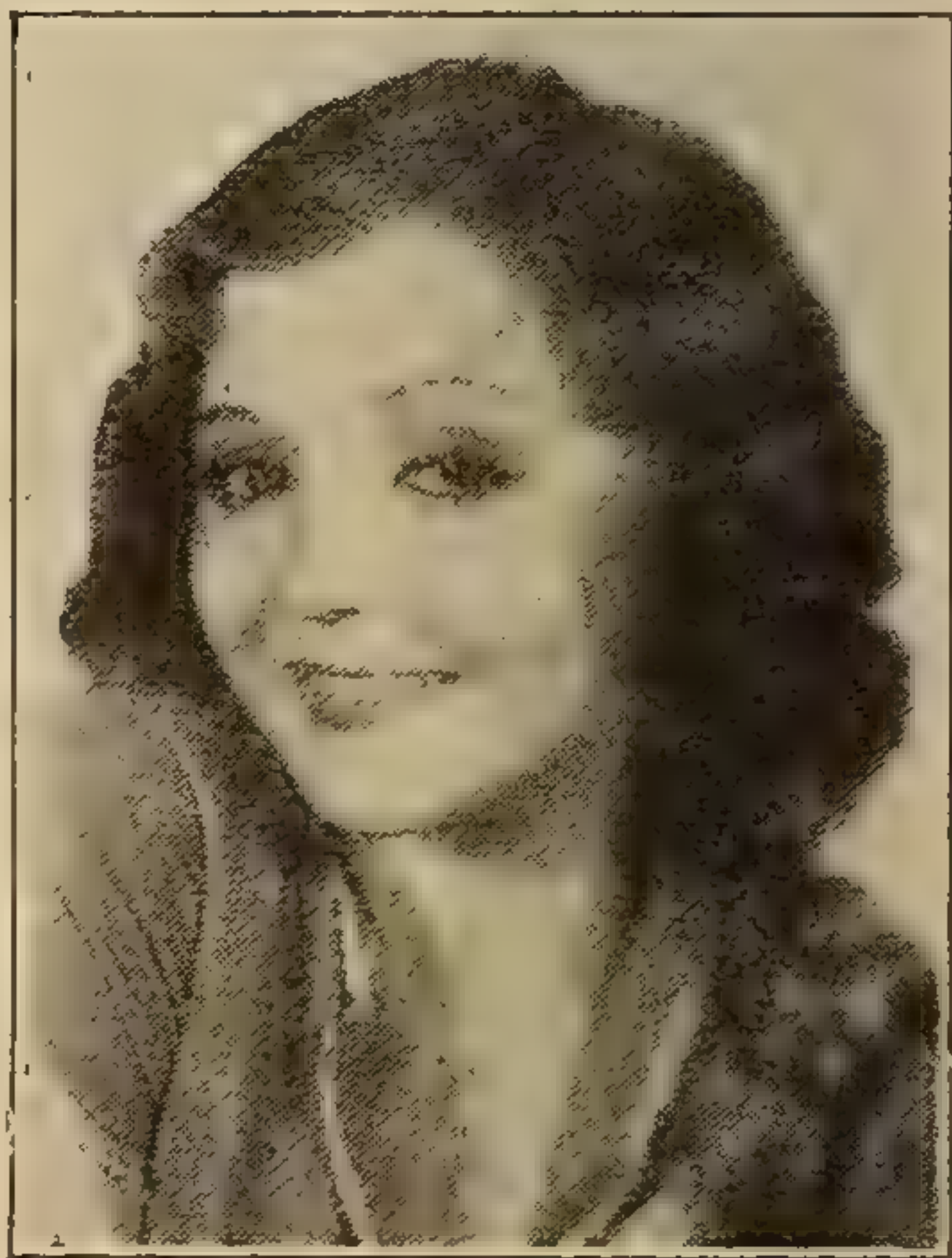
In seeking talent to fill their schedules, the broadcasters cast their binoculars early upon the Hollywood hills. They wisely reasoned that the screen stars, talking or singing directly to armchair multitudes, would mean vast publicity for their soaps and toothpaste, that the people in the parlors of the land would find a certain glamour in having their favorites of the movies no further away from them than a quick twist of the wrist. The parade began to form and today it encompasses nearly every star on the west coast with the exception of Charlie Chaplin.

Gloria Swanson was one of the first of the Hollywood constellation to ride the radio waves. She set out on her adventure in a novel and spectacular manner. No mere obscure plunge, sponsored by some local station, would do. She would ride—and did—the transatlantic radio sea; the first American voice to be heard from London. It was a valiant conquest, this winning of a place on the schedules of the British Broadcasting Company. Broadcasting is government-owned in Britain. And being government-owned and operated, it absolutely and resolutely forbids any commercial sponsorship of its programs. The British broadcasters evidently had not had experience with American screen stars, particularly American screen stars of the magnitude of Gloria.

The record shows that they found La Swanson irresistible. What mattered it if her latest picture was on view in London and that its premiere in the British capital was timed to coincide with her international radio début? What mattered it even if American radio magnificoes had long been carrying on negotiations with British broadcasting officials that the ears of the republic might hear the voices of (Continued on page 129)



Gloria Swanson was the first screen star heard from London.



Nancy Carroll, the darling of the Paramount radio parade.



Maurice Chevalier, one of the most vivid radio personalities.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

From "The Great Meadow"



Spurr

THERE are blondes and blondes in Hollywood—but Josephine Dunn is one of *the* blondes, if you follow us. But perhaps you'd rather follow Josephine in "Modonna of the Streets," her latest.



Richee

THERE seems to be quite an argument over Fay Wray. Is she still a pleasant ingénue, or a real dramatic actress? Fay says she thinks she has grown up—do you agree with her?

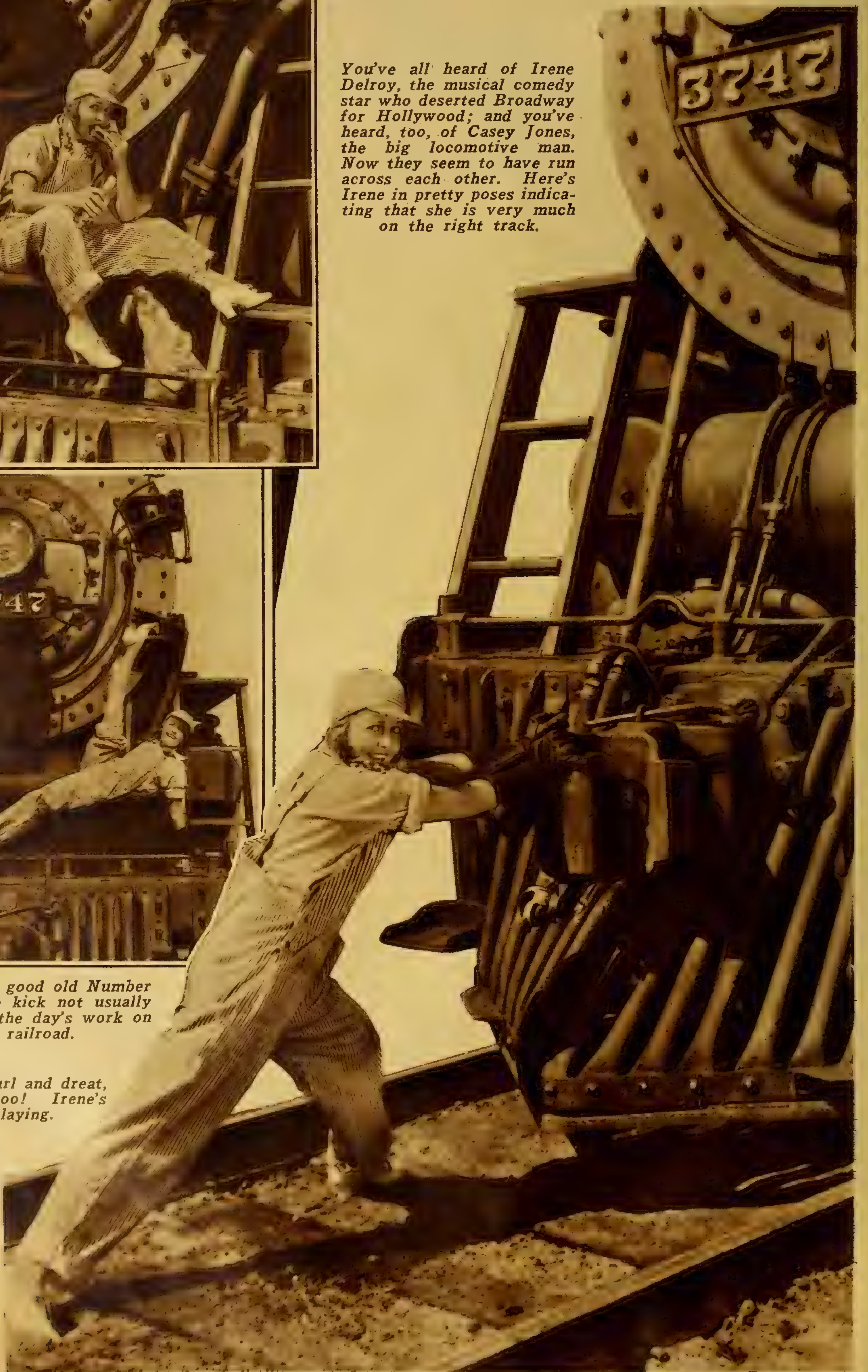
Irene "Casey Jones" Delroy

You've all heard of Irene Delroy, the musical comedy star who deserted Broadway for Hollywood; and you've heard, too, of Casey Jones, the big locomotive man. Now they seem to have run across each other. Here's Irene in pretty poses indicating that she is very much on the right track.



Irene giving good old Number 3747 a little kick not usually included in the day's work on the railroad.

Itty bitty durl and dreat,
big choo-choo! Irene's
just playing.





Just Call Him Ronnie!

Mr. Colman can't very well complain if his devoted fans address him as 'Ronnie' in the future, when he's so hearty and human in his new picture, "The Devil to Pay." Well, his admirers will pay anything to see Ronald Colman.

It's a new Colman you'll meet in this next film. He kids around an amusement park with Loretta Young—rides on swings and slides and all the rest of it.

How do you like your Colman in his Coney Island mood? Pretty nice? Righto!





Foka

A NEW portrait of Richard Barthelmess, especially posed for us on the star's recent visit to Manhattan. Dick's next will be a newspaper story by John Monk Saunders, author of "The Dawn Patrol."



Anita Page shows her smartly styled sports gauntlets with a flaring cuff buckled around the wrist. Pretty—practical!



When cuffs make the coat! Estelle Taylor is the vivid brunette type who can 'get away with' the striking and unusual.

Bright New Notes in the Mode



Ina Claire—left—who makes her screen comeback in "The Royal Family," wears this lovely sequins evening gown of simple lines.



Right: Gloves are importantly combined with novel sleeve styles of the afternoon costumes. Hedda Hopper's extend to the elbows.



Screen stars must keep not only abreast of the mode—they must march ahead and urge the rest of us on!

Estelle Taylor wears one of those 'romantic' short black velvet evening wraps with collar of black fox

Below: Marguerite Churchill's evening gown, designed by Sophie Wachner, is fashioned of rose and silver transparent brocade, with a bodice cape.

Norma Talmadge in a smart street ensemble which she wore while she was in New York after her Paris shopping spree.



In her new picture, "Reaching for the Moon," in which she plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels wears this sports dress with piquant vest and cuffs of white pique, and matching hat.



While the calendar says it's still mid-winter, Hollywood girls are investing in spring wardrobes!

Here's Marguerite showing the matching coat of her brocade evening ensemble. Trimmed with brown fox, the wrap features dolman sleeves and ties at the side for its closing.



Kay Francis in her 'black and white dress.' Note the novel draping at the waist, with brilliant buckle trimming.



A full-length look at Estelle Taylor's new spring suit. It's made of lightweight tweed in pastel tones, and those huge cuffs are the only excitement it needs — besides Estelle!



Bebe Daniels in her camels-hair sports coat with collar, cuffs, and pockets of suede. Note buckled cuffs to match the belt. Just the coat for motoring, says Bebe—and Ben likes it, too.



Hurrell

EVERYBODY'S favorite actress: Marie Dressler. Since the days of "Tillie's Nightmare" Miss Dressler has been beloved by American audiences. Watch for her amazing life story, beginning in our next issue.



Hurrell

IN the rush to congratulate Marie and Marjorie Rambeau for their fine performances in "Min and Bill," Wallace Beery may have felt neglected. He didn't do such a bad job himself, so here's applause for him, too!



Hurrell

GARBO is the star of "Inspiration" but Robert Montgomery is an inspiration, too, if he can believe his own fan mail. This young actor is climbing the ladder fast, never slipping on a rung or a rôle!



Dyar

THE vogue for film musicals may be on the wane, but the vogue for Jeanette MacDonald's pictures is stronger than ever. That's why Fox has signed Jeanette to a long-term contract. She acts as well as she sings!



Fryer

WITH just two pictures to her credit: "Going Wild" and "The Hot Heiress," Ona Munson has made such a hit that she has been sewed up for a series of First National films. Meet Ona in the story on the opposite page.

The MUNSON LINE

It's a good line, Ona's,
and always busy

By Brian Herbert

SHOULD you ever find yourself in Hollywood, New York, Havana or Vienna with an irresistible yen to exchange words, syllables, or even interjections with Ona Munson, don't use the telephone. Forewarned is forearmed, you know! Don't telephone, we caution, and in case the idea has not as yet sufficiently filtered through from the sensory apparatus of the ear into the cells of the brain, we'll repeat the injunction: on pain of losing her interest, her friendship, or whatever it is you have to offer, refrain (and we mean refrain) from utilizing the phone as a means of communication.

For Ona at the mere mention of the word will rise to the full height—using her toes if necessary—of her diminutive five feet two inches, and tell you what (read the last word, please, with a rising inflection) she thinks of telephones. And particularly what she thinks of telephoners. Telephone calls she hates in general, but particularly does she hold in detestation the persons who on the other side ask you, coyly, flirtatiously, pleadingly—well, anyway, they ask you, to guess who they are!

Outside of this phobia Ona is a pretty normal person with more likes than dislikes to her credit. The lady of the very blue eyes is very positive about either. For instance, a conversation with her would disclose that she adores caviar but hates being a week-end guest; that she loves all sorts of intricate solutions to solitaire, but can't stand being fitted for clothes; that she is keen on parties—nice parties, she qualifies—but is bored with beauty parlors. She likes a smart canter on a polo pony, but just try to lure her into a circus. Her friends can only persuade her to go on a shopping expedition through the *de luxe* stores of Fifth Avenue by describing to her something in jewelry that would suit her type. She can't abide persons who, when inviting her to a party, ask her to bring her dancing shoes along. And she prefers seeing people to being seen.

Ona has two runaways to her credit: one from home at the age of fourteen which means that the flight from the burning home-fires occurred just eight years ago. The other exodus is from the movies. The first escape succeeded; the second was a flat failure, for she has now an established cinematic niche, thanks to her personality and talents in the First National pictures "Going Wild" and "The Hot Heiress."

It happened in this way: After she became known to Broadway as a fine comedienne who could both sing and dance, and after appearing in "No, No, Nanette," "Tip-Toes," "Twinkle, Twinkle," and "Manhattan Mary," Ona gave an outstanding performance in the stage version of "Hold Everything." One of the rewards, or shall we call it by-products, was a commission to appear in a Vitaphone one-reeler, "College Model." Ona made that picture but deferred as long



Ona Munson ran away from home to Broadway, and then ran away from Broadway to Hollywood. She's a hit!

as she could the inspection of it. This took place at the Winter Garden. Ona came, saw, was vanquished. For as she tells her friends: "There was I, and wasn't I just awful! Yes, I was. Why, I slunk down in my seat, and even tried to cover my features with my foxes. I was ashamed, my mother was sympathetic and patted me on the back. I saw mannerisms in that short picture that humiliated me. The make-up was wrong, the picture was wrong, and in short, it was a flat bust." In short, she was through with pictures and would turn down all movie offers whatsoever!

Ona, resourceful creature, proceeded to alibi herself. She wired her friends at the West Coast that she had made a dreadful fiasco of a short. She would never dream of accepting an offer from the movies—never, never, never! "Tell them a ghastly mistake took place, and that yours truly remains on the Broadway musical stage." The friends dutifully complied. In due time, whenever that is, J. L. Warner, the producing overlord of the Warner and First National studios, was apprized of the fact of her failure. He expressed curiosity. He came, saw, and exclaimed, "Why, the girl's marvelous! Get her on the 'phone and have her catch the next train to Hollywood."

Now, Ona, a typical New Yorker whose nights, when she is not on the stage, are a mild whirl of pleasure-seeking, was not at home when the call came. They tried the night clubs, every one of them, without result, till someone thought of the Central Park Casino. There she was, and to the question, "Can you leave for Hollywood tomorrow?" she countered with a no, but expressed her willingness to leave the day after.

Her first film work was in "Going Wild." Joe E. Brown constituted the picture, and Ona was thrust into it to provide a modicum of love interest. Of this first venture, she remarks:

"If you look away from the picture a second, you're liable to miss me." But if it was unimportant in other respects, it served to establish her in Hollywood. Soon better and bigger rôles followed.

As for the runaway from home when Ona was fourteen years of age, the episode (*Continued on page 119*)

Anita Page, squired by Charlie Farrell, was one of the Lawrence Tibbetts' fair young guests.



Catherine Dale Owen, a third popular golden-haired guest, who loves to have her fortune told.



Grace Moore, handsome and aloof, was another blonde beauty at the Tibbett party.

Be-Blonded PICTURE PARTIES!

A NEW species of grand opera singer seems to have sprung up," remarked Patsy, the Party Hound, as we sallied into the bedroom to lay aside our evening wraps, "not a bit like the accepted idea of an opera star.

"Take Lawrence Tibbett here," she went on. "He cuts his brown hair short whenever he can sneak out of sight of the impresarios; he hasn't once kissed my hand, but gives it a good, hearty shake instead; he can eat his food without splashing it. In short, to look at him, he's a regular guy. As for being temperamental, he's no more temperamental than your milkman. And yet, oh, but can't he stir the heart out of you when he sings!"

Mrs. Tibbett stepped forward to greet us just then—we were guests at a house-warming party being given by Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett in their new Beverly Hills home which isn't one of these great mansions, either, but a tastefully pretty villa.

As we entered, a wistful-faced little boy had peered at us from the sidewalk. We learned afterward that he

This seems to be the month when Hollywood brunettes entertain for Hollywood blondes

By
Grace Kingsley

was one of the Tibbett twins. The children aren't ever permitted to be present at the parties of their parents, but they are getting old enough to be curious as to these festivities.

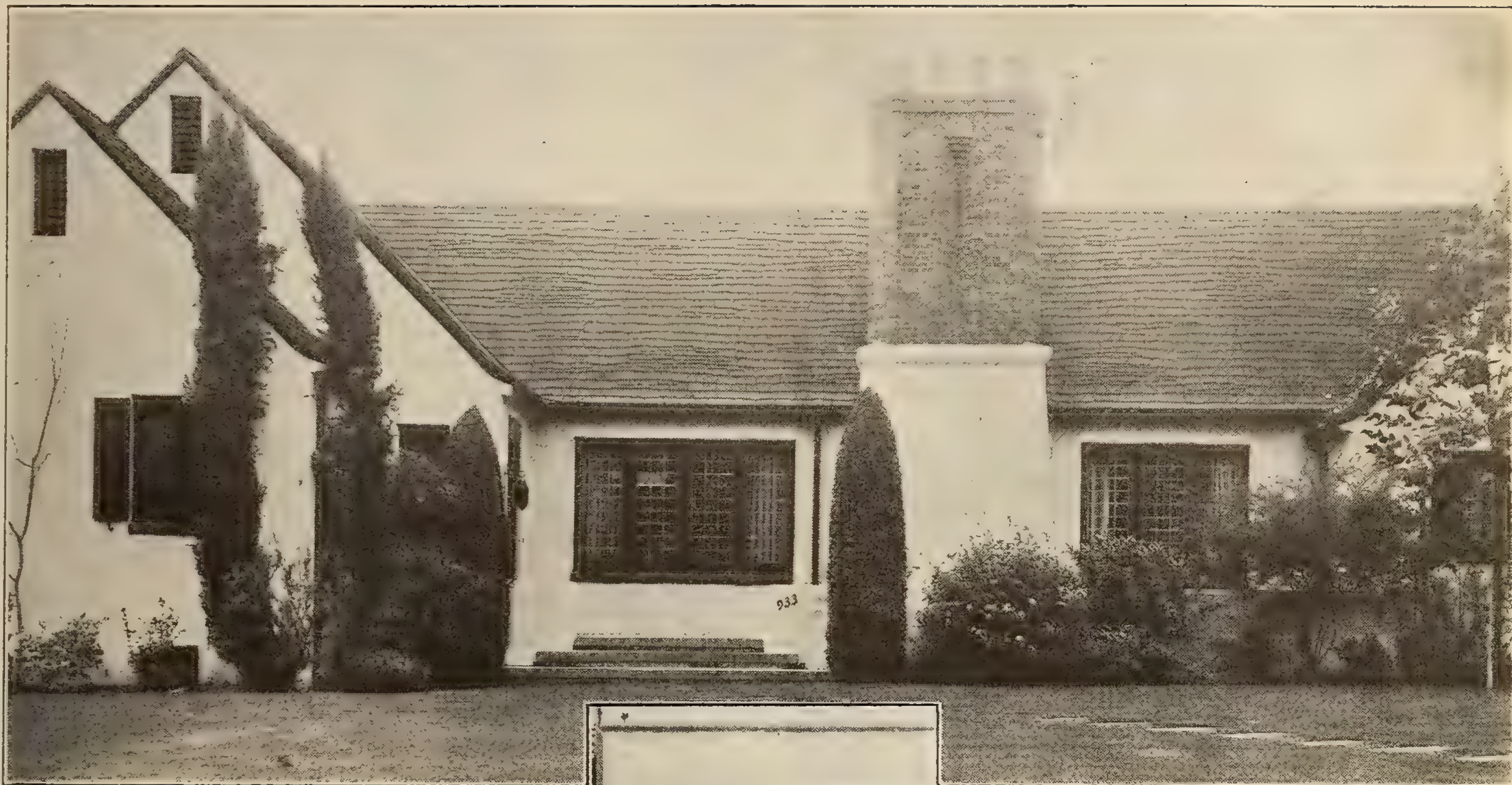
Both Tibbett and his wife, Grace, are the most warmly cordial of hosts, and made us at once feel at home, even though there were a lot of grand opera stars present—a state of things to throw the ordinary human into a panic, but, having become acquainted

with the warmly human Tibbetts, we felt able even to meet those famous ones *en masse*.

We met Queena Mario, and found her delightfully human, too. She was tossing the verbal ball back and forth with Ramon Novarro, and she always had a bright little come-back for his quips.

Everybody kept dashing up to her to tell her how they liked her voice and her dramatic work, and she seemed as pleased as a little girl who has just spoken her first piece at a Sunday school party.

Handsome Grace Moore was there, too, a little more aloof, but pleasingly gracious. She adores her beach home, she says, and spends hours alone reading in her



The home of Lawrence and Grace Tibbett, to say nothing of the Tibbett twins. Tibbett makes a perfect Hollywood host and seems to enjoy entertaining as much as he does singing.

beach garden. She was ill recently, and has so many friends that her house was a regular bower of flowers all the time.

Elsie Janis was keeping everybody in stitches as usual. Elsie is nothing if not daring. She was admiring the expressive beauty of the blonde Evelyn Laye, and called over to her, "You may be a blonde, but I'll bet you think like a brunette!" Then, characteristically, she was afraid she might have been too saucy, and said to us, "Oh, do you think I've made her cross?" But the two were soon deep in converse, especially about Miss Laye's playing of "Madame Pompadour," over in Europe, which, Elsie said, was magnificent.

Anyway, nobody could be offended at Elsie, there is something so understanding and human beneath all her running banter.

"I'm so glad," remarked Patsy, "that Elsie is not letting her grief for her mother's passing keep her from going about. I guess she just has to. One cannot live alone with grief. Besides, she knows that grief isn't what people who have never known it think it is. She knows it is something that never leaves us—that lies under every mood—but something that nobody else can possibly understand."

We were all out in the garden, under a huge marquee, seated in rustic seats, low camp chairs and wicker sofas.

"But you don't need the marquee, it's so warm this evening," somebody said to Mrs. Tibbett.

"Ah, you don't know these singers and their throats," she answered. "I do. I live with one."

Roland Young was among the guests, and was keeping Grace Moore and Queena Mario amused. He had lately written a book, he said—"but not for children!" he exclaimed.

Somebody congratulated him on his work in "Madam Satan," and he said: "Oh, I shan't get another rôle like



The Mister and Missus—Grace and Lawrence Tibbett on a hiking tour, in the days before he was a famous star.

that until I'm seventy!" And then added quickly, with a little humorous glint in his eye, "That'll be a week from Thursday."

Charlie Farrell was there with Anita Page and her mother. He seemed very attentive to the beautiful blonde star.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus were among the guests, Mrs. Straus looking beautiful in a white evening gown.

Though Mr. Straus, as everybody knows, wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," he seemed ever so much more elated over the fact that he had just played a tiny part in a picture than that he wrote that delightful piece of music!

Mr. Straus is going back to Vienna to witness the premiere of his newest opera, which he wrote since he was in Hollywood; and the opera is to have its premiere in the same theater which first housed "The Chocolate Soldier." The new one is called "The Peasant-

General."

Beautiful Catherine Dale Owen was there, and Elsie Janis declared she seemed to be "be-blonded to-night!"

Janet Gaynor was with her husband, Lydell Peck, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Julianne Johnston, Aileen Pringle, Walter Pidgeon, Bess Meredith and Michael Curtiz, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Eleanor Boardman, and a score of others.

Charlie Farrell confided to us that he was wearing all the self-same clothes he had worn the night before at a party; that he had run away to his yacht for a sail after the party, and had had no other clothes aboard. We congratulated him on the immaculate state of his collar, and he admitted that Lawrence Tibbett had loaned him a clean dress shirt, a size or two too large for him.

Supper buffet was served, which we ate at tête-à-tête tables in the garden under the marquee. The tables were adorned with candles dressed daintily with tiny bouquets of artificial flowers, which we thought a most novel and charming idea. (Continued on page 120)

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

MIN AND BILL

MOROCCO

LIGHTNIN'

MOTHERS CRY

JUST IMAGINE

DOORWAY TO HELL

By
Delight Evans

Turn to Page 103 for the casts of current films



"Min and Bill" co-stars Marie Dressler and Wallace Berry, who give great performances.



Will Rogers plays the lovable, shiftless "Lightnin'" with Louise Dresser opposite.



"Just Imagine" is an amusing musical extravaganza—bright, light, gay entertainment.



Min and Bill

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHAT a picture—what a picture! I warn you, I'm maudlin about this one. It is the truest, the most sincere and touching drama on the season's screens. Just one false note—a runaway speedboat chase—which you'll forgive because it's funny. Otherwise, just about perfect. Thank Frances Marion, who wrote a beautiful scenario from her friend's—the late Lorna Moon's—story; thank George Hill, who directed with just the right degree of delicacy and humanity; and three rousing cheers for an elegant cast—Marie Dressler, bless her, Wallace Beery, Miss Rambeau—oh, what a scene between those two women!—and Dorothy Jordan, who's a real actress now. See it!



Lightnin'

Fox

IF "Lightnin'" had been written for Will Rogers it couldn't suit him better. He's *Lightnin'* and *Lightnin'* is Will Rogers—a perfect fit and a perfect scream. The burden of the story rests upon Mr. Rogers' shoulders and he supports it in good style. The theme is rather old-fashioned as to plot—it's draggy in spots, too, but that's only because Will doesn't happen to be on the screen at the time. *Lightnin'* is a lovable, shiftless, slightly hen-pecked hotel owner. A couple of slickers want to buy the hotel but *Lightnin'* won't sign on the dotted line; his wife, Louise Dresser, is all for selling and this causes a rift in the household. Will Rogers' grand sense of humor puts this film in the 'big-time' class.



Just Imagine

Fox

THE musical comedy movie to end all m. c. movies! (Cries of "Can we count on that?") Anyway, there can't be a much more lavish entertainment than "Just Imagine." It's rather consistently amusing and certainly unique; you may think you're through—fed up—*phht!* with all such; you may still think so after seeing this extravaganza; but it's an amusing experiment. You'll get a trip to Mars; a song or two crooned by John Garrick; antics by El Brendel and Marjorie White; grins by Frank Albertson; beauty by Maureen O'Sullivan, and grace by Joyzelle, who looks enough like Garbo to be Marlene Dietrich!

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill"
Wallace Beery in "Min and Bill"
Marjorie Rambeau in "Min and Bill"
Dorothy Jordan in "Min and Bill"
Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"
Gary Cooper in "Morocco"
Dorothy Peterson in "Mothers Cry"
Lewis Ayres in "Doorway to Hell"
Leon Janney in "Father's Son"
Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David."



Morocco *Paramount*

A FASCINATING picture, thanks to Josef von Sternberg's direction, the exotic setting, the stalwart trouping of Gary Cooper, the suavity of M. Menjou—and the allure of Marlene Dietrich, the new girl from Germany. She looks so much like Garbo in the first scenes that you gasp. Then her own special brand of enchantment gets in its work and you acknowledge a new star in her own right—La Dietrich. She's all you have heard of her and more. She makes you forget a silly story with her slow charm and genuine ability. Miss Dietrich has more humor than Garbo—she seems more human—you can call her Marlene—a great point in her favor! Cooper is excellent.



"Morocco" marks the American début of Marlene Dietrich, with Gary Cooper as her co-star.



Doorway to Hell *Warner Brothers*

YOU may be tired of racketeer films but don't pass this by or you'll be sorry. Now don't say we didn't warn you! Lewis Ayres gives a fine, sensitive performance as a baby-faced killer. Lew is a trifle too nonchalant at times, but always interesting, as the 'big-shot' who organizes the rum-running racket and after getting it running smoothly *tries* to pull out of it. He retains your sympathy throughout the film. Lew is devoted to a wife who two-times him (actually, my dear) and his best pal is the 'other man.' "Doorway to Hell" has the best features of all the gangster films—thrilling gang wars, good comedy and drama. James Cagney deserves honorable mention for his portrayal.



"Doorway to Hell" is an unusual gangster film, with young Lew Ayres in a splendid portrayal.



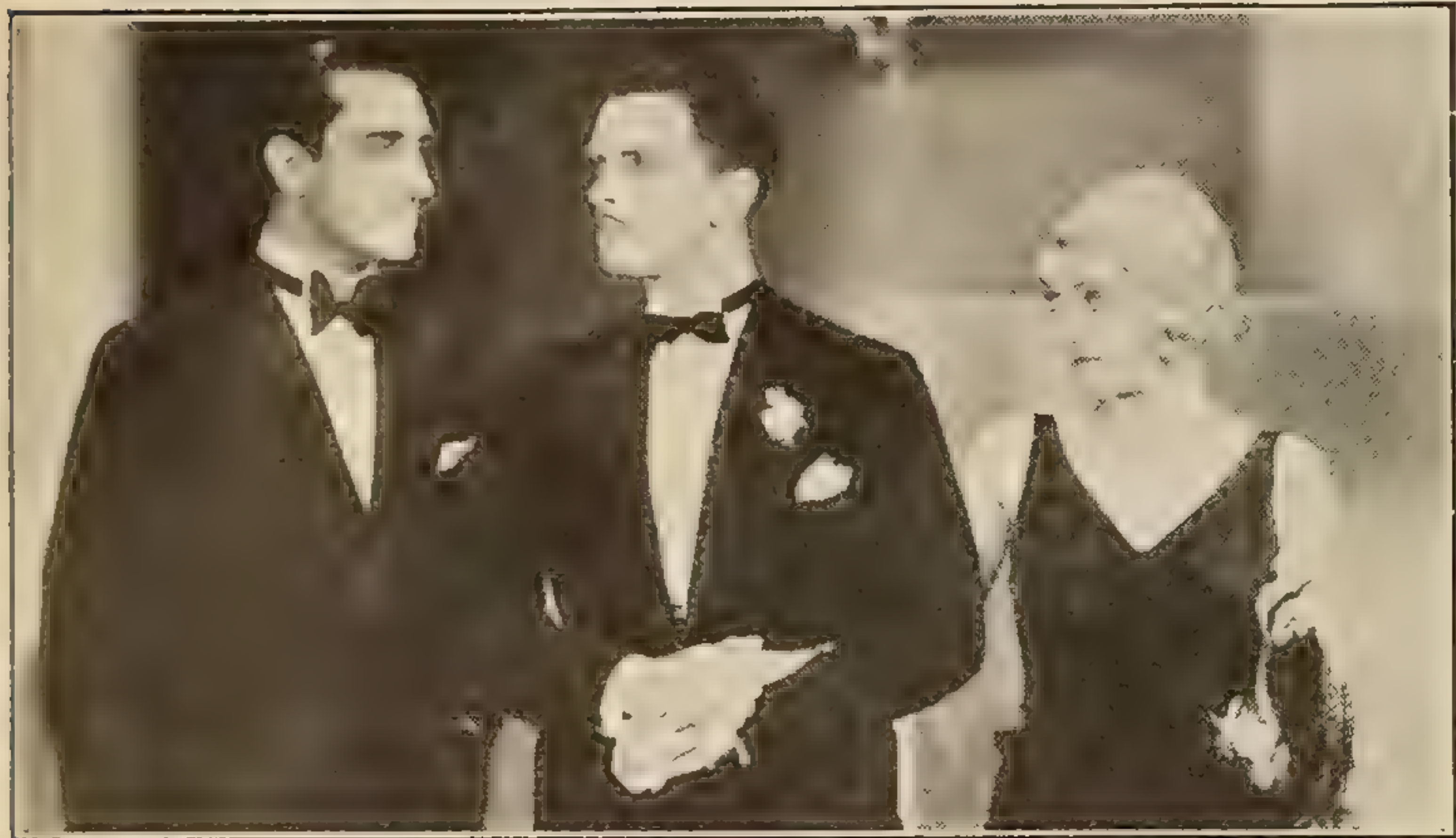
Mothers Cry *First National*

HERE is Helen Grace Carlisle's novel transferred to the screen in an admirable manner considering the lapse of time that takes place as the reels unwind. Commencing with the wedding of *Mary Knight* during the McKinley-Bicycle-Built-For-Two era, following through the birth of her four children and closing in these wicked 1930's, much celluloid ground is covered and most of it is sincere and gripping. Dorothy Peterson from the stage does splendidly as the mother who wins your sympathy and Helen Chandler is fine as her too-imaginative daughter. Others worthy of mention are Evelyn Knapp, David Manners and Edward Woods. "Mothers Cry" will grip you, but seldom gets maudlin even in its most sentimental moments.



Dorothy Peterson from the stage—left—is fine in the leading rôle of "Mothers Cry."

Critical Comment



Sin Takes a Holiday
Pathé

A shallow society comedy in which Constance Bennett's talents are wasted. However, Connie wears lovely clothes and this is reason enough to see the picture. Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone are interesting male support. This film tried to be smart and sophisticated but didn't live up to its promise.



The Lash
First National

Formerly titled "Adios," this picture gives you Dick Barthelmess as a romantic, hot-tempered Mexican, surrounded by such pulchritude as Mary Astor and Marian Nixon. It's a story of early California and is filled with ardent love-making, and antics that Dick has not indulged in since his prep-movie-school days.



The Bat Whispers
United Artists

Thrills, chills and Chester Morris. If you like mystery plays you'll go for this talker; it has all the ingredients that make for mystery drama, in fact, you even begin to suspect yourself. Una Merkel makes the most of the heroine rôle. Zasu Pitts is grand as usual—so's Chester Morris! Good entertainment.



Playboy of Paris
Paramount

Maurice Chevalier plays a waiter who inherits a fortune. The proprietor of the café hears about it first and signs Maurice to a twenty-year contract with a catch to it. Chevalier is far superior to the plot; Frances Dee, the girl, is nice but miscast; Stuart Erwin is very funny. Amusing in spots.



The Dancers
Fox

Lois Moran in a sophisticated part and Phillips Holmes as a lumber-jack—can you imagine that? From the stage play by the famous Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Viola Tree, this rambling film of young English lovers starts out well but falls by the way. The famous Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast.



Brothers
Columbia

Bert Lytell plays twins—foundlings. The boys meet thirty years later. The rich twin is a lawyer and careless of his morals; the poor boy has a heart of gold and pinch-hits for his luckier brother when he dies. Lytell gives a sterling performance in a dual rôle. Dorothy Sebastian is a lovely heroine.

on Current Films



A Hollywood Theme Song
Sennett Educational

Satirizing Hollywood seems to be the thing to do. Mack Sennett introduces a burlesque on theme songs—a grand idea. Harry Gribbon plays the singing hero. He sings 'goodbye' to his mother when he leaves for war—sings to his sweetheart, sings to the soldiers; in fact, he sings all the time. Lots of laughs.



Tol'able David
Columbia

Another new boy makes good in the movies—he's Richard Cromwell and you'll like him! "Tol'able David" hasn't lost any of its punch; it's still good, robust, mountaineer melodrama. Noah Beery, Edmund Breese, Henry B. Walthall, Joan Peers and Richard Cromwell offer diverting entertainment.



Father's Son
First National

Don't be frightened by the title of this one so lacking in it because the picture is by Booth Tarkington and has all of the humor contained in his famous "Penrod." Leon Janney is fine as the misunderstood boy, Lewis Stone is splendid as the misunderstanding father, and Irene Rich is sympathetic as the understanding mother.



The Life of the Party
Warner Brothers

Just a couple of gold-digging chiselers trying to get along. Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy deliberately set out to marry rich men and do! Winnie is a riot with her rough comedy and she is ably assisted by Charles Judels and Charles Butterworth. Irene Delroy and Dick Whiting provide the heart interest.



The Hot Heiress
First National

Put this one on your 'must' list because it is one of the first 'sophisticated' comedies and it will delight you. Ona Munson, a newcomer from the stage scores as the heiress, and Ben Lyon is amusing as the romantic riveter. The laughs come fast and furious through the efforts of Tom Dugan and Inez Courtney.



Viennese Nights
Warner Bros.

Charming music, gorgeous color but a plot too involved. Alexander Gray, as a poor musician, and Walter Pidgeon, as an officer of the Guard and a Baron to boot, are both in love with Vivienne Segal. Which one wins? Aha! Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal sing beautifully. Walter Pidgeon is very dashing.

SCREEN NEWS!

Gossip from the Camera Coasts



Ou, la, la! Mary Pickford's taken up smoking! And look how astounded Reginald Denny seems! But Mary only puffs in her new picture "Kiki," in which she plays a naughty French girl.



Is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., offering his heart and hand to Bebe Daniels? It looks like it, but he's only rehearsing a sequence in his latest talker "Reaching for the Moon."

ROBERT TYRE JONES, JR., has been signed by Warner Brothers to make twelve short pictures. And who is Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.?

Why, our old friend Bobby Jones, of course. Early this spring, Bobby will lay aside his heavy legal tomes and take a little jaunt out to Hollywood where he will be the big performer in a dozen pictures, tentatively titled "How I Play Golf." And after a bit of teeing off and putting, Warner Brothers will slip a nice comfortable sum into Bobby's sweater pocket. We hear it's a quarter of a million dollars, but then you can hear anything in Hollywood. Just how this will affect Jones' amateur standing only the wise can say!

The censors'll get Mickey Mouse if he 'don't' watch out. Yes, Mickey has got to go moral! Walt Disney, creator of Mickey, can't let him smoke cigarettes, drink whiskey, or cut up suggestively. Will somebody tell us just how a mouse goes about 'cutting up suggestively'?

Anything touching Valentino's affairs touches us all. It now transpires in the squabbles over the Valentino estate that this great screen lover once owned a dyers' and cleaners' shop in Hollywood. It is almost a comfort to know it was conducted at a loss, for we prefer to think of Valentino as the splendid romancer rather than as an efficient business man. Which reminds us, with all the talk about Clara Bow's love affairs, there's just one picture in her bedroom—an autographed photograph of Valentino.

Perennially glorious Mary Garden will probably do a 'singie' for Metro. After which she has

grand ideas of removing to a sunshiny island, where with only animals and sunbeams for companions she will lead the simple life. (For how long, Mary?)

Transparent evening gowns, that permit an unhampered view of a lady's legs, is Hollywood's newest style. Clara Bow is for 'em. Also Kay Francis, who says: "Empress Josephine wore transparent muslins in 1814." But Mary Brian, looks a little shocked and says "Never!"

A snore that cost two thousand dollars is something new in film annals! But it actually happened. This is how! You know if a working company on a studio lot manages to achieve three minutes of actual recording a day, it feels it has done well. Three minutes accounts for three hundred feet of film, that is, a full picture in ten days. The rest of the time is taken up with endless rehearsing and the necessary re-recording. Or running down strange sounds. On one occasion an extremely irritating extraneous noise kept interrupting the filming. It took hours to discover the source. Finally it turned out to be a carpenter's helper asleep on a rafter, snoring comfortably. Pretty expensive slumber!

Clara Bow's perpetual escort at this writing is Rex Bell. They don't go out much in public, but they eat at quiet places together or at her home, and go to pictures together, several times a week.

Jack Dempsey is getting ready for a big game hunt. No, not in California, silly. He's accepted the invitation



It looks like Charlie Farrell is doing a little two-timing. On the left we see him with Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Princess and the Plumber."

But, at the right, Janet Gaynor comes back to him again in "The Man Who Came Back," her first picture with Charlie after her long vacation.



of Mr. George F. Getz of Chicago, owner of the famous Getz Zoo at Holland, Michigan, to go with him to Africa to shoot lions, tigers, 'n' everything.

Did you know that Buddy Rogers wears neither suspenders nor a belt? He holds his trousers up with a neat sash arrangement like some of the tennis champions wear when they play on the Riviera.



Anita Louise, very young and very pretty, is already a leading lady, thank you, in Tiffany's recent thriller, "The Third Alarm."

If anyone introduces James Rennie as "Dorothy Gish's husband," once more, Rennie will cut them dead forever. "I've been on the stage ten years and in pictures ten months, and I ought to be allowed to ride on my own individuality," he explains.

Rennie thinks it's funny that both Dorothy and Lillian Gish took to the stage about the time he entered pictures. It is the hope of his life that someone will, just once, introduce Dorothy as "the wife of that famous actor, James Rennie." And if Lil could once be described as "James Rennie's sister-in-law," life for him would be complete.

Smallest town in the world with a theater wired for sound is Hayes, La. Town's population is only eighty-three people.

copped the coveted award for the best masculine performance in "Disraeli."

Jack Benny sent a postcard from New York to one of his Hollywood pals: "I was standing on

a Broadway corner with my hand on my hip and all of a sudden an out-of-work adagio dancer jumped right in the crook of my arm."



Clara Bow just can't seem to keep away from those roulette wheels. In a scene from "No Limit," her latest opus, Clara stakes her fortune on the 'red.' And we stake ours on the 'Red Head.'

Hollywood shots worth seeing:

Bebe Daniels' short bob. Nice shade of red.

Victor McLaglen's model airplanes.

Bill Haines' 'new' antique shop.

The water colors Jillian Sande, Fox player, paints.

The swanky new office of Horace Liveright—ex-publisher!

The jet black nail polish a lot of the girls are sporting. Evelyn Brent at the Embassy in a silver fox-trimmed black evening dress.

Ruby Keeler Jolson in the same spot in a dark green outfit.

Claudia Dell's new gray tweed suit.

Jeanette MacDonald's 'soldier blue' French ensemble.

Joan Crawford's new recipe for that necessary slim figure: buttermilk lunches with not even a nibble of cracker. But you can *ad lib* on the dinners!

Speaking of figures, Carol Lombard has been selected by Travis Banton, Paramount's stylist, as the girl with the perfect 1931 anatomy. She weighs one hundred and nine and is five feet five inches tall.

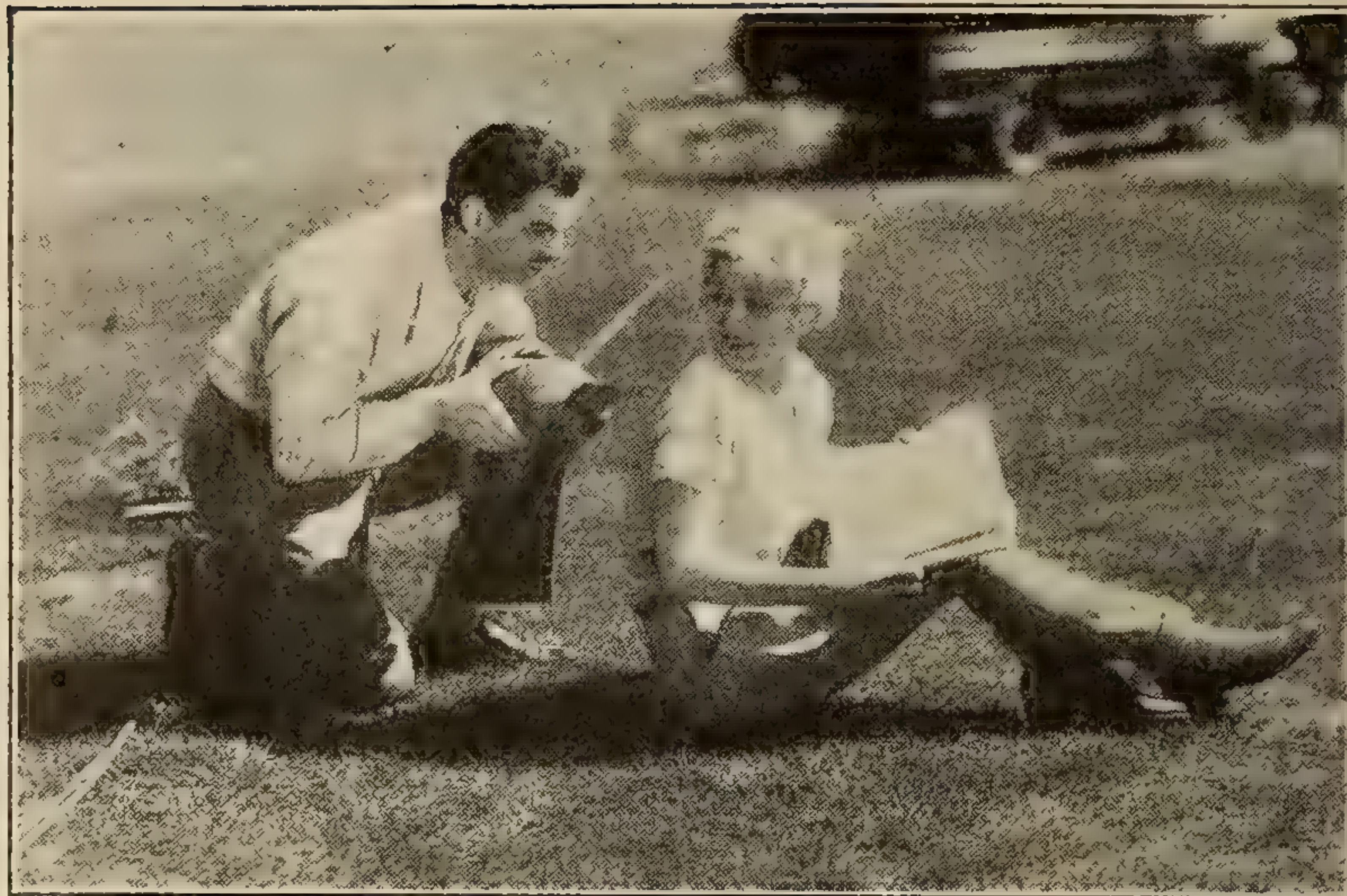
When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, famous English actress, first came to Hollywood, she had a hard time knowing who people were. Joseph Schildkraut was a guest she met at a recent party. Sweetly Mrs. Campbell asked Joe if he was anyone in particular, as he was so handsome, so intellectual looking. Joe gravely explained who he was. But she wound up by saying she just couldn't remember his name so could she call him 'Adonis' and leave it at that.

Mrs. Campbell is known on the other side as a tease. We believe it! At one party she enticed a man who recently portrayed *Hamlet* (and knew he was the best *Hamlet* ever), to recite the soliloquy for her. She listened rapturously. When he finished, she beamed: "You know you'll be really quite good when you've had a few lessons." *Hamlet* almost burst his jugular vein. So this woman to whom Sir James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Burne-Jones, and Forbes Robertson wrote hundreds of letters, all published with their permission in her autobiography, may or may not prove popular in Hollywood.

Pola Negri was hunting a villa in the south of France. She found a lovely little chateau. "It won't do," said Pola's elderly Polish mama. "It's too far from the movie house to suit me."



Although he has his back to the camera, this is Winfield R. Sheehan, big boss over at Fox films, who's having a little earnest converse with his chief comedian, Will Rogers.



Esther Ralston stages a screen come-back in Lawrence Tibbett's new picture, "The Southerner." Here he is introducing Esther to Hollywood's swankiest reptilian society when she meets 'Alice,' the trained turtle who plays a small bit in the film.

Charlie Chaplin plans a trip to London! Walter Huston left for his first trip abroad.

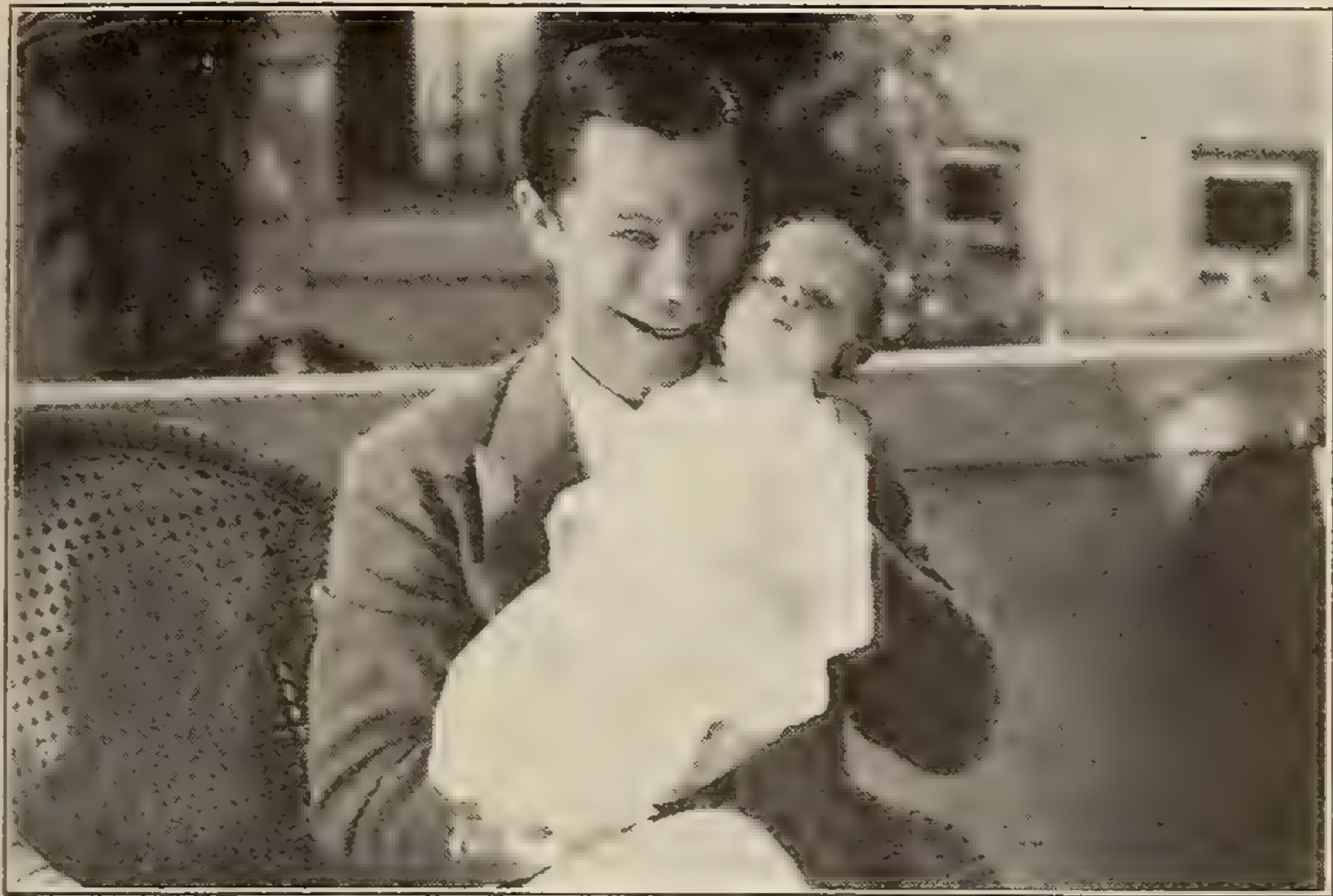
John Boles, who has two daughters, and Robert Montgomery who has one, both feel that they don't care to "exploit their family for publicity purposes." But there are other screen players who do not feel that way at all: namely, Skeet Gallagher, Conrad Nagel, Joe E. Brown, John Barrymore, Clive Brook, George Bancroft, Harold Lloyd, Chester Morris, Johnny Mack Brown and Victor McLaglen. They take the attitude that they want the family to be in on any glory that's going around. In this connection, it's interesting to know that Joe E. Brown, already the sire of two fine sons of military school age, has recently become the father of a baby girl.

Ann Christy of the Mack Sennett forces returned to the lot after ten weeks in the hospital, following an automobile accident. "What's the reason all the boys are flocking around you since you broke your arm?" Mack asked. "Well," was Ann's quick reply, "it was my slapping arm that was broken!"

The Metropolitan Opera House goes talkie! But not



It looks like Will isn't being his usual funny self. Maybe he's giving his boss a big argument for a little more mazuma, or something like that. Which one are you betting on?



Introducing Miss Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown, a Hollywood debutante—eighteen years from now! Mary Elizabeth was born just in time to admire her father, Joe E. Brown, in his new Warner talkie, "Sit Tight."

entirely. Talkies invaded the sacred Met. just to record a chorus from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*.

Hollywood's most tragic figure: young bridegroom on the sidelines, watching the bride go through a hot love scene!

Wedding bells have rung out for Dorothy Lee, bright little screen comedienne, and Jimmie Fidler, one of Hollywood's most popular publicity men. Lewis Stone, too, is a 'benedict' for the third time now. He surprised everybody by slipping away to Yuma, Arizona, and marrying Miss Hazel Elizabeth Woof. Stone gave his age as fifty, his bride's as twenty-nine.

Kay Johnson is a polo widow.

Several other film players have acquired wedded bliss. Betty Boyd is now Mrs. Charles Henry Over, Mr. Over being the heir to sixty million dollars. Diane Ellis recently married Stephen C. Millett, in Paris, thereby entering the sacred portals of 'society.' This marital merger had the full approval of the bridegroom's parents. Quite a novelty since Park Avenue



When Will starts to scratch his head Mr. Sheehan, (and everybody else) might as well give up. It means he's about to win his point. Could it be a new contract?

mamas have in times past frowned on cinema brides.

Because a white canary flew into Jeanette MacDonald's garage, Jeanette has a white canary.

Intentions to wed are posted by Jane Arden, called Hollywood's prettiest extra girl, who has earned a consistent forty dollars a week for five years. Jane has chosen Frank Stempel as her partner. Jeanette Loff and Walter O'Keeffe are about to 'blend' but not until Jean finishes taking her instructions to become a Catholic. Walter, besides being a famous jokester and musician, wrote the song about the new model "A" Ford, which flamed around the world: *Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie!*

Marjorie Beebe, Mack Sennett comedienne, overheard two extra girls discussing a 'friend.' "Do you know," sez one, "Mame is so dumb she thinks manual labor is a Mexican!"

Mae Murray and her Prince, David Mdvani, go about a great deal socially. Mae contends since David's a Roman Catholic they can never be divorced. David, Mae says, is her one true love, so evidently even Bob Leonard didn't count. But David is getting a little plump. However, Mae still remains a beauty, with her slim figure, her honest blonde hair and her famous bee-stung mouth!

Speaking of the Mdvanis, Pola Negri evidently didn't understand that her ex-husband, Prince Serge Mdvani, is a Catholic also, when she recently shed him in Paris. Nevertheless, the Prince bears up. Recently he arrived in New York enroute for Chicago to see Mary McCormic, the opera singer, who, everybody feels sure will marry the handsome Serge now that he's free.

When William Janney was a little boy he had a nice nurse. While he was making "Coquette" with Mary Pickford, this nurse came to Hollywood. Janney bought a jolly ranch, put her in charge and to date they have two thousand hens and are making money out of eggs.

Marion Davies, honorary Colonel of the 26th United States Infantry, famous fighting division in the war,



Well, it's settled to everybody's satisfaction evidently. See how they're all smiling. From left to right, Sonya Levien, scenarist, Will, Sheehan, and Henry King, director.

made herself highly popular with the army when she gave an Armistice Day party at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, for three thousand veterans and their ladies.

In the same aristocratic corner of the Hollywood cemetery in which Valentino and Barbara La Marr sleep, Marion Davies has erected a costly and utterly magnificent mausoleum for which the finest marbles have been imported. It is easily three times as grand as any there. Evidently it is as important to be buried in the right Hollywood district as it is to run with the right set!

For the first time, Harold Lloyd came to New York without his wife, Mildred, and his faithful friend and co-worker, Joe Reddy. Harold made a hasty trip for the opening of "Feet First." Mildred remained behind to look after the new little girl she and Harold have adopted as a companion for Gloria.

Eddie Cantor has moved his wife and five children to Hollywood and intends being highly domesticated from now on, even to mowing the lawn. His offspring are all girls. Now, in clinical circles, a preponderance of girls means that friend hubby is the dominating character of the union, vice versa for boys. Marjorie, the oldest, although still in high school, has sold several magazine stories. Marilyn, Edna, Natalie and Janet are still in the nursery.

Charley McCarthy, one of the cleverest actors in pictures, works entirely without salary and never complains no matter how long the hours. Charley is the dummy used by Edgar Bergen who makes Vitaphone shorts.

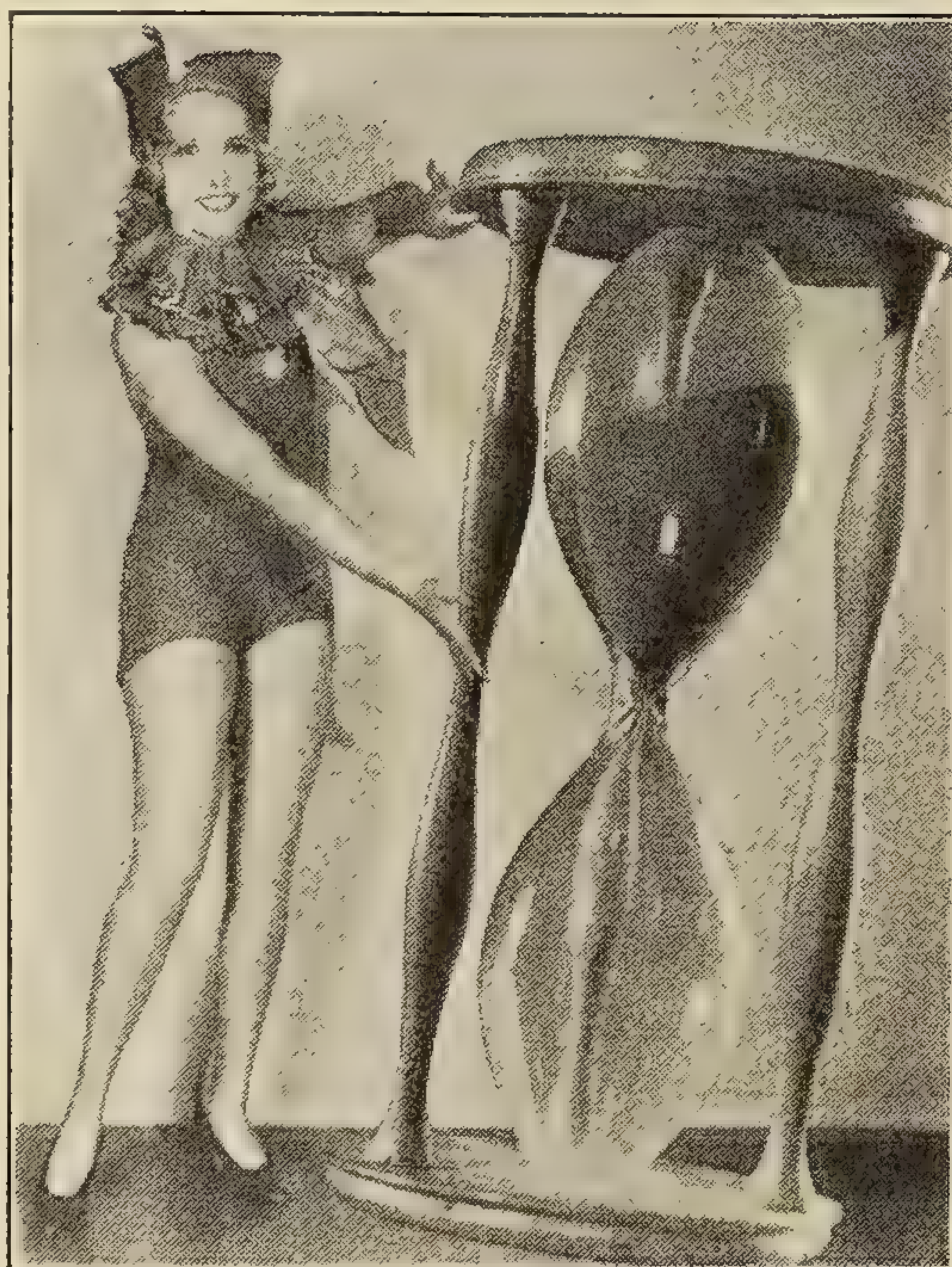
Robert Ames, who was great in "Holiday" and "War Nurse," has been given the matrimonial gate—for the fourth time, we hear. His wealthy wife, Mrs. Helen M. Ames, won a decree in Reno, inferring that Bobby neglected his work for more interesting occupations.

It's interesting how they amuse themselves on different sets during the long waits. During "The Cat Creeps," Lil Tashman ate up Louis Bromfield's books so that she can be a nice, informed hostess when she invites him to dinner, which she often does. Helen Twelvetrees ran to the classics she has not been able to read during her crowded life time. Lawrence Grant went scientific. And Jean Hersholt rummaged out an old etiquette book of 1859 and had a grand time learning how nice girls comported themselves in those days.

The Universal Collegians, however, are bridge



Wallace Beery is not only a famous actor, he is also famous as one of the best aviators around. Above we see him in a new "Travelair" job, his latest flier in aerial purchases.



Here's Claudia Dell, watching the hours go by. She's a time clock girl, with an hour glass almost as tall as she is. When she's not watching the glass, she's appearing in Vitaphone productions.

crazy. All under twenty-four, they are appalling experts and could no doubt give old Massa Work a run for his money!

More tough luck for Elsie Janis. Not satisfied with having Ramon Navarro put her shoulder out of joint in a friendly tussle, she has now been bitten by a monkey. Elsie started to feed the simian some peanuts when, without warning, he bit her severely on the hand and leg.

Increasing perfection is noticed in talkies. Nowadays important players are hired for quite small rôles. Carmel Myers, Grace Cunard, Jack Bower, Zasu Pitts, Lee Moran, and Franklin Pangborn are getting five hundred dollars a day for mere bits.

Hollywood remembers when Tom Mix drove around in a stylish car with a footman and a chauffeur. Also when he wore a purple dinner coat and altogether outshone Sam Hardy in sartorial glory. But at this writing, Tom is in a hospital with a trouble that started in a riding accident two years ago, during all which time his shoulder has been held together with silver wires. An operation is now necessary. When somebody called Mrs. Mix up, she said: "Why, I didn't know Tom was in Hollywood. I thought he was still down in Aqua Caliente or somewhere." It's a little sad, for time was when no one could help knowing when Mix hit movie town.

Alberta Vaughn's telling it to the judge. Not divorce—



The very latest feminine accessory—a combination lipstick and pencil, both wielded by Joan Marsh, featured player on the Metro lot. In the picture on the right, Joan pauses in her writing to refresh her lips.

Shootin' up the town—that's what charming Sally Eilers gets away with in her newest talkie "Reducing." But she doesn't need to reduce. She has just borrowed her husband's (Hoot Gibson's) chaps.

bankruptcy. Also, Mollie O'Day and Sally O'Neil, screen sisters.

The Duncan sisters have split at last. Vivian who recently married Nils Asther, is on the way to Sweden with her husband. They're 'expecting.' Rosetta is looking for a new partner.

Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous George M., is thrilled with her first picture. "Lightnin'," with Will Rogers. Helen is exceptionally pretty, which is going some for Hollywood, where prettiness abounds. Outside of being in a play of her dad's in New York, and a small part in the legitimate show "New Moon," Helen hasn't had much experience. She didn't even take 'drayhma' at school, a French one near Paris. She is frightfully uppish about being self-supporting. Lives with an aunt, pays board, bought her own Ford and runs it, and adores writing checks on her new bank account. Dad will have a job to patronize Helen after this!

The first church to go in for talkers is the Riverside Drive Church in New York at One Hundred and Twenty-Second Street. It is fitted with a DeForest machine. The church gives film recitals along with organ music and educational instruction.

We're growing up. The old theory that scandal headlines ruined a star has been kicked in the slats. The current view is that a gentle pink publicity—not too red,

you understand—will help rather than hinder a star. It seems the fans like their stars a bit on the human side. They like to think of them as having red blood not lemon jello in their veins. Witness of this is when Clara Bow had her little gambling adventure and Paramount immediately scissored her current picture to fit in a "No Limit" film.

Speaking of De Mille, this director confides that he made his picture, "Madame Satan," with his tongue in his cheek. Oh, Cecil, never, never confess!

Edith Mae Pennington, who was 'Miss America' in 1921, has given up the movies for preaching. She debuted in Granite City as an evangelist. She gives the small town folks a lot of inside stuff on Hollywood where she went after she won her beauty title. But it seems Hollywood drove her to old-fashioned religion. She felt she was coming close to losing her soul, so she started out saving other folks. While she was working in pictures she saved thirty-five hundred dollars and had the same number of marriage proposals by mail. But Edith has given up her big time salary for passing the hat among the deacons. "I haven't set foot in a theater for five years," she says. But she still applies showmanship to her evangelistic work. She has everyone in the house shake hands while chanting. Then they clap hands, while, as a climax, they all pull out their *mouchoirs* and wave them free and wild. Mrs. Pennington is very pretty, dresses only in white, and wears a wedding band of white silver.

There's a prohibition film being discussed. Al Rogell wants to co-star Clarence Darrow, Chicago lawyer, and Upton Sinclair, socialist writer, in a real trial scene.

Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, is very youthful. A former Chicago society girl. We heard she was engaged to Buster West, ring and everything. But a short time ago, she jumped out of West's car while it was speeding along, with consequent cuts and bruises. So we judge the betrothal is off. However, it is reported that Joseph Schildkraut is interested in Virginia. Joe will soon be a bachelor 'once removed,' as his divorce from Elise Bartlett will be final very soon.

Before Charles Rogers went to Europe, June Collyer was his best girl friend. June, by the way, was the young lady young Prince George of England found so interesting last year. But after meeting all of those Continental sirens in Paris, wonder how Buddy will look on the Hollywood *jeunne filles* when he gets back.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS

By Mary Lee

THIS being the very first month that I have written to you SCREENLAND readers I think I had better warn you. I am a girl with a purpose! I'm here to tell you all about the new cosmetics every month, here to advise you on what to buy, and here, I hope, to save you money.

Miss Van Alstyne will continue to tell you about how to improve and accentuate your beauty. But snuggled away here in back of her brilliant pages, I hope to be of some use to you. If I can't do anything else, I hope to persuade you that new cosmetics are more fun than almost anything else in a woman's world.

Yes, I mean fun. I know most people take cosmetics with terrible seriousness. I know lots of people who take them so seriously they are afraid of them—remember when our grandmothers thought they were instruments of the devil? Of course, in grandma's day to be openly, captivatingly alluring, as modern girls are, was considered a terrible sin. So, to make one's lips red with a dash of lipstick, to shadow one's eyes with a bit of coloring—that was fearful and wonderful.

But today we know that charm and youth—either real or retained—and beauty are really heavenly—and when we want to go out looking like an angel what a lot of difference just a little bit of make-up makes!

But—to get to my purpose. I know that thousands of girls have suffered the bewilderment I used to go through when I went to a department or drug store counter, saw rows upon rows of the most delightful preparations, read their delightful promises on their labels—and yet couldn't learn anything about them without spending several dollars in experimenting.

And no girl, no matter how large her beauty allowance, wants to spend it all on a lot of things she may discover she doesn't like the least bit!

So, several years ago, I first started being a cosmetic shopper, a sort of cosmetic 'try-out.' Since that time I've either purchased or had sent to me by the representative manufacturers, each new beauty product as it has come on the market—and I've learned a great deal about women—and beauty—from them.

Now the old days of the cosmetic 'racket' are dead. The Government is very stringent in its laws regarding harmful ingredients. The better advertising agencies will not exploit products they hold worthless, and no good magazine, particularly one with the smart character of SCREENLAND, will accept advertising it questions. So,

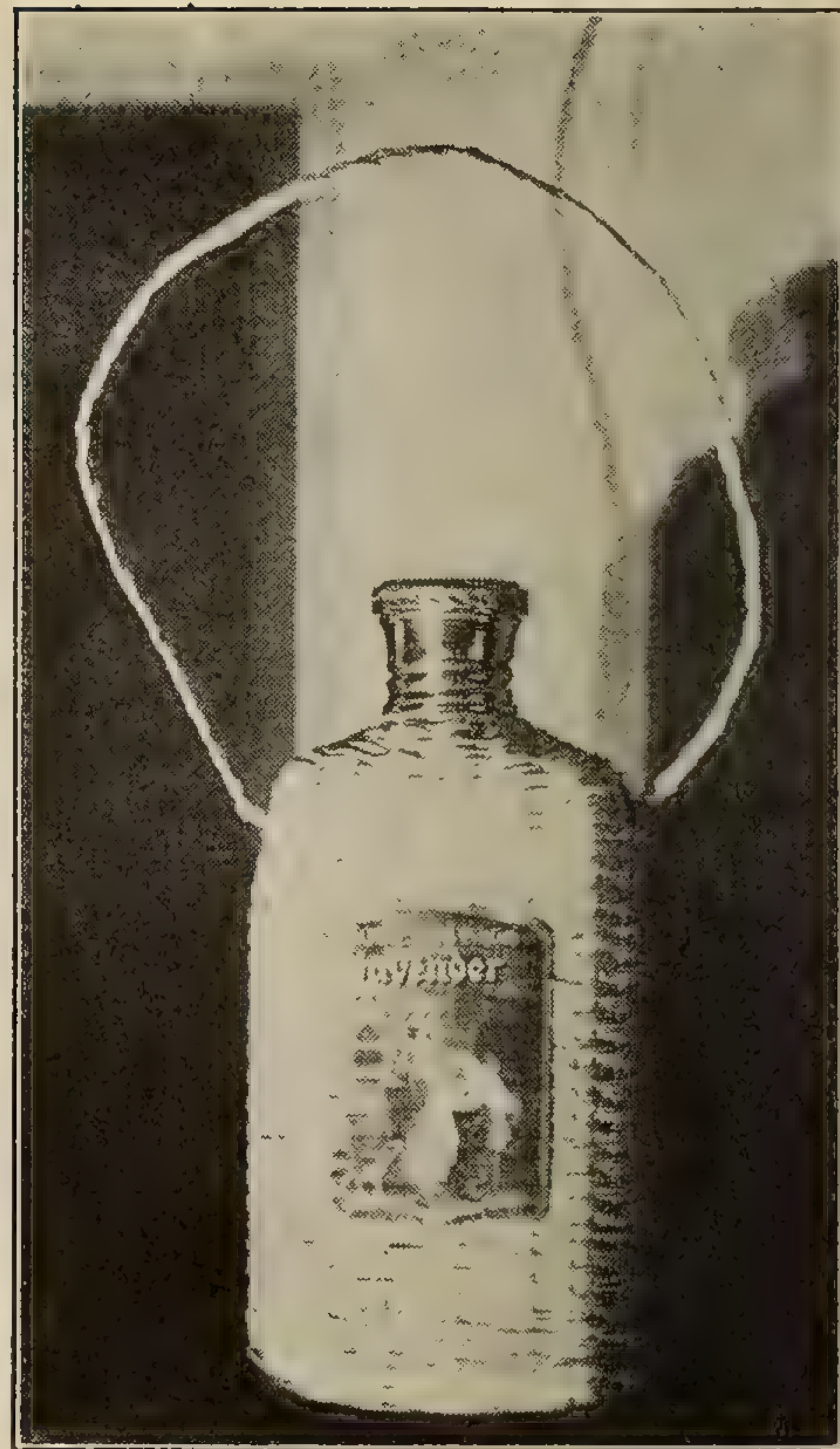
a girl can be assured that most preparations are what they claim to be.

But, granting the purity of the average article, there are still factors that make one product agreeable to some of us and disagreeable to others. Scents, textures, things like that—you know how it is.

It's such things that I shall tell you monthly hereafter—and without all this preamble, too. I shall tell you—and I'll be glad to write you personally, if you like—about the new products—what they look like, what their purpose is, what the retail price is and whether or not I think they're worth it. These will be just personal reactions, of course, but I hope they will let me be a sort of personal 'try-out' agent for you.

The really big thrill I've had this month is a loose powder compact that actually holds its powder without caking, spilling, sifting or anything else disagreeable. It's the new Hudnut loose powder compact, about an inch and a half square and delightfully thin, so that you can tuck it away in your handbag. The top has a cute design of red on silvered nickel. Inside there's a non-breakable mirror and the powder is hidden beneath a little panel that pulls in and out with the mirrored top. All this, believe it or not, for a mere one-fifty.

Thrill second are the Ybry lipsticks. Now I can usually restrain my enthusiasm when some manufacturer tells me he has made an indelible lipstick. I can restrain myself because I've never found that to be true—until I met these Ybry preparations. Those I put to the test thoroughly. Putting on a fresh new make-up at tea time, I went dancing, then on to

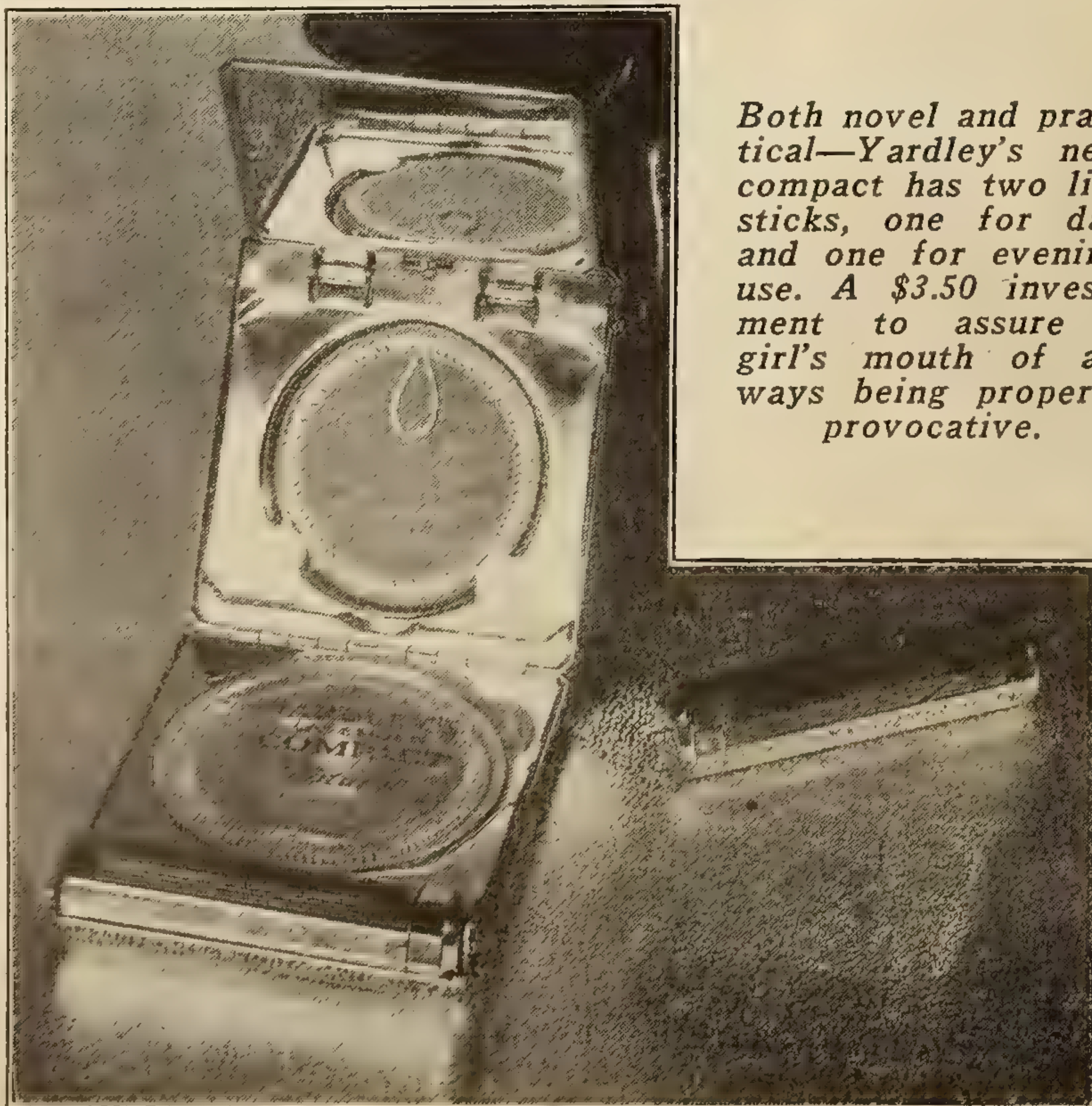


A good clean thought from the old country—Yardley of England creates this flask of wicker covered glass, filled with cooling lavender water for cleansing the skin. And after the lavender is gone you still have the flask to hold cold tea or something.

dinner, later to the theater, and finally night-clubbing. Every half hour or so I expected to need new lip rouge. But imagine my surprise—I didn't. When I finally arrived home, it was all I could do to get it off before retiring. And this wonder lipstick, my darlings, can be purchased for a mere dollar and in several shades! Even the container is slick. I must caution you—put it on carefully, for if any of it gets on your face, it's just as indelible there, too.

The pictures on this page illustrate the newest Yardley impulses. Yardley is that English firm that began manufacturing lavender products about the time England began manufacturing Queen Elizabeth. Until recently they've been very sedate—good solid soap, lavender smelling salts and the like—but lately, they've been stepping out, going into the compact trade and such, enough, really, to make Queen Victoria turn in her tomb. Fancy what Vicky would think of a little wicker-covered flask of lavender water, to clean a skin dirtied by motor travel—and think what she'd think of what a girl might refill that flask with after the lavender was gone! Also, the dear old Queen wouldn't know why Yardley's idea of putting a 'spare' lipstick in their new compact so that a girl can have her daytime and evening shades with her always—was really such a smart one. Both ideas seem to me just dandy—which shows how brilliant I am.

Next month I'll tell you about the new cleansers and the smartest beauty salon idea I've yet heard!



Both novel and practical—Yardley's new compact has two lipsticks, one for day and one for evening use. A \$3.50 investment to assure a girl's mouth of always being properly provocative.

ASK ME

Continued from page 12

Chester, Margy and John—the Folks Are Askin' for You!

Sept. 30, 1902. He has blue-grey eyes, light brown hair and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. His wife is Ruth Chatterton.

Frances B. Will I let you go over to Hollywood? Go right ahead! Dorothy Sebastian is in "Brothers" with Bert Lytell, a Columbia release. Dorothy is 25 years old and has dark brown curly hair, deep hazel eyes, and is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her first film was with Alice Terry in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

Silvery Mermaid. Swish, swish; I'm that glad to meet you. In "War Nurse" you'll see Anita Page, Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost, June Walker, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames. Anita Page was born in Flushing, L. I., on Aug. 4, 1910. Marie Prevost's birthday was Nov. 6, 1898. Robert Ames was born in Hartford, Conn. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is divorced. He appears with Ann Harding in "Holiday."

R. S. T. Could you get into the movies like Joan Crawford and Sue Carol and

others? Well, have you Joan's looks and talents and Sue's sprightliness and ability? If so, you can. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were Married July 28, 1929.

Sybil Post. Nancy Drexel, David Rollins and John Darrow played in the Fox comedy-drama, "Prep and Pep," released in 1928. Nancy, whose real name is Dorothy Kitchen, was born



Each new film adds to Chester Morris' fame.

born Feb. 16, 1902, in New York City. He has black hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has been featured in many Broadway stage successes and has gone over the top in screen productions since his first film, "Alibi," a Roland West release. His latest picture is "The Bat Whispers," for United Artists.

Ruth J. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray played the leads in "Spring Is Here." Alexander was a featured singer with the Ziegfeld Follies, later he left revues and appeared in musical comedy and operettas. He has blue eyes and light brown hair and is about 26 years old. Both Alec Gray and Bernice are in vaudeville now. Charles Rogers' last release was "Heads Up."

M. H. Estelle Taylor has made two talkies to date: "Liliom" with Charles Farrell, and "Cimarron" with Richard Dix. "The Big Fight" was a play and later a film, not a book. Jack Dempsey is not in pictures now. He has been married to Estelle Taylor since Feb. 17, 1925. Estelle was born May 20, 1903, in Wilmington, Delaware. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Little Dreamer. Oh, Sessue, where are you? Sessue Hayakawa is making films in Europe just now and hasn't made an American picture for several years. Anna May Wong has made pictures in England and in Germany. Davey Lee's latest film is "The Squealer" starring Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. Davey was born Dec. 29, 1926, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has been in pictures since 1928, ap-
(Continued on page 99)



Marjorie White grins in "Just Imagine" and don't we love it!

April 6, 1910, in New York City. At the age of 8 years, she was playing on the stage in George M. Cohan's production, "Royal Vagabond." I haven't seen Nancy on the screen lately. Where are you, Miss Drexel? Your fans haven't forgotten you.

M. M. Maid. Must I tell you everything I know about Chester Morris? It would take pages to tell all the nice things I know and I only know nice things, but here are a few of them to start with. He is happily married to Suzanne Kilborn and they have two young sons. Chester was



John Boles, just a Universal favorite. Fie, fie, Miss Vee Dee! His next rôle is "Resurrection" with Lupe Velez.

What Makes a Girl Popular?

Friendly Advice to Girls

Let Mrs. Montanye help you solve your problems of work, play, love and life!

By Lillian Montanye

SCREENLAND has a number of departments, but like every other magazine it receives letters every day that do not fit into any of these departments. Recently the editor has had many letters presenting problems peculiar to girls in this modern age. Many of these girls have no one in whom to confide. We know that it is a relief to get our troubles off our minds by telling them. It helps when we crystallize our opinions by putting them down in words. And often it's a good thing to explode before nervous tension runs too high. Therefore, we are creating a new department in which we will consider each month the vital problems every girl has to contend with. This page will be open to confidences and explosions as well as to inquiries and opinions. We hope we can help every girl find a way to solve some of these troublesome problems and thus help other girls reading this page who may be facing the same crisis.

First, we want to state that we're strong for modern youth. Its defects may be serious, its tendencies sometimes dangerous; yet the fact remains that—take them all in all—there never has been a finer, more promising, more capable set of youngsters in the world. The 'revolt'—so-called—which has taken place the past few years instead of being a menace presents wonderful possibilities. But who among us has the background, the training, the tolerance, the memory to guide these youngsters into safe and reasonable paths? I use the word memory because often they who rail and rage loudest about the modern generation are persons who seem to have forgotten that their own generation, during the years between fifteen and twenty-five were fundamentally no more decent than the young people of today.

This older generation had the same reactions, desires, and impulses of the teens and twenties of today. But they were taught nothing while they imagined everything. At school they learned by rule, and education had nothing to do with everyday living. Is it any wonder there came a time when youth arose in a body and crashed the gates? And if they leaped a bit too far on the other side, whose the fault?

The attitude of parents and older people to modern youth, we shall discuss later. This month we're going to concentrate on the many letters from girls bemoaning their lack of popularity. *Why*, they want to know, are they not so popular as other girls who are no better looking or well-dressed, yet they are invited everywhere and have swell times? How to attract boys? How to overcome self-consciousness? What to talk about? These are only a few of the questions.

"It's such a problem," writes one girl, "to know what line to follow. Look at the girls on the screen, all different, and all popular. Yet one can't be like all of them! I'd like to be sweet and lovable like Mary Brian. I'd like the poise, the sophistication, the subtle charm of Kay

Have you a difficult situation to meet, a troublesome problem to solve? Write to me. You needn't sign your name—you can make up a name that we can publish if you want me to answer you on this page. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

Francis. I'd love to be as ravishingly lovely as Nancy Carroll. And I'd like to have blue-black hair, an ivory pallor and wear geranium lipstick! But I can't be any of these things because I'm a curly-headed blonde inclined to be plump, though I'm not fat, praise be!

"It isn't so much my looks; I look well enough; but I'm a flop in company, although I am immensely in favor with my parents, older people, and with my very best friends. But that isn't enough. I want to be popular with the younger set with whom I am frequently thrown. It isn't that I want to be constantly and entirely surrounded by boys as some girls are. I want 'the crowd,' boys and girls both, to like me. But no matter how hard I try, I just don't click."

No, my dear, you can't be Mary Brian, Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll and a person with blue-black hair and a geranium lipstick. But here's one thing you can do. You can *be yourself*. You see, one phrase in your letter gave me the key to the whole solution of your problem. "I am immensely in favor with my parents, older people and my best friends." Right there you said something. That's a grand asset because these people are the ones who count in your life, the ones who know the real you. If you are in favor with them, there's no reason on earth why you can't be popular everywhere.

When you are out 'in company' forget about yourself and whether you're going to 'click' or not. Don't worry about being *interesting* but be *interested* in what other people think, and say, and do. Don't sit in a corner and expect to be dragged out. There may have been a time when 'opportunities' sought one out but I'm afraid it is long past. Today, we have to make our own. I don't mean you should be one of those always-present, ever-lively, go-getters—the popular girl isn't always the liveliest or the loudest. But you are fitted by disposition for a measure of popularity. Use the same tactics you do with your best friends and the home folks. Be agreeable, helpful and kind. Take hold and help others have a swell time and you'll have

(Continued on page 108)



If you want to have a good time, forget to be shy and self-conscious and help others have a good time! (Lois Moran in a gay scene from "The Dancers.")



Wait till you see Estelle Taylor as Dixie Lee in "Cimarron"—sizzles!

pearing in "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson; in "Frozen River" and "She Knew Men." Anna May Wong is at present on the New York stage, playing in "On the Spot," at the Forrest Theater.

Clarence D. Florence Lawrence was one of my favorites, too, but she hasn't been on the screen lately. She has charge of the Screen Stars' Shop in Hollywood—the address is 1614 North Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood. The profits of the shop go to the Motion Picture Fund of which Mary Pickford was the founder. In the November, 1930, issue of SCREENLAND, you'll find a detailed account of the shop. Gloria Swanson's latest film is "What a Widow" with Owen Moore and Lew Cody. David Manners plays with Otis Skinner in "Kismet." David was born April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. He has light brown hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is married. But he likes to receive fan mail.

Ben. F. You want the life of Richard Arlen but what would his wife say about that? He was born Sept. 1, 1899, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has medium brown hair and grey eyes. His first featured rôle was in "Wings." This film made him and he has been going up ever since. He was married to Jobyna Ralston on Jan. 27, 1927. His latest release is "Santa Fe Trail." He seems to be Paramount's big boot and saddle man, doesn't he?

Dorothy L. So glad to hear from you again. Marjorie White is a keen little trick, isn't she? She was born in New York City and has appeared in many well known Broadway productions. Her latest screen offering is "Just Imagine" with Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, El Brendel and Frank Albertson.

Jack R. Even if Greta Garbo would wear false teeth, a big wig and synthetic eye lashes, she'd be the perfect woman and wonderful actress, in your eyes. There's loyalty and devotion for you, Greta. However, she has perfect teeth, golden hair and naturally long eyelashes. She used her own natural voice in "Anna Christie" and not a 'created' voice. Her new picture will be "Inspiration" with Robert Montgomery as leading man.

ASK ME

Continued from page 97

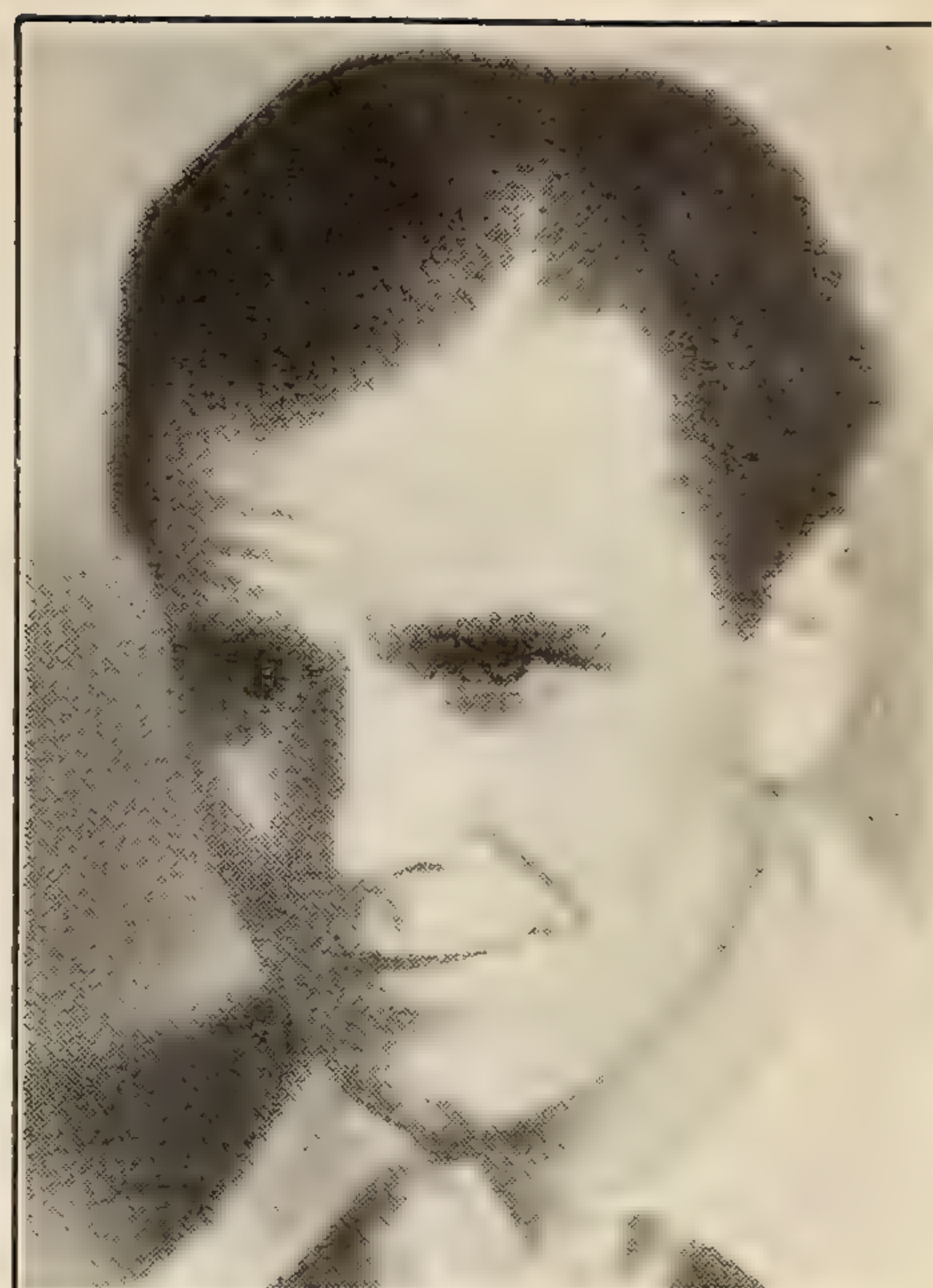
The "Ask Me" Army Fights for Estelle Taylor, Regis Toomey and Ginger Rogers, Too!

Normalie. There are many celebrities of both stage and screen in Hollywood who are good to look upon and J. Harold Murray is one of them. J. Harold is going back to the New York stage, I believe. He and Fox have terminated their film contract by mutual agreement. There may be a Mrs. Murray, but I don't know her name. Norma Terriss is married to Dr. Jerome Wagner; she was playing in a New York stage musical, "The Well of Romance."

Helen McK. Who is interested in Mary Brian? My word, what a question. Aren't we all? Mary is one of Hollywood's most popular girls and has gone out with Buddy Rogers, Rudy Vallée and Phil Holmes. June Clyde is the wife of Thornton Freeland, director. Who are my favorite actor and actress? Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green, of course.



Ginger (Stage-and-Screen) Rogers is being paged by motion picture addicts.



Regis Toomey wearing his most whimsical look. They like you, Reggy.

J. E. S. I'm glad you found my department and I want you to feel at home, so drop in any time; I'm always in or out. Justine Johnston, a famous Broadway beauty, is the wife of Walter Wanger and has retired from the stage and screen. You can address her in care of Mr. Wanger, Paramount Pictures, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. City. Mrs. Wanger is just as lovely as ever—she should stage a screen come-back. She and Marion Davies were the two reigning beauties of Broadway in 1914-1915—and they are knock-outs today, too!

Jo. N. of Tex. I could tell you a lot of new gags but you'd only laugh at them, so why bother? Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. He is single. Stanley Smith beamed upon Kansas City, Mo., in 1905, with blue-grey eyes but grew to tip the scales at 155 pounds and is 6 feet in height. Not married. Regis Toomey was born Aug. 13, 1902, in Pittsburgh, Pa. His wife is J. Kathryn Scott, a professional. Sally O'Neil and Alice White are not married, but Alice is engaged to Cy Bartlett.

Eugenia C. Mary Brian is interested in her fan mail and a letter from you would be another exciting moment in her life. Colleen Moore was on the stage in a comedy, "On the Loose." You can reach her through Arch Selywn, 229 West 42nd Street, New York City. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are supposedly engaged and who am I to deny it? They don't!

Irving H. You'd like me to change the birthdays of some of the stars, would you? Anything to oblige; what's a day or two or three in your life or mine? But how about them? Jack Oakie was born Nov. 12, 1903; William Haines, Jan. 1, 1900; Buster Keaton, Oct. 4, 1896; and John Boles, Oct. 28, 1899.

G. L. E. What a grand champion of Neil Hamilton you are and I know of no one who is more deserving of your applause. One of Neil's latest pictures is "The Dawn Patrol" with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. You may be sure we will keep you informed as to Neil's screen activities. His wife is Elsa Whitmer but I do not know the date of their marriage.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Charles King
Wallace Beery	Gwen Lee
Charles Bickford	Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth	Adolphe Menjou
John Mack Brown	Joan Marsh
Harry Carey	Robert Montgomery
Karl Dane	Conrad Nagel
Marion Davies	Ramon Novarro
Reginald Denny	Edward Nugent
Mary Doran	Anita Page
Cliff Edwards	Marie Prevost
Julia Faye	Esther Ralston
Greta Garbo	Duncan Renaldo
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Gavin Gordon	Gus Shy
Ralph Graves	Lawrence Tibbett
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Hedda Hopper	Ernest Torrence
Leila Hyams	Raquel Torres
Kay Johnson	Roland Young
Dorothy Jordan	

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Mitzi Green
Jean Arthur	Neil Hamilton
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow	Helen Kane
Mary Brian	Dennis King
Clive Brook	Carol Lombard
Nancy Carroll	Paul Lukas
Ruth Chatterton	Jeanette MacDonald
Maurice Chevalier	Fredric March
June Collyer	Rosita Moreno
Jackie Coogan	Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert	Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper	Warner Oland
Frances Dee	Zelma O'Neal
Marlene Dietrich	Eugene Pallette
Leon Errol	William Powell
Stuart Erwin	Charles Rogers
Kay Francis	Lillian Roth
Skeet Gallagher	Regis Toomey
Harry Green	Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess	Dorothy Mackaill
Sidney Blackmer	David Manners
Joe E. Brown	Marilyn Miller
Bernice Claire	Ona Munson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Alexander Gray	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Vivienne Segal
Laura Lee	Jack Whiting
Lila Lee	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Elissa Landi
Luana Alcaniz	Dixie Lee

Robert Ames	Cecilia Loftus
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Rex Bell	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Claire Luce
El Brendel	Sharon Lynn
Ilka Chase	Kenneth MacKenna
Virginia Cherrill	Mona Maris
Marguerite Churchill	Victor McLaglen
Joyce Compton	Lois Moran
Fifi Dorsay	George O'Brien
Louise Dresser	Maureen O'Sullivan
Charles Farrell	David Rollins
John Garrick	Will Rogers
Janet Gaynor	Lee Tracy
Warren Hymer	Spencer Tracy
Richard Keene	John Wayne
Jane Keith	Marjorie White
J. M. Kerrigan	

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorne	Jack Mulhall
June Clyde	Edna May Oliver
Betty Compson	Roberta Robinson
Bebe Daniels	Lowell Sherman
Richard Dix	Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne	Leni Stengel
Jobyna Howland	Hugh Trevor
Arthur Lake	Bert Wheeler
Ivan Lebedeff	Louis Wolheim
Dorothy Lee	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Monte Blue	Ben Lyon
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Louise Fazenda	H. B. Warner
James Hall	Lois Wilson
Leon Janney	Grant Withers
Winnie Lightner	

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
William Boyd	Fred Scott

Send Birthday Greetings to These February Stars:

Ramon Novarro	February 6th.
Ronald Colman	February 9th.
Jack Luden	February 8th.
John Barrymore	February 15th.
Chester Morris	February 16th.
Joan Bennett	February 27th.
William Janney	February 28th.

James Gleason	Gloria Swanson
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Alan Hale	

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Barbara Kent
John Boles	Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Philips
Hoot Gibson	Joseph Schildkraut
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Janis	Glenn Tryon
Raymond Keane	Lupe Velez
Myrna Kennedy	John Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Joe Cook	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Barbara Stanwyck
Buck Jones	

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	John Holland
Joan Bennett	Eleanor Hunt
Eddie Cantor	Walter Huston
Charles Chaplin	Al Jolson
June MacCloy	Evelyn Laye
Ronald Colman	Una Merkel
Lily Damita	Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Norma Talmadge

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	Thelma Todd
Mary Kornman	

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Daphne Pollard
Ann Christy	Lincoln Stedman
Andy Clyde	Nick Stuart
Harry Gribbon	

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
-------------	-----------------------



SLAMS and SALVOS

Continued
from page 8

"I used to protest loudly against stage stars on the screen," writes a friend, "but today Kay Francis tops my list of players preferred!"

"Maurice Chevalier's smile is mental, not dental," an adoring fan declares, "but there isn't enough of him to go around."



Kay Francis and Chevalier are the Runners-Up This Month!

have been the Boy Next Door himself. I knew I'd see more of this rising star and I met him again—in a picture starring Constance Bennett. Now, he was a convincing rich man's son with the manners of a junior Vanderbilt! A veritable prince!

But it took the soldier-son dreamer, Paul, in "All Quiet on the Western Front" to mark him definitely for success in a big way. Dreams in his eyes and his heart, a prayer on his lips—yet with the courage of a *Richard the Lion Hearted*.

Young, handsome, magnetic, versatile—see him and be convinced. Who? Lew Ayres, of course!

Miss Catherine Crupe,
111 Maple Ave.,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Honest Confession

This is going to be an honest confession. Before the advent of the talking pictures I was a movie snob. I rarely attended moving picture theaters and when I did I wished I were at home.

Now, I don't know what I would do without the talkies. Since the Wall Street crash I can no longer afford two dollar seats for plays, and since I'm no pee-wee golf fan or radio addict, the talkies are my one recreation. By reading a good movie magazine I have some fair idea of what I want to see and so choose the pictures accordingly.

No more boresome evenings for me, no evenings that are perfect flops. I either stay home with a good book or see a grand talkie!

Beatrice Hardy,
732 Western Pacific Bldg.
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Cinema A "Sin-Enemy"

Three rousing cheers for the "Sin-enemy!" (with apologies to would-be punsters.) But there's surely some hidden meaning in the name cinema.

My home state is Ohio, where fans have just won their long battle with censors who banned "The Big House." I jumped over the border to see it. Having stood mute and horror-stricken viewing the Ohio prison disaster, surely some conception of the damage to be wrought in Ohio by "The Big House" would have occurred to me—but I could add no mental horror to the tragedy, no criticism of the present penal system after seeing the picture—unless it is criminal to reveal the human side of those incarcerated.

This is only one example of the morality

controversy within the past few months. I have seen many pictures containing criminal or moral issues and not once has the erring element escaped judgment of some sort. I say the screen is, was, and always will be a "Sin-enemy."

Betty Lee Cunningham,
308 Packard Street,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Love Interest Unnecessary

Sentimentally emotional persons have said they do not like "The Dawn Patrol" because there is no love interest in it. It is just this thing that makes it a great play in my opinion and the opinion of my friends.

Personally, I feel that the love element in drama and on the screen has been overworked. Many folk are beginning to be too rational to continue to be amused by that passion called love.

There are many other emotions and attitudes that help to characterize the lives of people. Men may have for each other a certain feeling which more nearly approaches that which Drummond calls "The Greatest Thing in the World" than a silly passion which dies with responsibility. Such a thing was evident in "The Dawn Patrol" where, in many instances, men's love for each other was big enough to surmount what seemed to be just cause for hatred. Peculiarly, the action did not have to be exaggerated to be appreciated.

The earnestness of Barthelmess, the vivacity of Fairbanks, Jr., the strength of experience of



The earnestness of Richard Barthelmess and the splendid work of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol" cause one of our readers to say: "I understand at last the real meaning of friendship."

SLAMS *and* SALVOS

Hamilton, have given to the play a realistic touch of such definiteness as to cause one to feel with them the change of every mood which their acting has been intended to convey. And, happily, just the right touch of comedy has been added here and there to break the monotony of too great a degree of seriousness.

A. W. Hoursey,
375 Ashley Ave.,
Charleston, S. C.

That Gloom Chaser Chevalier!

Every so often I read that the end of the talking picture is in sight and my heart is heavy at the prospect. Personally, I could not be dragged to a silent picture. I join in the chorus of groans that goes up in the audience when something happens to the talking apparatus, and the picture goes silent for a few minutes.

When I am feeling particularly middle-aged and stodgy I recall some of the delightful hours I have spent listening to and watching Maurice Chevalier and I am rejuvenated. I am of the opinion that there are not enough Chevaliers to go around. As long as I live I hope I shall not forget the heartening effect that smiling personality has had on me, because his smile is *mental instead of dental*. If the producers who are bathed in gloom at the future of talking pictures had him on their payrolls, they would be rubbing their hands instead of wringing them!

Irene A. Love,
1127 Broderick Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Welcome Invaders

Bewildered by the deluge of new faces and names that came from the stage to the audible screen, I was one to protest loudly. But since the frenzy is over and only the best remain, why worry?

Topping my list of favorites today is Kay Francis, an invader from the stage. Fed-up on hotsy-totsy cuties, it is a pleasant relief to see this glamorous and superbly sophisticated person. Every line of her lovely figure, every gesture she makes is a reflection of gentility. Each new portrayal this dark warm beauty offers us makes her still more endearing. In "Raffles," she is perfect.

Kay Johnson, also from the stage, seems a favorite. Claudette Colbert another invader, has caused many a loyal fan to forsake his fold and follow her. Fickle? I suppose we are, but if we accept the advent of the talkies we must welcome those best suited to this new type of diversion.

Miss Margaret Morales,
303 North Albany,
Tampa, Florida.

Salvos for Mary Brian

This letter is in appreciation of Mary Brian, one of the most charming little girls the screen has ever known. What other featured player, for Mary is not yet a star, can start the hearts of fans throbbing? What other girl can so consistently hold her own with great stars such as Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer? Who else could inspire me to take my pen in hand and try to do her charms justice? No one! This young lady stands alone as an example of beauty, capability, charm, and wholesomeness.

I said there was only one who could inspire me to take my pen in hand. I meant only one girl. There's one other person—Buddy Rogers. "Of course, it *would be*," you say. But why not? As an actor, Buddy certainly has proven that he's capable and versatile; and when it comes to personality and good looks, oh, well, here's where I weaken—but don't we all?

Do you remember what a lovely pair Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers made in pictures? That's what I'm getting at. Why don't they play together again? Never has there been a pair like them on the screen.

Helen Permut,
2201 Ocean Parkway,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Amos 'n' Andy in Person"

The most talked-about picture in the country—Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check," is a success, at least in my part of the world. If you enjoy Amos 'n' Andy on the radio, and even if you don't, there is no end of entertainment in the picture. From the moment the title is flashed on the screen to the very end, we were in gales of laughter. It is a most extraordinary picture, combining pathos, mystery, romance, and comedy.

I once thought Marie Dressler held the comedy laurels, and I still think her a fine

comedienne, but after seeing and hearing these famous characters I think Amos 'n' Andy have gone one step further. If you're in a bad mood and feel down and out, see "Check and Double Check" and you'll leave the theater much lighter-hearted than when you entered it.

Gretchen Mills,
12 Irving Place,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Peace, Please!

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." "Behold, how hath the glory of war fallen." For today, the guiding ideal of the people is peace.

Peace is the ideal of the missionary and of the merchant; of the king and of the commoner; of young and old, rich and poor. The world seems at a standstill waiting for the assurance of a permanent peace. Hence the world-wide interest in pictures such as "All Quiet on the Western Front," a stirring portrayal of the late war as it really was. All the atrocities of that terrible conflict are so vividly portrayed that we shudder when we realize that the ultimate aim of humanity during those memorable years was nothing but destruction.

That we want no more war the criticisms that greet the showing of this film, which were but an echo of world-wide sentiment, give us assurance. Surely, after seeing such a picture it is hardly conceivable that the public will ever again swallow that sorely discredited saying, "In times of peace, prepare for war."

Mrs. G. R. Donaldson,
R. R. No. 1, Ottawa,
Ontario, Canada.

Loud Cheers for Bebe

For years Bebe Daniels appeared in nonsensical farces, giving her beauty and strength to rôles entirely unworthy of her. When talking pictures came along did the plucky Miss Daniels let go as it was predicted she would? Not at all. Due to

her own ability and confidence, and the foresight of those who believed in her, she came back with a bang in "Rio Rita."

That was Bebe's first triumph. But it is not until one sees her in "Lawful Larceny" that one realizes to the full the splendid actress she is; without benefit of Technicolor, spectacular surroundings, or beautiful music, she dominates every scene in which she appears in this modern, tense, and enjoyable drama. It makes Bebe's old fans thrill to see her doing so wonderfully and proving beyond a doubt that she is a great asset to the talking screen, a noteworthy example of the real talent buried under the mediocre films of silent days.

Helen W. White,
5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.



"The Big House" with Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Wallace Beery, turns out to be a real 'Sin-Enemy' not a mere cinema, in the opinion of a reader.

Casts of Films Reviewed in This Issue

"A HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG." Educational. From the story by John Waldron, Earle Rodney, Jack Jéone, and Walter Weems. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Elmer, Harry Gribbon; Estrella, Patsy O'Leary; Madame Von Hoffberg, Yola D'Avril.

"A LADY'S MORALS." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the story by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Jenny Lind, Grace Moore; Paul Brandt, Reginald Denny; Barnum, Wallace Beery; Olaf, Gus Shy; Josephine, Jobyna Howland; Broughm, Gilbert Emery; Inn Keeper, George F. Marion; Maretti, Paul Porcasi; Zerga, Giovanni Martino; Inn Keeper's Wife, Bodil Rosing; Louise, Joan Standing; Selma, Mavis Villiers; Rosatti, Judith Vosselli.

"BIG MONEY." Pathé. From the story by Walter de Leon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Eddie, Eddie Quillan; Ace, Robert Armstrong; Tom, James Gleason; Joan McCall, Miriam Seegar; Mae, Margaret Livingstone; Mr. McCall, Robert Edeson; Leila, Dorothy Christy; Smiley, G. Pat Collins; Durkin, Morgan Wallace; Flora, Myrtis Crinley; Monk, Robert Glecker; Bradley, Charles Sellon; Lefty, Kit Guard; Weeje, Johnny Morris; Waiters, Frank Sabini and Harry Semles; Society Woman, Clara Palmer; Detective, Ed Deering; Elevator Boy, Spec O'Donnell; Maid, Mona Rica; Iszy, Murray Smith; Wendell, Harry Tyler; Butler, Jack MacDonald; Michael, Zita Moulton; Office Boy, Jack Hanlon; Detroit Dan, Richard Cramer; Lewis Wilder, Maurice Black.

"BROTHERS." Columbia. From the stage play by Herbert Ashton, Jr. Adapted by John Thomas Neville and Charles R. Condon. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Bob Naughton, Bert Lytell; Eddie Connolly, Bert Lytell; Norma, Dorothy Sebastian; Dr. Moore, William Morris; Prosecuting Attorney, Richard Tucker; Lorenzo, Maurice Black; Oily Joe, Frank McCormack; Mrs. Naughton, Claire McDowell; Mr. Naughton, Howard Hickman; Tony, Francis MacDonald; Mag, Rita Carlyle; Maud, Jessie Arnold.

"CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK." Radio. Story, music and lyrics by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: Amos, Freeman F. Gosden; Andy, Charles J. Correll; Jean Blair, Sue Carol; Richard Williams, Charles Morton; Ralph Crawford, Ralf Harold; John Blair, Edward Martindel; Mrs. Blair, Irene Rich; Elinor Crawford, Rita LaRoy; Kingfish, Russell Powell.

"DERELICT." Paramount. From the story by William Slaven McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: Bill Rafferty, George Bancroft; Helen Lorber, Jessie Royce Landis; Jed Graves, William Boyd; Fin Thomson, Donald Stuart; Jameson, James Durkin; Travis, William Stack; Captain Gregg, Wade Boteler.

"DOORWAY TO HELL." Warner Brothers. From the novel "A Handful of Clouds," by Rowland Brown. Adapted by George Rosener. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Louie Ricardo, Lewis Ayres; Steve Mileaway, James Cagney; Doris, Dorothy Methews; Jackie LaMarr, Leon Janney; Sam Margoni, Charles Judels; Captain O'Grady, Robert Elliott; Captain of Military Academy, Kenneth Thomson; Joe, Jerry Mandy; Rocco, Noel Madison.

"DU BARRY WOMAN OF PASSION." United Artists. From the play by David Belasco. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Jeanette Vaubernier (Mme. Du Barry), Norma Talmadge; Cosse de Brissac, Hobart Bosworth; Louis XV., William Franum; Duc de Brissac, Conrad Nagel; Jean Du Barry, Ulrich Haupt; La Gourdan, Alison Skipworth; Denys, E. Alyn Warren; Renal, Edgar Norton; Maupéou, Edwin Maxwell; D'Aiguillon, Henry Kolker.

"ESCAPE." Associated Radio. From the play by John Galsworthy. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: Matt Denant, Sir Gerald du Maurier; Girl of the Town, Mabel Poulton; Plain Clothes Man, Ian Hunter; Policeman, Edward Addison; Fellow Convict, Gordon Harker; Shingled Lady, Edna Best; Judge, Horace Hodges.

"FATHER'S SON." First National. From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons" by Booth Tarkington. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Bill Emory, Leon Janney; William Emory, Bill's father, Lewis Stone; Ruth Emory, Bill's mother, Irene Rich; Dr. Franklin, John Halliday; Vestibule Johnson, Robert Dandridge; His father, George Reed; The Bad Boy, Mickey Bennett; Dinah, Gertrude Howard; Mrs. Stewart, Bertha Mann; Chauffeur, Grover Ligon.

"FEET FIRST." Paramount. From the story by John Gray, Clyde Bruckman and Alex

Neil. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: Harold Horne, Harold Lloyd; John Tanner, Robert McWade; Mrs. Tanner, Lillianne Leighton; Mary, Barbara Kent; Old Timer, Alec Francis; Ship's Officer, Noah Young.

"JUST IMAGINE." Fox. From the story by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Directed by David Butler. The cast: LN-18, Maureen O'Sullivan; J-21, John Garrick; Single O, El Brendel; D-6, Marjorie White; RT-42, Frank Albertson; Z-4, Hobart Bosworth; MT-3, Kenneth Thomson; B-36, Mischa Auer; AK-44, Sidney De Gray; X-10, Wilfred Lucas; Boko, Ivan Linow; Loko, Ivan Linow; Booboo, Joyzelle; Looloo, Joyzelle; Commander, Joseph Girard.

"KISMET." First National. From the play by Edward Knoblock. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Hajj, Otis Skinner; Marsinah, Loretta Young; Caliph Abdallah, David Manners; Wazir Mansur, Sidney Blackmer; Zeleekha, Mary Duncan; Jailer, Montague Love; Amru, Ford Sterling; The Guide Nazir, Theodore Von Eltz; Iman Mahmud, John Sainpolis; Jawan, Edmund Breese.

"LIGHTNIN'." Fox. From the stage play by Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Lightnin' Bill Jones, Will Rogers; Mrs. Jones, Louise Dressler; John Marvin, Joel McCrea; Millie Jones, Helen Cohan; Thomas, Jason Robards; Sheriff, Frank Campeau; Lem Townsend, J. M. Herrigan.

"LITTLE CAESAR." First National. From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Adapted by Francis Edwards Faragon. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: "Rico" Bandello, Edward G. Robinson; Joe Massara, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Olga Strassoff, Glenda Farrell; The "Big Boy," Sidney Blackmer; Police Sergeant Flaherty, Thomas Jackson; Pete Montana, Ralph Ince; Tony Passa, William Collier, Jr.; Arnie Lorch, Maurice Black; Sam Vettori, Stanley Fields; Otero, George E. Stone.

"MIN AND BILL." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel "Dark Star" by Lorna Moon. Directed by George Hill. The cast: Min, Marie Dressler; Bill, Wallace Berry; Nancy, Dorothy Jordan; Bella, Marjorie Rambeau; Dick, Donald Dillaway; Groot, DeWitt Jennings; Alec, Russell Hopton; Mr. Southard, Frank McGlynn; Mrs. Southard, Gretta Gould.

"MOROCCO." Paramount. From the play "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Tom Brown, Gary Cooper; Amy Jolly, Marlene Dietrich; Kennington, Adolphe Menjou; Adjutant Caesar, Ulrich Haupt; Anna Dolores, Juliette Compton; Corporal Tatoche, Francis McDonald; Colonel Quinnovieres, Albert Conti; Mme. Caesar, Eva Southern; Barratire, Michael Visaroll; Lo Tinto, Paul Porcasi.

"MOTHERS CRY." First National. From novel by Helen Grace Carlisle. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Mary Williams, Dorothy Peterson; Artie, David Manners; Betty, Helen Chandler; Danny, Edward Woods; Gerald Hart, Sidney Blackmer; Jenny, Evelyn Knapp; Frank Williams, Pat O'Malley; Sadye, Jean Bary.

"OH, FOR A MAN!" Fox. From the Saturday Evening Post story, "Stolen Thunder," by Mary F. Watkins. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Carlotta Manson, Jeanette MacDonald; Barney McGann, Reginald Denny; Totsy Franklin, Marjorie White; Pug Morini, Warren Hymers; Laura, Alison Skipworth; Frescatti, Bela Lugosi; The Maestro, Andre Cheron; Kerry Stokes, William Davidson.

The picture producing companies announce each month in SCREENLAND, new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Educational, page 11; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 13; and Columbia, page 15.

"ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S." First National. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Mary, Billie Dove; Dick, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Susie, Helen Ware; Buckeye Bill, Tully Marshall; Houlihan, James Crane.

"PLAYBOY OF PARIS." Paramount. From the play, "Little Cafe," by Tristan Bernard. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: Albert, Maurice Chevalier; Yvonne, Frances Dee; Philibert, O. P. Heggie; Paul, Stuart Erwin; Pierre, Eugene Pallette; Mlle. Berongero, Dorothy Christy; Mlle. Hedwige, Cecil Cunningham; Cadeaux, Taylor Brooke; M. Jabert, Frank Elliott; M. Bannock, William Davidson; Gastonet, Charles Giblyn.

"PORT OF MISSING MEN." Tiffany. From the story by John P. McCarthy. Directed by John P. McCarthy. The cast: Steve O'Neil, Bob Steele; Buckshot, Al St. John; Sheriff Bower, Edward Dunn; Nita Madero, Caryl Lincoln; John Evans, ex-sheriff, Al Jennings; Martha Evans, Fern Emmett; Lopez, Emilio Fernandez; Texas, Noah Hendricks; Senor Madero, C. R. Dufau; Express Agent, S. S. Simons.

"RENEGRADES." Fox. From the novel by Andre Armandy. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Deucalion, Warner Baxter; Eleonore, Myrna Loy; Machaerth, Noah Beery; Vologuine, Gregory Gaye; Biloxi, George Cooper; Captain Mordiconi, C. Henry Gordon; Sergeant-Major Olson, Colin Chase; The Marabout, Bela Lugosi.

"SEE AMERICA THIRST." Universal. Screen play and dialogue by Win Moore and Eddy Luddy. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: Wally, Harry Langdon; Slim, Slim Summerville; Ellen, Bessie Love; Screwy O'Toole, Mitchell Lewis; Insect McGann, Matthew Betz; Spumoni, Stanley Fields; O'Toole's Henchman, Lloyd Whitlock; McGann's Henchman, Dick Alexander; Shivering Smith, Tom Kennedy; Inventor, Lew Hearn; The Attorney, LeRoy Mason.

"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY." Pathé. From an original story by Robert Milton and Dorothy Cairns. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: Sylvia, Constance Bennett; Gaylord Stanton, Kenneth MacKenna; Durant, Basil Rathbone; Grace, Rita LaRoy; Richards, Louis Bartels; Sheridan, John Roche; Anna, Zasu Pitts; Miss Munson, Kendall Lee; Ruth, Murrel Finley; Miss Graham, Helen Johnson; Butler, Fred Walton.

"THE BAT WHISPERS." United Artists. From the stage play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Directed by Roland West. The cast: Police Lieutenant, Chance Ward; Mr. Bell, Richard Tucker; The Butler, Wilson Benge; Police Captain, DeWitt Jennings; Police Sergeant, Sidney D'Albrook; Man in Black Mask, S. E. Jennings; Mrs. Cornelia Van Gorder, Grayce Hampton; Lizzie Allen, Maude Eburne; The Caretaker, Spencer Charters; Dale Van Gorder, Una Merkel; Brook, William Bakewell; Dr. Venrees, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Anderson, the Detective, Chester Morris; Richard Fleming, Hugh Huntley; Detective Jones, Charles Dow Clark; The Unknown, Ben Bard.

"THE HOT HEIRESS." First National. From an original story by Herbert Fields. Directed by Charles Badger. The cast: Juliette Hunter, Ona Munson; Hap Harrigan, Ben Lyon; Bill Dugan, Tom Dugan; Olly, Walter Pidgeon; Margie, Inez Courtney; Lola, Thelma Todd; Irene, Elsie Bartlett; Mr. Hunter, Holmes Herbert; Mrs. Hunter, Nella Walker; The Doctor, George Irving.

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY." Warner Brothers. From the story by Melville Crossman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Flo, Winnie Lightner; Dot, Irene Delroy; A. J. Smith, Jack Whiting; Colonel Joy, Charles Butterworth; Monsieur Le Maire, Charles Judels; Mr. Smith, John Davidson; Secretary, Arthur Hoyt.

"TOL'ABLE DAVID." Columbia. From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: David Kinemon, Richard Cromwell; Luke, Noah Beery; Esther Hatburn, Joan Peters; Alan Kinemon, George Duryea; Amos Hatburn, Henry B. Walthall; Hunter Kinemon, Edmund Breese; Rose Kinemon, Barbara Bedford; Mrs. Kinemon, Helen Ware; Iska, Harlon E. Knight; Buzzard, Peter Richmond; Galt, James Bradbury, Sr.; Doctor, Richard Carlyle.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS." Warner Brothers. From an original story by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: Otto, Alexander Gray; Elsa, Vivienne Segal; Hoher, Jean Hersholt; Franz, Walter Pidgeon; Gretl, Louise Fazenda; Barbara, Alice Day; Gus, Bert Roach; Mary, June Pursell; Bill, Milton Douglas.

Hand Yourself Beauty

Continued from page 59

low the directions that come with them in order to get the best results. One nice use they do have—use a bit of powder polish on a buffer to go over the nails before applying liquid polish. This gives a smooth surface and removes any bits of roughness you may have inadvertently left on the nail.

Now, before the real winter weather sets in, is the time to protect your hands. Our grandmothers used glycerine and rose water to keep their hands from chapping. It's still a good formula. Or buy any of the excellent hand creams, already prepared and on sale in the better drug stores. Use one with a good deal of oil in it. Rub it well into your hands at night, before retiring. If you like, wear very loose cotton gloves to protect the bed linen.

Before going out in winter days, rub a bit of vanishing cream into your hands. This will keep them soft. If you wear



A dash of your favorite hand lotion, Mary Brian believes, is the last rite of a perfect manicure.

evening white on them when you go to parties, be sure to rub it in thoroughly and be equally sure to remove it before retiring as it is very drying.

Your beauty lies in your own hands. Train them to express the nicest things of which you are capable.

Even five minutes' care a day will help them tell the world that you are a girl of taste, good breeding, poise and charm—and that's a lot to have said about you, isn't it?

Write to me about your beauty problems and I'll be very glad to help you. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, Beauty Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Stage in Review

Continued from Page 65

"Grand Hotel"

"Grand Hotel" literally blew up the town. A hit! Nothing but—. It will run till the next war.

It is translated from the German of Vicki Baum. On a revolving stage we are shown in about fifteen scenes what goes on in the Grand Hotel in Berlin (this Grand Hotel is, in a manner, the world we live in): the bogus baron with skeleton keys in his pocket; the famous Russian dancer who is in love with the baron; the fellow from the provinces who has come to have a whizz-bang time before he dies; the big business Babbitt who kills the baron while defending himself from robbery but who is necking at the time of the robbery a lobby-lounging 'secretary.'

And others who seethe, flutter, bawl, and pass before us in stunning succession under perfect direction. It grips you every minute. The characters are flesh and blood, including a one-eyed doctor, who is a kind of Greek Chorus to human failings. Not a great play; but stunning entertainment.

Eugenie Leontovich is the surprise of Broadway. As the Russian dancer she runs all gamuts of despair and humor. She is a great actress. And a beautiful one. Others winners: Sam Jaffe as the peasant trying to hook Life, Siegfried Rumann as the German Babbitt; Hortense Alden and Romaine Callender. Henry Hull was the baron—but he did not turn the trick for me.

"Roar China"

When the great line-up comes between capitalism and communism I will be found with a gun in the ranks of the capitalists.

This was my decision after seeing the farrago of melodramatic propaganda called "Roar China," written by a Rus-

sian Bolshevik and put on by the Theatre Guild.

In this play, which is all grandiose scenery and no play at all, we are told how the Chinese coolie suffers at the hands of the predatory Western nations, the concessionaries, the 'brutal' English Navy and the missionaries. All of which is bull, hooey and banana oil. What the Chinese suffer from is the Chinese.

"This One Man"

This play, by Sidney R. Buchman, is going to make a whale and a wow of a picture from the box-office and weep-a-cupful angle.

It is a drama of conscience, played by one brother, a burglar and a heartless fellow, against another brother, a weak, loving, gentle soul. They are, of course, one person—our old mediaeval friends, Better Self and Rotten Self.

Now, as a matter of fact, the playwright contrives to make Rotten Self much more interesting than Milksop Self. The weak brother goes to the chair for the Big Brute. In so doing his soul passes into the soul of Brute Brother, and all is spiritually hunkydory with the latter as the curtain goes down.

Paul Muni is the show. He's a terrific actor, smashing everything before him. His last scene in a cell when his dead brother's soul is passing into him is some acting! Paul Guilfoyle was a strong weakling who took it on the chin. And Mike Donlin (salute) was among those present.

"Lew Leslie's Blackbirds"

One of the very best negro shows I have ever seen on Broadway. This is the 1930 edition; but it'll go into the summer of 1931, and then.

There's the Blackbirds Orchestra (ear-cleaving); Ethel Waters (gosh!); Flour-

ney Miller (wow! wow!); Buck and Bubbles (can't describe 'em); and a lot of others.

Don't miss these almost white, tan, light-brown and sometimes black Blackbirds.

"The Tyrant"

A play from the Sabatini book about Cesare Borgia. The dullest, stupidest thing I've seen this year. All talk, rant and costume.

Louis Calhern makes a display of himself in flesh-tights, and that's all he does. Lily Cahill is one of the most beautiful apparitions on the stage. Go to see her and forget this stale and ancient play.

"As Good As New"

Thompson Buchanan, old war-horse and master stage contraptionist, twisted out a new slant on an old piece of bunkum in "As Good as New" and manages to make a slick satire of a pre-McKinley idea.

This all happens in the Lace Curtain set in Lower Fifth Avenue and in a penthouse in Sutton Place. Tom Banning's wife smashes in on him in Sutton Place, where he has a beautiful sample of O. S. (Original Sin). Divorce, of course. But the two children are against divorce (believe it or not, says Ripley), and the girl runs off with Bill Townsend to show papa and mama that she, too, can hit the 1930 Trail. Papa and mamma shocked. Little Eva called back. No divorce.

Grand reconciliation while Tom Banning, the father, is 'phoning for the installation of another Fluff.

Entertaining in spots; but Uncle Will Hays will have to look sharp when the picture is made.

Otto Kruger, Vivienne Osborne and Marjorie Gateson romped around Buchanan's play in great form.

"Don't Grow Old"

John Boles
warns you

*Learn the
Complexion Secret
98% of the Screen
Stars know*



"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles, Universal, says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!"

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes."

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the stars keep youth! Learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth!"

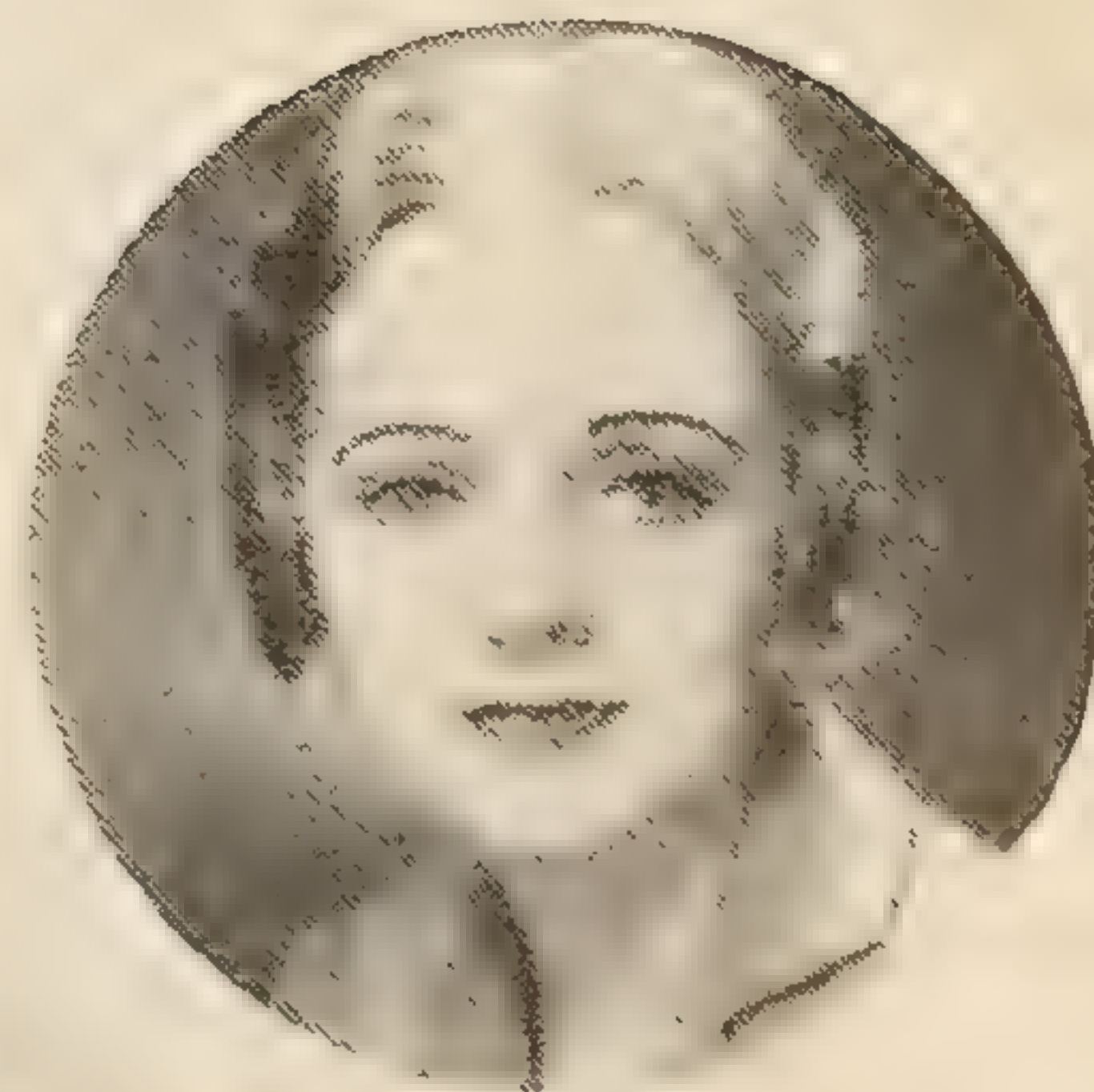
Actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theaters everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin . . .

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin fresh and even-textured."



LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."



The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Know the Stars by Numerology!

Continued from page 26

they were fitted, the kind of associations which they understand? This is mainly your future until you are forty-five.

The unfavorable relation of your birth month number of 8 to your 'Ideality' of 7 explains why your early life was not seemingly made to order for you. There were harder rules and regulations placed around you which you may know now offered you a lesson in how to be more sensible, practical and capable in meeting life but which seemed very discouraging at the time and not at all likely to bring happiness.

You were born into a strong family vibration at the same time and this continuing until your 27th year was the numerological reason for your marriage between the time you left your father's home and the year 1930, when your real influence of the second and most fortunate chapter of your life, number 7, begins. If you had not married by your 27th birthday, the number 7 in your deeper nature combining with the 7 in your birthday which is the 7th of August, would have made you a little indifferent to, if not entirely unconscious of, the joys of married life, and your art would have immediately taken first and perhaps the only place, as it will yet do.

Number 7 is not lucky for marriage especially the kind of marriage that includes home and children. Consequently, it would be difficult for you to make any marriage a success after your birthday in 1929. You will feel that you are going against the current in continuing domestic life, and circumstances also will produce the necessity for great changes in your living conditions.

It may not be so much that you have chosen the wrong partner as that marriage and domesticity is a phase of experience seldom happy for anyone passing through a period of their life, numbered 7.

It is both interesting and amusing how living under the influence of this number 7 makes people feel and act. We become more and more concentrated upon what is going on in our deeper development and feelings, more and more unconscious of the world around us and the demands being made upon us by our associations and our social order. We have always to be reminded that there is this and that to be done and except in relation to the activities that deeply interest us, everything is so easily a nuisance. We want to be left alone because we are not the least lonely; we have our books and we have our thoughts; we get a little careless at times even about our physical appearance until someone tells us that we should remember that we are on earth and that it is interfering with our practical success not to pay more attention to the way we look. Then we do, for a while!

You will often get this criticism, Miss Harding! Even your public will wonder why you are not more 'fixy' and why when you are not actually before the camera you try wherever and whenever you can to be tidy but comfortable rather than on dress parade.

1930 for you marks the real beginning of the most successful period of your life in public work on stage and screen. It is the beginning of a cycle of 9 years in which you will have the opportunity to demonstrate your talent to the full.

While you and your public will realize

in 1930 that there is a future before you, you will not continue through 1931 to greater prominence immediately. Until October 1931 there will be some unexpected and surprising changes coming into your personal and professional life which will cause you to be turned aside from more complete expression. You will require a lot of patience and the retention of confidence in yourself and in your future, and at no time should you feel that the new beginnings of 1930 were false ones.

During 1931 you may return to the stage but you will not be seen as often by your public or under quite such favorable conditions as in 1930.

However, commencing in the Fall of 1931 and through 1932 favorable influences will be in the ascendent and it will prove easy for you to receive greater recognition in this period than even in 1930. This year of 1932 establishing more firmly the position of 1930, keeps you before the public until the termination of your creative cycle in 1939.

After this? Well! If you must know, it would seem that you will continue in a creative field of work, where you are expressing your ideas freely, but this last chapter of your life will be spent in writing books and plays for other people to read and act, for the number of the third

phase of your experience is 3.

The sum total of the month, day and year of your birth reduces to the number 9. This, recognized in Numerology as your 'Path of Life,' gives us an understanding of what your life's purpose is, the destiny and the personal development to which your whole life is leading.

9 being the symbol of mankind, the mark of a true friend, the sign of all art, of beauty and human understanding, is a key to the level of expression which you were born to attain.

Practically it seems that your life belongs first to the public and secondly to yourself. This is why you would not find success and happiness when you would attempt to place personal desires, social or material ambitions before your art and before what you could accomplish through its inspiration for the world as a whole.

I use the word attempt, because no one with this number 9 as the total of their birthdate ever succeeds in getting away with self, selfish desires or personal gratification as such. It is only as the self is gotten out of the way by the cultivation of broad humane tolerance toward life and towards all people or is lost in the consecration to some great achievement in public life, that happiness results. Under this influence, that which we would hold we must first let go.

This 'Path of Life' number 9, which sounds like a tall goal to live up to in this kind of world, is quite possible for you to reach, Miss Harding, for under the laws of comparison developed in Numerology it is another dimension of the number 7 which we have seen so strongly in the rest of your Numberscope, and that, as I have said, makes it so easy for you to forget the smaller personal desires and to concentrate instead upon creative artistic expression.

Furthermore, somehow from somewhere you made a lucky choice of a number 9 for your professional name of Ann Harding. This is the way it is numbered. The letters of Ann numbered respectively, 1, 5, 5, and totaling 11, and the letters of Harding numbered respectively, 8, 1, 9, 4, 9, 5, 7 adding to 43 which reduces by adding the 4 to the 3, to 7. 11 for Ann and 7 for Harding adds to 9, and perhaps you have noticed that it is the same kind of a 9, made up by an 11 and a 7 as was the 'Expression' or 'Method Number' of your original name.

This name under which you work is becoming known to the public, has the same number 9 which has been used as a successful force by some of the greatest artists and public figures, in public and stage life, that the world has ever known. The better-known members of the Barrymore family made use of this number as that of their professional signature and so did David Belasco. So, Miss Harding, you are in good company, working under the direct influence of your 'Path of Life' number 9. You are in line for many years of that kind of successful work, which will not only satisfy your original desire to weave dreams and romance for yourself and for others, but will have the effect of elevating the tone of motion picture portrayal so that, due to your efforts, the movie audiences of the future will demand better talent and better material as the vehicle for their favored players.



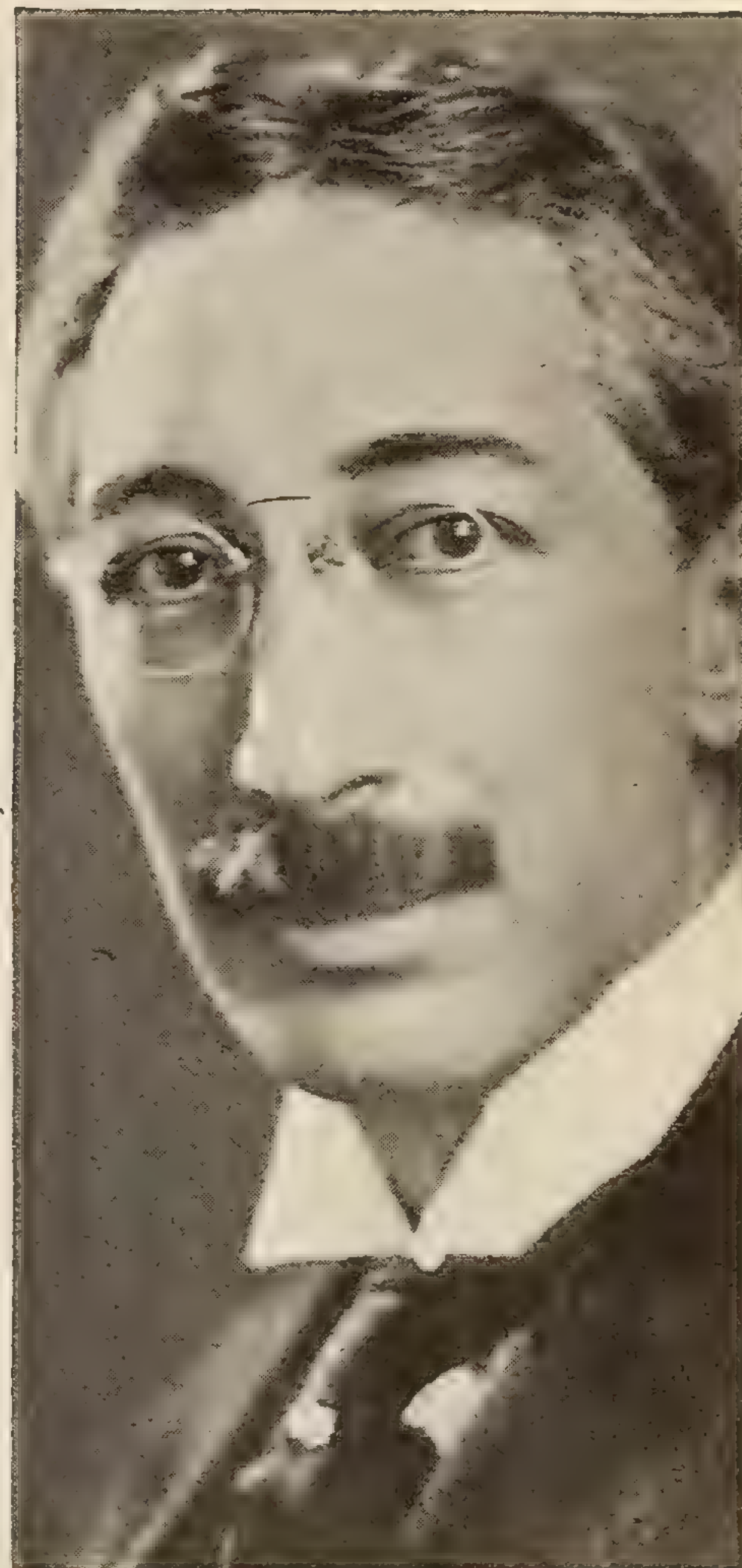
Maria Alba, a Spanish siren, who plays opposite Antonio Moreno in "Los Que Danzan," a Spanish dialogue version of "Those Who Dance."

"Colgate's is by far the best cleanser"

says

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.

Fellow A. A. A. S.; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry"; Pioneer Worker with the Ultra-microscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



GO to an eminent consulting chemist, an authority on scientific research, for convincing proof that *Colgate's cleans teeth better*. Such an authority is Jerome Alexander of New York. Let his tests—his scientific experiments—convince you as they convinced him.

Jerome Alexander made impartial, exhaustive studies of the cleansing action of well-known dentifrices. Colgate's was undeniably more effective. Why?

Because Colgate's gets down into the tiny crevices where decay begins. Because its penetrative foam brings to the surface food particles that are never reached by sluggish toothpastes. Because—in Jerome Alexander's own words—"It penetrates

into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble."

Jerome Alexander's research agrees with the finding of such noted authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of Sciences, Catholic University of America; Dr. Allen Rogers, head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute; and others of equal fame who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion. Can you, in choosing your dentifrice, fail to be impressed by this array of scientific proof that Colgate's is the ideal cleanser? Take the safe course with your teeth—when you brush them with Colgate's, you can be sure that they're *really clean*.

Jerome Alexander
says:

"I found that Colgate's exhibits the lowest surface-tension. Because of this, Colgate's penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble. Therefore, Colgate's is by far the best cleanser."

Jerome Alexander

25¢

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-1023 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

When Bessie Love Entertains at Luncheon

Continued from page 63

is conversation time for everybody.

When Bessie wishes to entertain a larger number than her favorite half-dozen, she sets little tables against the grilled balcony edge, so that the guests may eat and talk and gaze across the valley. But, whether the luncheon is for six or sixty, whether it is to be followed by rest and relaxation and chatter or by bridge, the same easy formality is Bessie's keynote.

For the larger luncheon, Bessie's favorite menu consists of four courses. First comes a cocktail, usually fruit in a surprising and colorful combination. Then comes a hot meat course, not too heavy and not too fragile. Sometimes it is creamed fish or fowl. Always there are one or two warm vegetables, piping hot rolls or feather-weight biscuits and lattice-like mounds of shoestring potatoes.

Next is served a salad, cool and crisp and colorful. With this salad Bessie always arranges crunchy, long cheese sticks which crumble into delicate flaky bits. And, last but not least, is the dessert. This varies according to the season of the year and the other courses of the menu. Usually it is a sherbert or frozen pudding. Black coffee and tiny, vari-colored mints complete the luncheon.

Occasionally, Bessie serves a buffet luncheon, particularly in the winter time when the guests will enjoy the open fires in the living room and dining room. For these parties Bessie provides both cold and hot dishes, platters of sliced meats and chafing dishes and casseroles of steaming hot foods. One of her favorite foundation dishes for her buffet luncheons is a spaghetti concoction with mushrooms and chicken and cheese.

When the tiny Bessie is working, she lunches in her blue and rose and silver dressing room at the studio. Usually she orders vegetables, sometimes a vegetable

plate, at other times, separate orders of the particular kinds she wants. With these dishes she eats toast and some kind of a light dessert with black coffee.

On the days which she spends at home Bessie's lunch consists of a clear soup with cheese straws or of omelettes with strawberry jam tucked into their fluffiness. Bessie's 'surprise' omelettes frequently form the main dish of one of her more informal luncheon parties. No one, except Bessie and the cook, knows what may be hidden under the pale gold mound on the plate. It may be anything from candied fruits or preserves, to strange, foreign meats and spices.

Whether it be one of her informal gatherings on the veranda, a course luncheon to be followed by a concentrated afternoon of bridge, or a buffet feast carried from the dining room to the fireside, simplicity rules when Bessie entertains. The menus are not elaborate but the food is deliciously cooked and perfectly chosen. And color plays a large part in the proceedings. Golden omelettes are served on dull blue plates. Frothy, colorful fruit salads are brought to the guests in flat, black onyx bowls. Once Bessie served a snowy white frozen pudding on a frosted white plate, with a deep red rosebud resting against the edge. It's a knack, knowing how to make a picture of a luncheon plate. Little Bessie Love possesses the knack.

Probably Bessie's luncheons are always so successful because to her they are a joy, not a duty. She likes to play hostess to her friends. So she succeeds both wisely and well. Here are a few of the recipes, and we hope you'll have the same good luck with them that Bessie always has:

GRAPEFRUIT DE LUXE

Cut a grapefruit in half. Remove the

core, leaving a round hole. Separate the sections from the skin. Pour grenadine, which is red in color, into the center. Surround with fresh mint and serve very cold.

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS IN RAMEKINS

Melt two tablespoons of fat. Add one-half teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper, one cup of rich milk and bring to a boiling point, stirring constantly until thick. Add one cup chicken cut in small pieces, one cup mushrooms which have been sautéed in butter for five minutes, one tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, and heat thoroughly. Put in ramekins, cover tops with bread crumbs and place in hot oven until crumbs are a delicate brown.

SHRIMP SALAD

Cut two cups shrimps, fresh or canned, into small pieces. Add one-half cup celery cut in bits and two hard-cooked eggs thinly sliced. Combine lightly with mayonnaise. Place on crisp lettuce leaves on individual plates and garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

CAFÉ MOUSSE

Soak one tablespoon gelatine in four tablespoons cold water five minutes. Cook one and a half cups strong coffee and one cup sugar together until sirupy. Beat three eggs slightly and pour hot syrup over them. Cook in double boiler about five minutes. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. Add one teaspoon vanilla and two tablespoons sherry flavoring. Fold in one and one-half cups whipped cream, pour mixture into mold and pack; or turn into tray of iceless refrigerator and let stand four or five hours, stirring occasionally.

What Makes a Girl Popular?

Continued from page 98

a swell time, too. Be your own natural self. That's your line. Hold it!

Another girl writes: "I'm nineteen and considered attractive. Girls like me, and I get on well with them. The trouble is, boys don't care for me. A few have 'fallen' for me but it didn't last. I like boys and want them to like me. Am I too stand-off-ish I wonder? I don't drink, I don't like to smoke very well and I loathe petting. I hate to appear prudish or contrary, but I resent being 'tried out.' I try to believe it's no more than that—I can't believe all boys have bad motives. But whatever their motives I resent it and tell them so in no uncertain terms. Is this the reason boys don't like me? Is there no other way to interest them?"

Of course there is. Hold on to your ideals. You can be a modern Miss 1931 without being cheap and be more popular, not less so, if you manage right. It's sometimes hard for a girl to know what's in a boy's mind. He may be, as you say, 'trying her out,' a form of caddishness most despicable to my mind, or he may be

one who just naturally expects a girl to allow liberties. But whatever he has in his mind, and however 'peevish' he may seem to be at your attitude, he'll respect it whether he admits it or not. You can manage this situation without seeming either 'contrary or prudish.' It's not at all necessary to adopt a 'How-dare-you-sir' or 'don't-you-know-I-am-a-lady' air. Treat it lightly. Laugh it off. You can be firm without being priggish.

As to interesting boys in some other way, forget yourself and be as easy and companionable as you are with your girl friends. And here's a tip. Nearly every male, young or old, likes to talk, especially about himself and things he's particularly interested in. Get him started on some subject in which you know he has some special interest. Then let him talk and *you listen*. This is one way to solve the problem of what to talk about. You don't have to talk! Not if you cultivate the gentle and popular art of being a good listener. Ten to one he will look at you after five or less minutes to say

amazedly, "Gee, but you're interesting!" And you have not said a word except one or two well-put questions!

I once read a clever story called "Aren't You Wonderful?"—in which the author, a famous writer of fiction contended in a most amusing way that all a girl has to do to win a man is to look into his eyes trustingly and murmur "Oh, aren't you won—der—ful?" This might not always work but it's a good thing to know about. These are only a few entering wedges to start you on the way to popularity. But when once you get the idea you'll be surprised at how fast you can work!

Now then! What do *you* think makes a girl popular? Do you agree with my answers to these letters? Write to me frankly and sincerely your views and your experiences. A few letters will be printed each month (without names and addresses and only with your permission), with my answers. Letters asking advice will be welcomed and will be answered as promptly as possible. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

For evening, BESSIE LOVE, charming Metro-Goldwyn player, chooses a gown of intricate cut, much of whose effectiveness depends upon beauty of figure. The three-piece pajama costume (upper right) illustrates how to be feminine 'tho trousered. In the feminine lead of "See America Thirst," the Universal comedy feature, Miss Love wears this debonair little utility costume.

We're back to FEMININE FASHIONS

... But not to LADY-LIKE LANGUOR

TODAY we're as spirited in trailing skirts as we ever were in short ones . . . and buoyant good health is still the better part of beauty!

But the new clothes themselves demand almost physical perfection. We must be slender, ah yes! . . . but alluringly rounded. We must count our calories . . . but never reveal it in our complexions. And here's where so simple a thing as bran in the diet can be of immense help.

Most of us find it necessary to go on reducing menus every once in a while. (Those extra pounds just *will come back!*)

And when we do—elimination so often becomes irregular. Poisons and wastes accumulate. The result is pimples—dry or sallow skin—headaches, dizziness and sometimes serious illness.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet prevents all that. It is not fattening—but it does add the "bulk" or "roughage" every diet needs. It helps to clear away all impurities and, in addition, contains iron which brings glowing color to cheeks.



There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Try it as a ready-to-eat cereal with skimmed milk. Cook it in omelets, bran muffins or bread. Sprinkle it into soups or over salads.

No other bran is so deliciously flavored—so delightfully krumbled. Ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

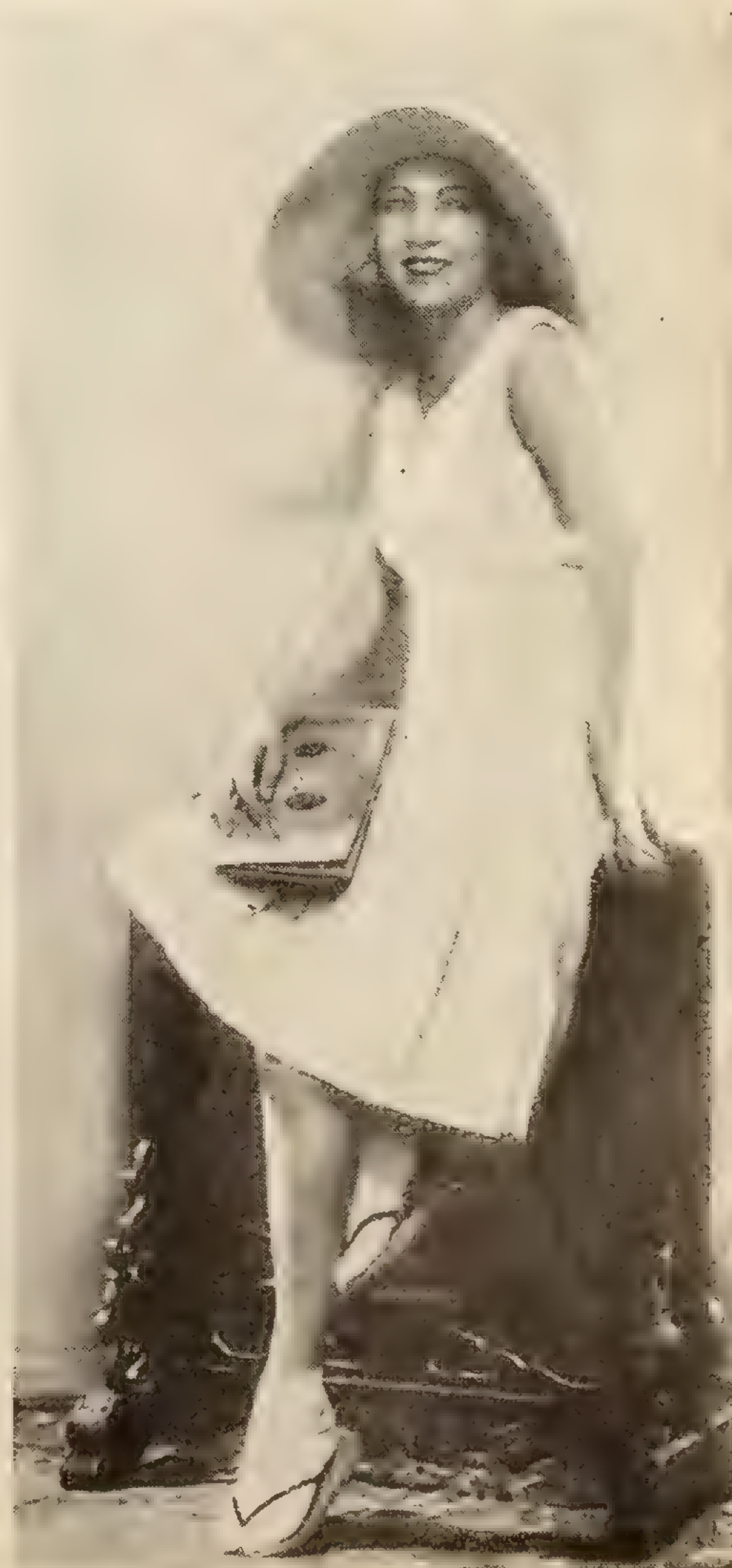
It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep fashionable figures will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____



Starry Money and Where It Goes

Continued from page 31

fortunate ones who invested heavily in stocks and came out ahead of the game when the market broke. Alice also buys model dogs, all sizes and shapes. There are at least two hundred of them scattered around her home.

Don Alvarado buys mortgages and has just invested in building a new and perfect Spanish home, and in order to cut down a bit he turned in a handsome car and bought a Ford. (The Gleasons also drive Fords. So does Helen Cohan, daughter of George M., just making her screen debut in "Lightnin'" with Will Rogers.)

Eddie Morgan, Warner Baxter's young find, is having his first experience of big money, and revels in his growing bank account. So he's saving, saving, and spends only for miniature golf and ice skating, his two pet extravagances. Lew Ayres is another youngster enjoying new money. He saved up for an organ he has longed for all his life. Half his salary is religiously banked every week. Now he also owns a Hup sports coupé, another boyish dream, at last discarding the most disreputable car in all Hollywood.

Bessie Love's mother used to manage her money for her, but since Bessie became Mrs. William Hawks, most of it goes into real estate and Bill's investment company. Gilbert Roland put most of his money into a beautiful home for his mother, which has engrossed his attention for the past two years.

Joe E. Brown is another canny soul, everything he does being centered around his children and Mrs. Brown. A lovely home, first class educations for the children, trust funds and so on. Two little girls who spend their money mainly on their families are Helen Foster and Marion Byron. Ramon Novarro is another boy who is mighty good to his family—he has lots of little brothers and sisters. Anna May Wong is another who is kind to her people.

Evelyn Brent believes in oil wells, and scorns real estate. However, when certain oil stock recently failed her, she decided the bank was a pretty good place for one's money.

John Davidson, the fellow that Winnie Lightner chucks around so boisterously in "The Life of the Party," owns a partnership in a drug store in New York. Glenn Tryon runs to steel mills in Reading, Pa., in which he used to work. It's fun to own some of it later on. Hal Cooley is branching out into a stylish real estate development at Laguna and Palm Springs, opening up many tracts. George Duryea has a big ranch in Wyoming and raises cattle and horses.

John Barrymore blows himself to a yacht and invests the rest in safe bonds. Winnie Lightner looks cryptic and says, oh, boy if she only did know just where her money went, she'd be grateful. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is buying and furnishing a new home, the one Joan prepared at Brentwood Park, which seemed so gorgeous at the time, not now being quite grand enough for them. The rest of their money goes in building and loan investments.

Loretta Young is another girl who helps support her family, but she is squeezing enough out to build a house. Walter Huston owns half a yacht with Arlen, but has some money left over for real estate investments, which investments he confines strictly to California. Marilyn Miller, whose papa manages her income, owns lots of California property, preferably pleasure resorts.

Dorothy Christy and hubby Hal, have found promoting plays on Broadway a successful investment. Harold Lloyd owns vast California acreage, and he also has his mother dependent on him, besides Mildred and little Gloria and his new adopted daughter. Ronald Colman buys stocks and bonds, and hopes to own a lovely place in Europe some day. Eddie Cantor



Dorothy Christy, the new patrician picture success, invests her money in Broadway plays, together with the savings of her husband, Hal Christy, song writer. Smart people!

runs to bank stocks, but he's building a new home in Beverly too, now that Mrs. Cantor and his five daughters have joined him.

Harry Eddington, M-G-M. executive, manages Greta Garbo's and John Gilbert's finances for them, and he keeps 'em both on a stern budget, too. Helen Twelvetrees and James Hall are managed by Rebecca and Silton, famous for their financial manage-



Little Tommy Clifford and his Scottie. Tommy made a hit in his first talker, "Song O' My Heart." His next film is "Part Time Wife."

ment. Rebecca, they say, is a reasonably generous ogre!

Of course, Doug and Mary spend a frightful lot of their money on travelling, six tours to Europe, one world tour already, and another being planned right now. Their home is comparatively modest, although the grounds are very valuable. And oh, the new furniture installed three years ago is costly and gorgeous, ex-kings' beds and Napoleonic splendor. When there aren't any house guests, Doug sleeps in a bed that belonged to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, for the house is small, so that Doug and Mary both turn out on the sleeping porch when royal guests are being entertained.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, owns his own studio and spends lots of money paying the salaries of some of his studio staff, besides the outlay he must make in keeping up his own lovely home and grounds, which occupy a whole hill. In spite of vast alimonies and settlements on ex-wives, Charlie is regarded as luxuriously solvent, thank you. Charlie has also supported his mother for years.

Lance Heath manages Gloria Swanson's fortune as to investments, etc., and Gloria owns homes in both Beverly and Paris.

The Gleasons, *pere, mere et fils*, are being very good children, Russell in particular, buying a life annuity for himself. His pocket money allowance is \$10 a week and it has to cover gas, too. It's awkward when the girls don't realize the situation. Papa's pet extravagance is polo ponies.

William Janney owns a chicken ranch at Ontario with two thousand hens where he has put a nice former nurse in charge. Carmel Myers owns \$150,000 worth of real estate, two beach homes, and lots of acreage. Irene Rich owns \$200,000 worth of real estate, acquired when prices were cheaper. Claude Allister began his career as a bond clerk, so now he knows how to invest his dizzy wealth. George Fawcett bought real estate in New York long enough ago for it to have made him independent today. He also was part owner of a gold mine long enough to come out richer.

Norman Kerry bought Beverly Hills property before it was a real town, and cleaned up. He also has a mountain home, and another in England. He now owns some oil leases too. Doris Lloyd's pet investment is first mortgages. Joseph Cawthorne sticks to gilt-edged bonds, having found real estate doesn't like him. All the same, he owns his home property at Beverly Hills and an estate in England. Fred Scott buys real estate. John Boles owns his house at Malibu, and another in Hollywood. Although the family drives a Cadillac, John uses a Chevrolet for himself. He's saving up for big travel.

Lupe Velez is putting all her money in her home. Lew Ayres is just buying safe securities. Mary Nolan wants a house on the Riviera and already has the money to buy it.

Norma Talmadge buys jewels of which she has a remarkable collection, both modern and antique!

Women are more saving than men, according to these various managers, even if they do like to make a bigger show.

But both sexes are good to their families, often without judgment. Thus old mothers who have gotten along on \$100 a month for years find themselves suddenly raised to \$500 a month, servants, automobiles, etc. The managers think it would be wiser to raise mamma to, say, \$150, and put the rest in a trust fund for her.

FIND THE TWIN TOWERS

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$3700.00

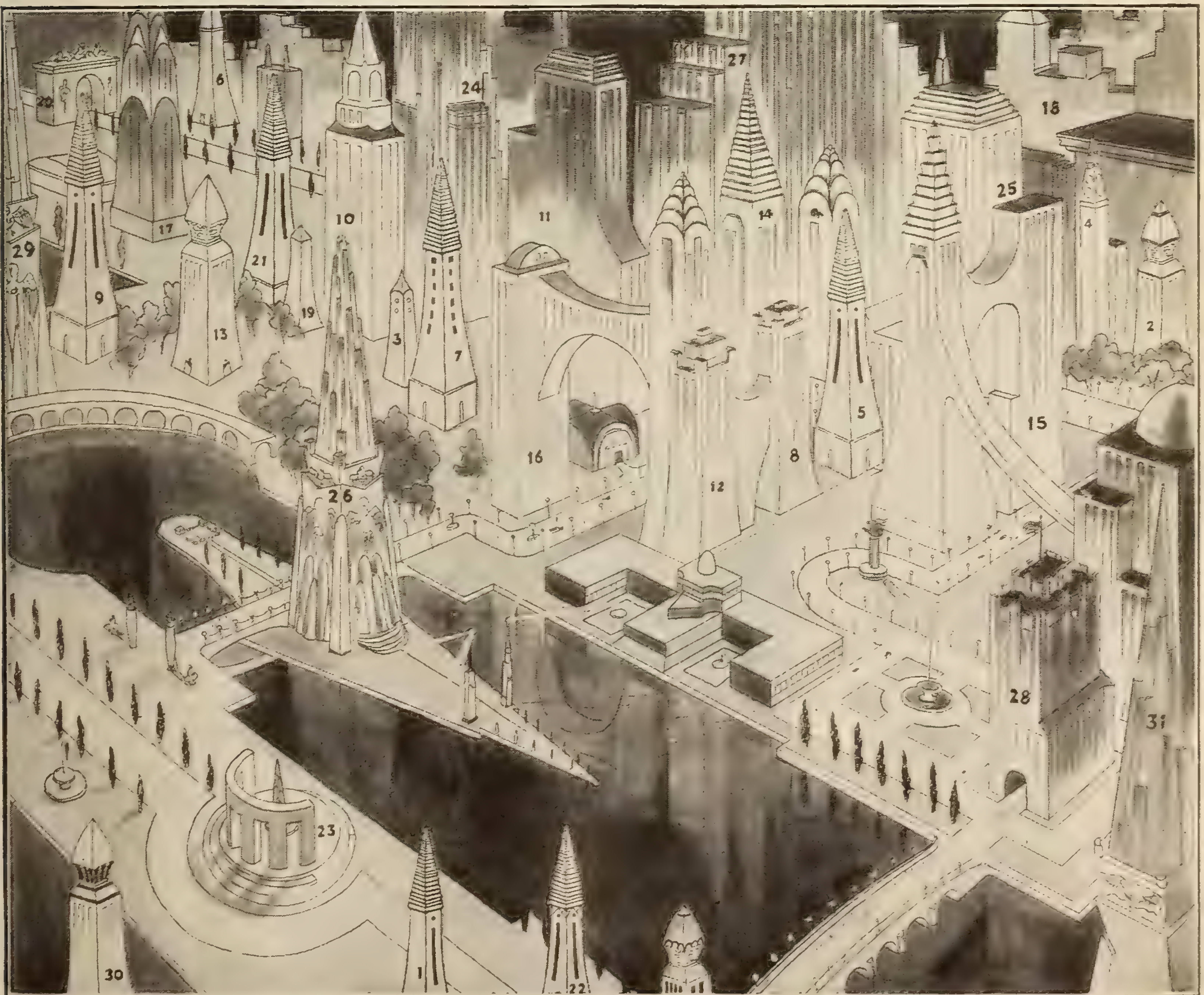
AN illustrious Chicago artist presents below his dream conception of the coming Chicago Centennial World's Fair. When he had completed his drawing, to his surprise he found he had drawn two of the towers exactly alike—**IDENTICAL TWIN TOWERS**. There are well over two dozen towers here. Many of them look alike. But—only two towers or buildings among those numbered are exactly alike—exactly alike in size, shape, width and design. How quick is your eye? Can you find the **TWIN TOWERS**? Be careful now. It will not obligate you in any way, or cost you anything to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin towers, send the num-

bers together with your name and address to qualify for these prizes. Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h.p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid as first prize, with an extra prize of \$850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER

Room 62, 54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

Two Grand Picture Stealers (Mitzi Green)

Continued from page 60

Hajos was all excited over the advent of the child, and Joe paid her the gracious compliment of naming his only daughter after her.

Mitzi's father and mother have done a musical comedy act in vaudeville for years. Mitzi can't remember when she first went on the stage. "When I first put my face in an act," she explained seriously, "I must have been about three years old. But I was six or seven before I really did anything."

"When I was three, I went to Los Angeles with my mother and father. Gus Edwards had his kid act on the same bill. Just for fun, he put me up on the school fence and paid me twenty-five cents a week. He docked me two cents, too, if I missed a performance."

"The first time I remember really doing anything, though, was when I was about six. Papa and mama were playing at Brighton Beach. Moran and Mack, the 'Two Black Crows,' were on the same bill. I used to watch them. An actors' benefit was given down at Freeport that same week and I begged papa to let me do something. 'What can you do?' he asked me. 'I think I can do the 'Two Black Crows,'" I told him."

Mitzi and her father worked up an act in about five minutes and put it on. There happened to be a vaudeville scout in the audience who spotted the child and made an engagement for her to meet a

booker the next day.

Joe and Mitzi went into New York but it wasn't Mitzi who was nervous. Her father got so excited that the child had to cue him. But Mitzi's poise and ability got her a booking at once over the Interstate Circuit. She was billed as 'Little Mitzi, the Child Mimic.' Later, she was headlined on the Orpheum Circuit. Her impersonations were an entire success and she became known as a second Elsie Janis.

A year and a half ago she reached Los Angeles, still playing in vaudeville. Paramount's casting director got a glimpse of her and she was put in the film, "The Marriage Playground," with Mary Brian and Fredric March. Which she promptly stole. When the picture was released, the world found out what a riot Mitzi is! And Paramount upset precedence and signed her to a five year contract, I am told—the first time a child has ever been given a contract by that organization.

Mitzi's latest picture is "Tom Sawyer," in which she plays *Becky Thatcher*. She loved her work in this because she was allowed to wear a curly golden wig, and everybody will understand what that means to a straight haired child.

Little Mitzi likes roast beef, potatoes, spinach, and chewing gum. Also, mystery stories with plenty of good murders. She doesn't care for candy, boys who play too rough, permanent waves or dolled-up finger-nails. She likes the freckles on her

face and won't have anything done about it. She prefers Hollywood to New York where she was born, but likes Detroit pretty well, too. It was in Detroit she celebrated her tenth birthday. It snowed and she loved it. She doesn't get any snow since she moved to Hollywood. They had a party on the stage for her, with punch and three big birthday cakes. Cake was distributed to the audience and all the girls on the stage, including Mitzi, danced—not with tears in their eyes, but with cake in their mouths.

Mitzi hates arithmetic. Loves English. Likes to file her pretty nails. She wants her brother Harry, aged sixteen, to be her manager when he grows up. She also wants to be allowed to act in all kinds of rôles. And she is begging to be allowed to answer her fan mail herself.

She gets a lot. Mostly from girls and boys of her age. All of it seems to come from children of cultivated parents. They tell her about their lessons and the games they play. All of them seem to want to get into the movies. And every one, without exception, begs her to correspond with them.

At the Paramount, scores of people flocked back stage, hoping to get a glimpse of Mitzi. "Everybody is so good to me," Mitzi explained, "I want to thank them."

"Nancy Carroll is my favorite actress," she ended, "and when I grow up I hope my boy friend will be just like Chevalier!"

Alison Skipworth *Continued from page 61*

the screen. I still think it's a mistake. But my agent called me up just before I came here to rehearse and told me he had a couple of screen offers for me again.

"But that screen technique! You can never comprehend how the camera picks up a change of mood. You have to keep not only your eyes but your mind on the ball every minute. The camera shows you as you really are. You can't kid your audience. I nearly died when I saw myself for the first time on the screen. Nobody really ever knows how he looks to other people. If you want to find out, have a screen test. It tells the truth in the most brutal way. Instead of calling a spade a spade, the camera jolly well calls it a shovel!"

"Screen people are tremendously generous. Your producers give you lovely clothes, wonderful dressing rooms, skilled hairdressers, lots of money and plenty of praise. Of the nine months during which I made six pictures, I never heard a director give an actor or an actress a disagreeable word. And when you think of the director's terrible responsibility—of all those machines, lights, voices, and actions—when you think of trying to get all those different elements, both artistic and mechanical, to blend, it's a miracle a talking picture ever gets into the can."

"And then the settings. I could talk all day about those. They make nature look like a five-cent cigar. A built up peach orchard looks a thousand times more beautiful than a real peach orchard."

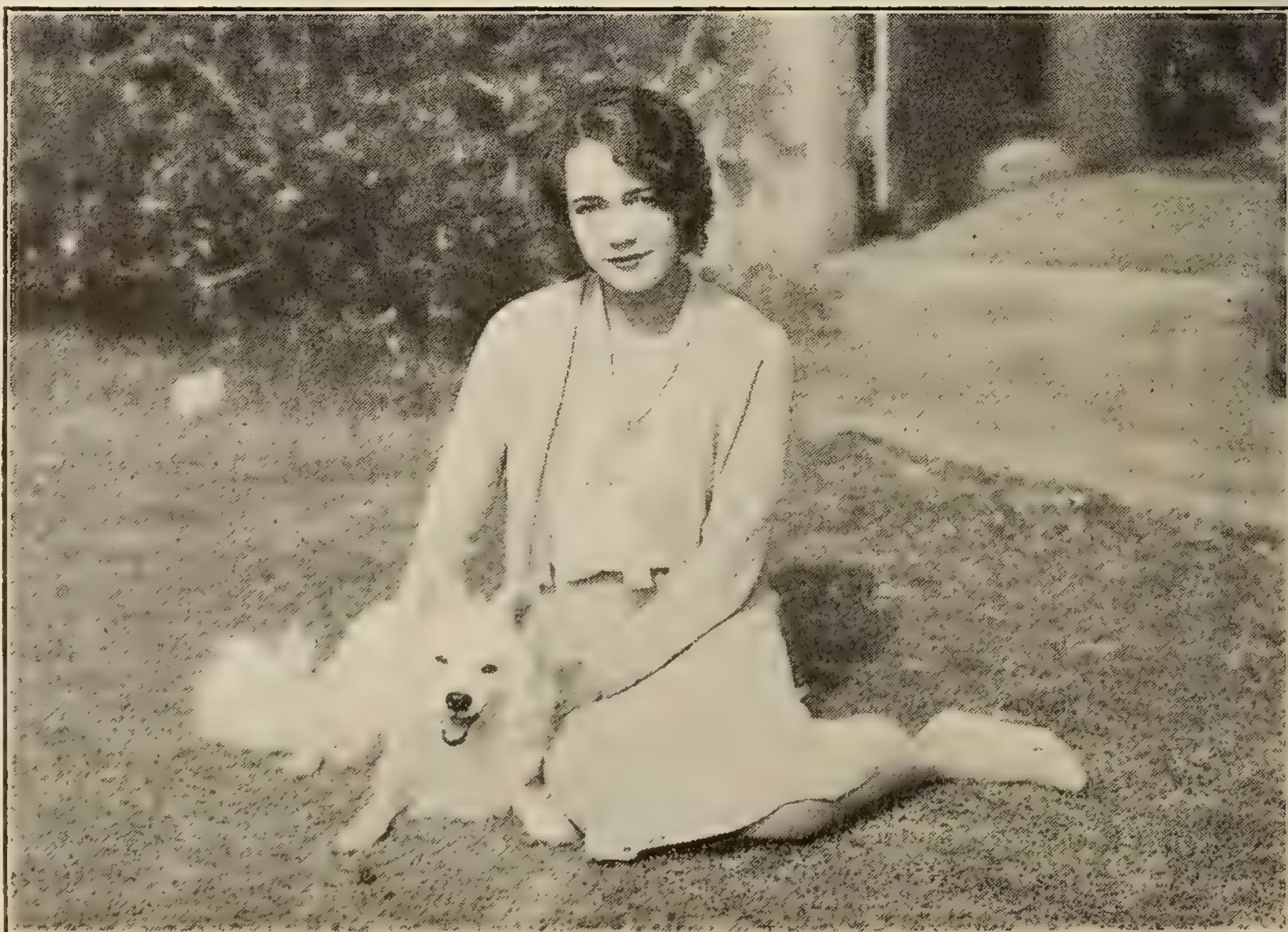
"I was born in London, but nobody over there would know whom you're talking about if you said 'Alison Skipworth.' What I've done, I've done here in America. I came over here as a prima donna. Made my hit with Americans, under an Amer-

ican director, playing side by side with Americans. So you can understand why I look on this country as my spiritual home.

"The ideal thing, of course, and it's what every actor dreams of—is playing six months in Hollywood and six months in New York. But that would mean some pretty hurried trips."

"For instance, I started to motor

from California back to New York. Bought a car out there, learned to run it, and loved it. But when I got as far as Wyanoke, Oklahoma, I got a hurry call from my agent to get back in New York in time to rehearse for 'Marseilles.' I left my automobile, took a plane, landed in New York at noon, and started rehearsing that same afternoon."



Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous George M., on the lawn of her new Hollywood home. Helen made her movie début in "Lightnin'."

SILVER SCREEN "CLICKS"

WITH OVER 225,000 READERS

There were over 225,000 paid admissions to the first showing of the new 10c screen magazine, **SILVER SCREEN**. During the month of October, that many people, mostly young women, stepped up to the **SILVER SCREEN** box office—the newsstands—and bought a copy of the first issue.

Advertisers received a bonus of approximately 25,000 circulation with the first issue of **SILVER SCREEN**—(an average of 200,000 is guaranteed for 1931).

Experience has shown, however, that the **SECOND** issue of a new magazine is a more reliable indicator of its reader market than the first . . . **SILVER SCREEN'S SECOND ISSUE PROMISES TO EXCEED THE SALE OF THE FIRST BY 15 TO 20 PER CENT.**

SILVER SCREEN has found over 225,000 women who are ready to "make room" in a busy schedule for a new magazine. However else these thousands of readers may differ, they have at least this important characteristic in common—

**THEY ARE DISPOSED TO INVESTIGATE THE MERITS
OF PRODUCTS BROUGHT TO THEIR ATTENTION**

And, here is a refreshing thought—the readers of **SILVER SCREEN** have shown not only an ability to **BUY NOW**, but a willingness to **SPEND NOW**.

Silver Screen

45 WEST 45th STREET • NEW YORK CITY



For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



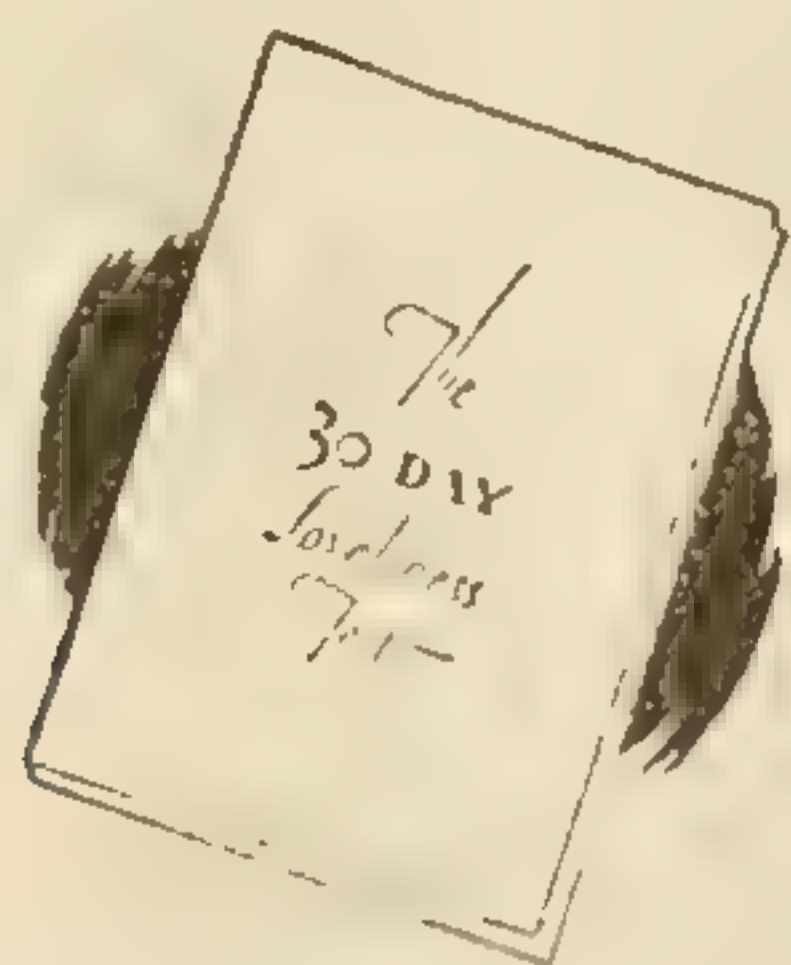
For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



For a new smart look to your clothes

Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*. Easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Free for the asking; use coupon below.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, SM2-31
Dept. R2, 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Garbo Menace!

Continued from page 20

or that is, hardly ever. She's 'different.' She's a serious menace to Garbo.

And then we have our own Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of Representative Bankhead from Alabama. Tallulah was on the stage in New York for a while but she didn't burn up the town. Then she went to London and they gave her the keys of the city. She's London's darling all right. So much so that Paramount decided she must be good, and brought her back to this country to star in "Her Past," opposite Clive Brook, work starting on the picture at the beginning of the New Year. With her strange, brooding beauty, Tallulah is no light rival for that Garbo gal.

But that's not all of the story. There's a dangerous group of foreigners on the First National lot. They're in every nook and cranny, Garboing all over the place. Luscious, devastating Continental sirens. Each and every one lays a separate claim to the throne—that so far remains Sweden's. There's Lissi Arna come to play in foreign versions of English pictures. A German Lilith with black hair and gray-green eyes, she has played in a score of foreign movies, and who knows what may happen when she learns English?



Jeanne Helbling, French stage and screen darling, imported to Hollywood by First National to play in foreign films, is eagerly learning English, wishing to be cast in American pictures.

There's Jeanne Helbling of France, who plays French parts and has a burning yen to be a great American actress. They tell a funny story on Jeanne when she first arrived at Hollywood. One evening a studio employee told the girl—whose English at the time was very sketchy—that if he could not return for her himself in the morning, he would send a studio bus. Being very literal, at nine o'clock the next morning Jeanne stood outside of her hotel waiting for the bus—which in First National circles means the large dark Cadillac cars they use to transport the players from one spot to another. At exactly nine o'clock one of the regular busses came by—the kind that are used in Hollywood instead of street cars. Jeanne boarded the vehicle but was a little upset when the conductor asked her for ten cents carfare. "Pretty cheap," she thought. But she paid it. She rode for an hour to the end of the line. And then back to the other end. When she reached

her hotel corner for the third time, she got off and was found by the studio employee who had by that time resolved that one little French girl was entirely lost in the wicked mazes of talkie town!

Another potential rival is Carla Barthel of Germany, who has a special kind of allure. And, finally, there's Suzy Vernon, a beautiful brunette with dizzy black



Greta Nissen is to play the feminine lead in "Women of All Nations."

eyes, from France, who has played in French movies since 1926. One look at the dazzling Suzy and you know why the French prefer French pictures. Well, can a Garbo come out of France?

There's Evelyn Laye from London, who makes a hit-début in "One Heavenly Night," the Samuel Goldwyn picture. There's Elissa Landi, also from England, by way of Italy, France and Germany. All special, different, sirenic, cyclonic. They play alluring heroines and dizzy vamps. And how they play them! Will one of them—we can hardly wait to see—will one of them succeed in replacing Garbo?

Who, oh who, we ask, will rival Garbo.



Baclanova, former film player, is hoping to stage a screen come-back.

Tolstoy Talks About Pictures

Continued from page 23

Korsakoff's *Oriental Song*, I have to listen to twenty carpet-sweeping jazz programs. It's the same in the theater, in moving pictures. Nature is the one thing the jazz spirit is powerless to absorb.

"But life is good in America, notwithstanding. I have lived, written, and lectured here for twelve years. The people are good-natured—that is their outstanding quality. They are kind. They try to do the right thing.

"But—movies, ah! Look what they did to that great artist Jannings. He is a real actor and they sent him back. He said to me one day on the lot: 'Count Tolstoy, America has little art.' And I was forced to agree. And Conrad Veidt, there was no place for him either in America. He had to leave, also. And Barrymore. He was fine until he discovered he possessed a profile!"

"But is there nobody you like? Is there nothing good in our movies?" I asked a little despairingly.

"Yes. Garbo. She is the only one. She has something.



Count and Countess Tolstoy.

"What Garbo has, others can have," Tolstoy concluded, "if the producers would only lift the multitude up to the level of art instead of dragging art down to the level of the multitude. I have an idea to make a series of twelve pictures—from my father's Russian stories. I shall produce them in an artistic way. To make people feel. Not stare only. But I suppose your movie executives would be the first to say: 'Not "box-office."' But I have confidence enough in the American people to believe that they would be 'box-office.' For when you get a great story, a cast of real actors, a gifted director who can read between the lines—then you have art.

"And whenever you bring art-greatness to the American people, they will open their arms. They did to my father's books. And they will to the films of any person who can look beyond the multitude and create something so fine that a man can say: 'In a world where beauty can be created, there may yet be happiness for me.'"

They Come to See and Hear



INTERFERING NOISE FROM POORLY CONSTRUCTED • STAGE EQUIPMENT BREEDS DISSATISFACTION •

GET right down to the real facts. Pictures can be presented to their finest possibilities only when the stage mechanical equipment is designed and operated in proper relation to other equipment.

All eyes are focused on the stage. A mishap dare not happen—the curtains must work quickly, smoothly and accurately—the curtain track must be absolutely noiseless—the curtain controls and screen modifier must respond instantly to the operator's demands.

That's the kind of equipment Vallen builds—equipment that presents pictures absolutely perfect, without noise or distraction and creates an atmosphere of glamour and distinction that satisfies to the fullest extent the desires of critical theatre-goers.

Vallen theatrical equipment has been used for fifteen years, without one complaint, in the world's leading theatres which is abundant proof that Vallen equipment can improve any presentation and is unaffected by the industry's changes.



This book will give you many new ideas about bettering the presentation of pictures . . . Contains full description of the Vallen Automatic Screen Modifier and why this Modifier is an essential unit in every leading theatre . . . Absolutely free—write for your copy now.

VALLEN ELECTRICAL CO., INC.

Manufacturers of

Vallen Automatic Screen Modifier; Vallen Noiseless All-Steel Safety Track; Vallen Noiseless Curved Track; Vallen High Speed Curtain Control; Vallen Junior Control; Vallen Flying Control; Vallen Syncontrol for Talkies.

230 BLUFF STREET

AKRON, OHIO

VALLEN

Dares to Guarantee

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



FREQUENT PAINS?

NEVER let a headache interrupt your shopping! Or any other pain that Bayer Aspirin ends so quickly. These harmless tablets are an antidote for the most acute pain. Relief is almost instantaneous. Taken in time, they will break up a cold and head off all discomfort. They will relieve the suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, etc., at any time. Thousands of women rely on Bayer Aspirin every month to spare them from those pains peculiar to women. Physicians have long since discovered that these tablets do not depress the heart; that they may be used as frequently as there is need for their quick comfort. So, it's folly to endure any pain that Bayer Aspirin could relieve so promptly. Get the genuine. The box says *Bayer*, and contains proven directions for many valuable uses.

BAYER ASPIRIN



How to Make Your Own Anti-Blue Laws

Continued from page 55

valley, to say nothing of points south.

Lenore Ulric sits in the dark alone and fights it out, while Alice White does it before her mirror. Mary Pickford loses her doldrums in concentrating on French philosophy. Laura La Plante tells herself she enjoys being sad and makes no effort to combat it. Clara Bow resorts to sun-showers on the nearest beach. Bebe Daniels, proud possessor of a pilot's license, takes to the air in her plane. And dazzling Lupe Velez nails the first sucker within reach for a hectic, turbulent game of checkers!

His Worship, the screen lover, has plenty of time between sighs for good, old-fashioned, down-hearted, long-faced, querulous attacks of the blues. In this mood, John Barrymore, who is one of the best amateur sailors on the coast, hastens to his yacht, the 'Infanta.' With pipe in mouth, and clad in canvas breeches, an old cap, and an open-necked shirt, he unfurls the sails, grabs the tiller and away he goes. How long he remains away, is never certain; when he does return, it is with much heightened spirits.

Undoubtedly the worst tennis player in Hollywood, John Gilbert finds the game the best balm for the woe-begone sensation. Invariably his partner is his neighbor, King Vidor, the second worst player in Hollywood, and Gilbert has even erected a series of lights around his private court in order to play at night!

Rudy Vallée retreats to his beloved saxophone, and for hours continues to play tirelessly every conceivable tune that enters his head.

Richard Barthelmess merely has to view calmly a photograph of Jimmy Durante, of the night club firm of Clayton, Jackson and Durante inscribed "To Dickie Barthelmess: Please excuse the pen, someone swiped my pencil, Jimmy Durante."

Even our warblers of sad, sighful songs have their authentic deep indigo moments. The discoverer of *Mammy* and *Sonny Boy*, Al Jolson, insists upon 'kidding company' to work it off. He will gather to himself a group of picked cronies, all anti-yes-men, all ardent kibitzers, and in the process of defending himself against their jibes in an audience he loves, Jolson's customary geniality will return.

Maurice Chevalier likewise gathers a close friend or two to him, but his special procedure is to break out into impromptu skits and charades.

A depressed George Jessel will get away to a private conference with his two wolf-hounds, whom he entertains with piano recitals.

That swell piano-decorator, Helen Morgan, loses her blues in—of all things—housework; she'll pick up a vacuum-cleaner and furiously engineer it through the apartment which she shares with her mother.

Helen Kane goes out to buy a half-dozen pairs of new shoes, and Irene Bordoni invariably turns to Anatole France's "Revolt of the Angels."

The Duncan Sisters, they solemnly aver have unearthed no more efficacious tonic for the doldrums than an old reliable pillow-fight!

Many members of the movie congregation depend upon music to bolster their

drooping spirits. Charles Rogers retires to play the trombone, the drums, the saxophone, the piano, the cornet, and the flute, all of which he can operate with more or less success. Bessie Love strums away at her ukulele and Ted Lewis loses himself in his saxophone. King Vidor, who is an acceptable baritone, indulges in the saddest of negro spirituals.

Both Richard Dix and Ruth Chatterton need nothing more than a good symphony concert, in person or on the radio.

Paul Whiteman, as the unconvincing story goes, regains his satisfaction with life by playing any piece but *The Rhapsody in Blue*!

Various forms of sports should also be included among the sedatives used to restore one's affability. Horseback riding claims Edmund Lowe, Dennis King, and Jack Warner, the producer. Mary Duncan drives her roadster out of town at breakneck speed until the unpleasant mood passes. Glenn Tryon proceeds to his gymnasium to take it out on the punching bag, Bull Montana does some genuine boxing, and Joseph Schildkraut steals away to his rifle range to shoot at clay pigeons which he has yet to hit.

Animals, pets in particular, often afford successful means of escape. George Bancroft finds playing with his pups a reliable palliative. When reading romantic poetry won't help, Janet Gaynor romps with her two pet rabbits. Louise Fazenda is soothed by her big black cat, and Betty Compson need only pay a visit to the Zoo.

In Africa recently with the "Trader Horn" picture, Edwina Booth revived her good humor by going out and shooting a lion or hippo, one day landing a rare black-tree leopard, apparently when she was in usually low spirits.

Songwriters, as a general rule, play their own successes when in a mournful mood. Charles Wakefield Cadman, however, tries to forget his own compositions, and plays instead all the melancholy melodies he can think of. Producers will generally try to lose a lachrymose feeling in work. Carl Laemmle, however, hurries to the races, while Jesse Lasky takes a long walk, and Harry Warner visits the Colored and the Hebrew Orphan Asylums in which he is vitally interested.

A good deal of ingenuity and imagination is often exercised by screen and stage stars in devising ways and means of combating the sulks. Sally O'Neil's infallible cure is her autobiography, which is being written only in her despondent moments. Assistant directors know that Lon Chaney used to work off his blues in the property men's cafeteria by discussing local politics with the 'props' and the 'grips.' Victor McLaglen runs off "What Price Glory" in his own projection room, and Pat Rooney manufactures a heated argument with his son Pat, about a dance step.

But all trophies, medals, citations, and blue ribbons for original, exclusive anti-blues prescriptions go hands down to John Boles, the tenor, and Charles Farrell. When depression descends upon him, Boles falls asleep. Charlie Farrell weeps and weeps himself dry!

Confessions of a 'Juicer'

Continued from page 53

he ducks up and changes the focus.

First time we went to his house I went about my work and didn't watch him. Next day half our proofs were bad. So now when we go up there he doesn't get away with that trick. But he has done others. Once he put a piece of sticky fly paper right back of some wires I had to reach—!

Buster Keaton's prize trick was to tie a piece of string back of him to the electric light plug. The minute the photographer would shoot, he'd pull the circuit. After that he settled down and worked swell.

It was up there that I saw Buster smile for the first and only time. As a matter of business, you know, he maintains that frozen face of his wherever he goes in public. But when he plays with his kids, man, what a grin!

Mary Pickford has a butler who can 'bottle' the pants off any one else I know.



Charles Ruggles is imbibing again—only this time it's tea! Charlie is all dressed up for "Charlie's Aunt," his next comedy.

But he sure was poison to me. I was dragging cable through the front hall, after making my hook-up in the kitchen, when this bozo came out and started following me around. He kinda got my goat, me that has never scratched anything anywhere.

Finally Miss Pickford came out and saw the trouble and shoos him away.

"These Britishers don't know as much about pictures as we do," she said. Say, maybe I didn't lay it on thick to the wife that night. "Now Mary sez to me, says she."

When we went down to Marion Davies' beach home we found her in the pool.

"I know you came to work," she told us, "but let's have a swim first." We had a swim, and then we ate, and then we swam some more. And finally we made some pictures. Marion is much like Haines and Keaton. She likes a good joke. She'll test a new photographer every time by shifting her position after he has made his focus. If he isn't quick enough to catch it, it's just too bad.

Hoover took a great liking to the pictures made by one of the photographers I worked with. We went up to Palo Alto and were ushered into the President's house

"LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper. "I never saw her before. Nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed. So! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight? If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. "I can play a little," she said timidly.

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "Nola." Her listeners sat spellbound. Never had she played with such confidence. It was almost an hour before she arose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

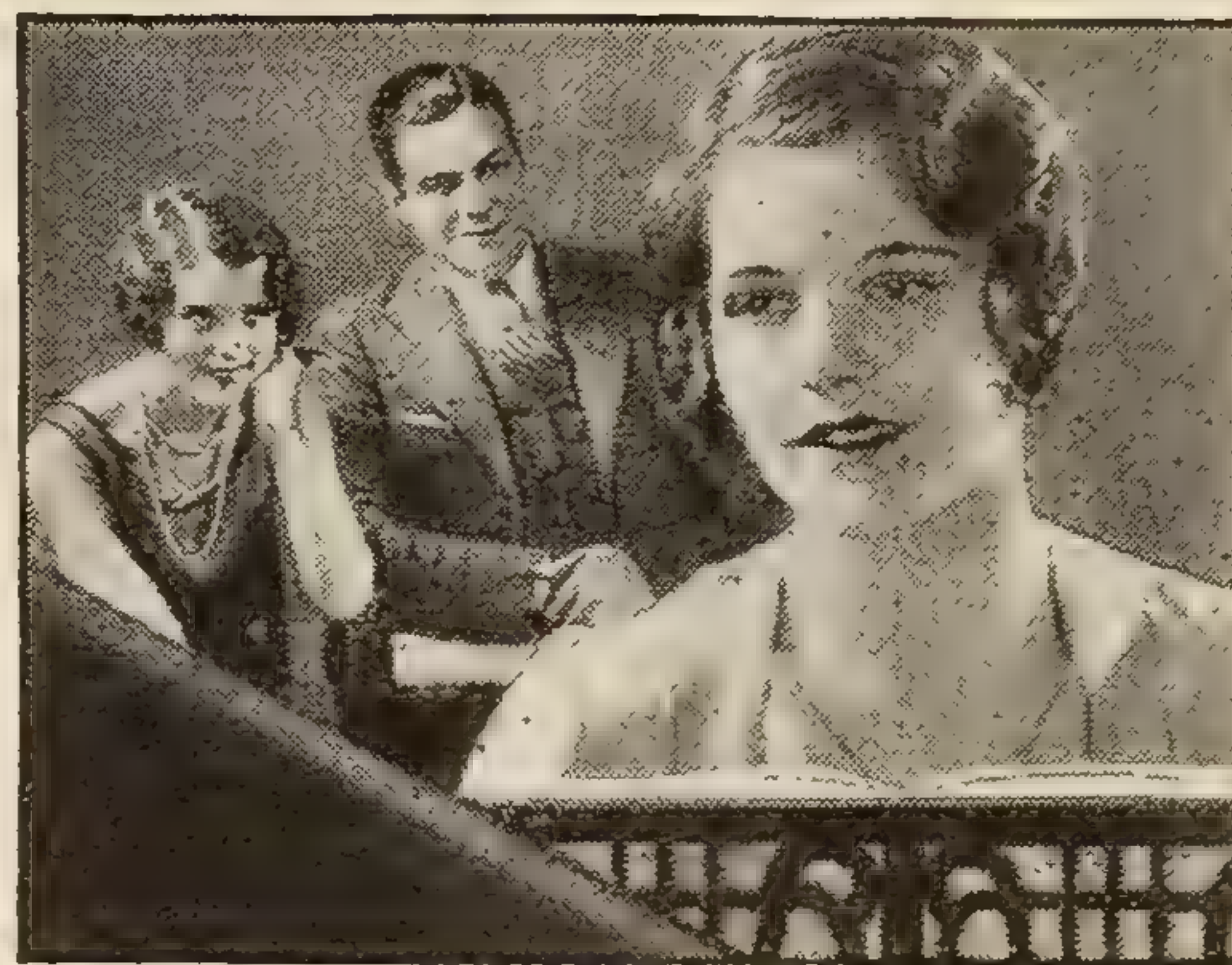
I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher."

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano 'Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone
Or Any Other Instrument

I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However, I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding practice sessions—no tedious finger scales.



It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

This story is so true-to-life that we want you to send for our Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson at once. They prove just how anyone can easily learn to play by note, for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. Select your favorite instrument. The U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Mail the coupon today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3222 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3222 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Send me your amazing free book, 'Music Lessons in Your Own Home,' with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

Instrument _____ Have you this Inst? _____



"South of the Mason-Dixon Line" is but another way of saying "Hospitality"!

HOTEL LUDY

South Carolina Avenue at the Boardwalk

Atlantic City's Newest Centrally Located
Fireproof Hotel is South of the
Mason-Dixon Line

Its rates are as pleasing as its hospitality.
\$5 up Daily—American Plan—\$30 up Weekly
\$2.50 up Daily—European Plan

Fireproof Garage Attached.
R. B. LUDY, M. D.

The HOTEL LUDY

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION at HOME

Every subject taught by fascinating "QUESTION AND ANSWER" method at an amazingly low cost. Now used in 12,000 high schools. Certificate awarded. It's fun to learn this easy, inexpensive spare-time way. Greatest bargain in brain power.

Send for FREE BOOK Find out how YOU can quickly prepare for bigger pay and social culture. Send this ad with name and address for FREE booklet, "What a High School Education Can Do for Me." No obligation.

HIGH SCHOOL HOME-STUDY BUREAU, 31 Union Square, Dept. 3812

New York, N. Y.



FOR MOVIE FANS

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10, glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for \$1.00. Scenes from your favorite photo plays 25c each, 12 for \$2.50. Positively the finest obtainable anywhere. Your first order will convince you. No delay in filling orders. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or scenes you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c stamps. Est. 1912.

BRAM STUDIO
Studio 304, Film Centre Bldg.
630 - 9th Ave., N. Y. City

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Thirty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries.

Write today for Art Year Book
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
Room 3 BATTLE CREEK MICH.





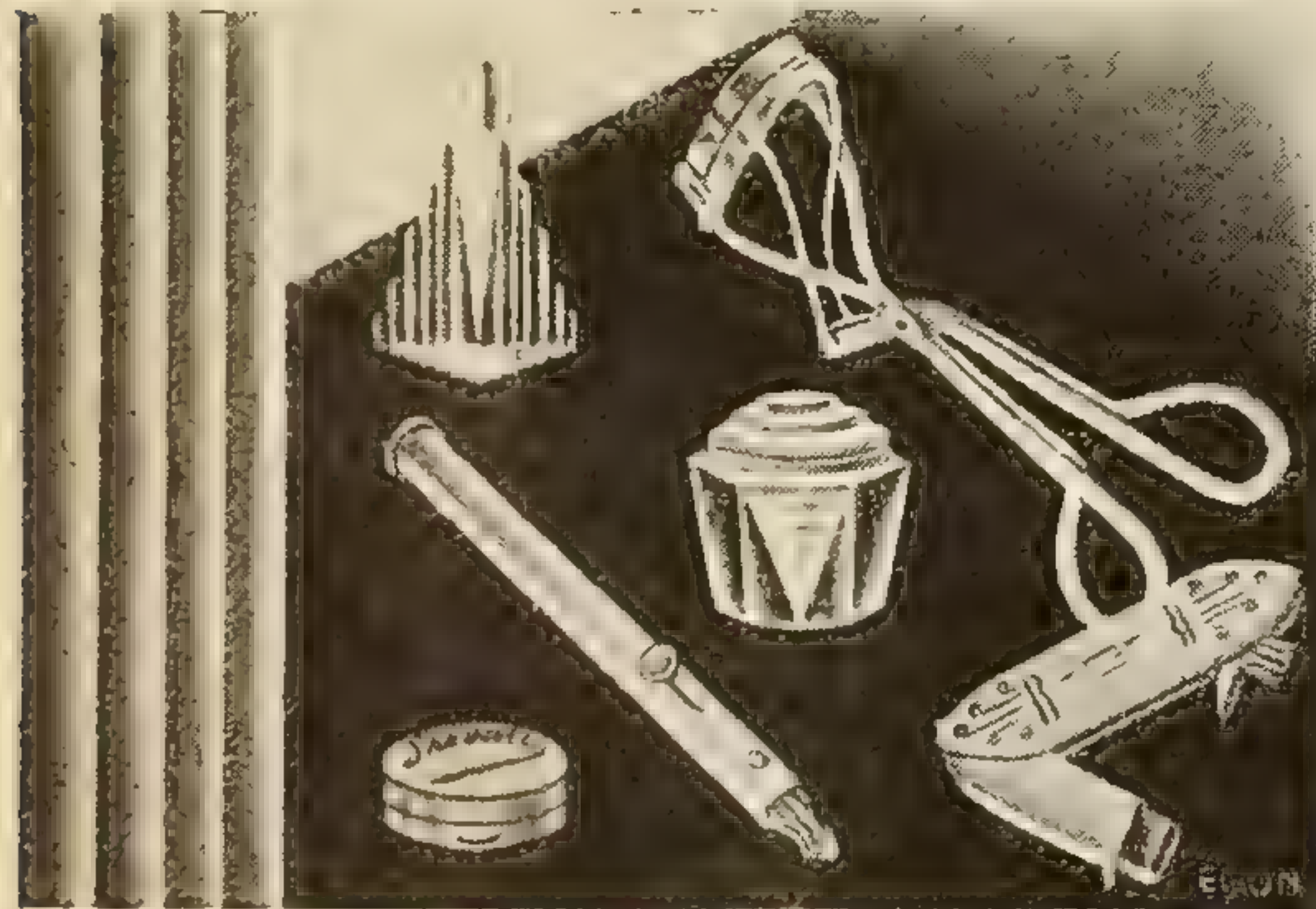
For Eye Beauty

ALL Paris is wild over lovely eyes. Show yours at their best. Here are six aids to eye-beauty—by America's specialists in eye-beauty aids:

Kurlash—eye-lash curler; curls lashes instantly, without heat or cosmetics; makes lashes appear longer, eyes more brilliant with personality. **Kurlene**—European discovery, grows long lashes. **Lashpac**—moistened tip of mascara in stick form is applied direct to the lashes or brows; tiny brush (included in compact) smoothes and separates the hairs. **Tweezette**—automatic tweezer, painless. **Lashtint**—perfumed liquid mascara, waterproof; dries in a jiffy. **Shadette**—new transparent eye-shadow for street and evening. Each \$1.00, at beauty shops, drug and department stores. (Kurlene tubes, Lashpac refills, 50c.)

Write for free folder "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them"

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Dept. 89, Rochester, N. Y.



Good and
Good for You.



Stay BLONDE

...you owe it to HIM

DON'T slack. He'll be the first to notice when your golden hair begins to darken. Use Blondex, the special shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores soft-gleaming brilliance to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A million delighted Blondex users can't be wrong. At all the leading drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

with a lot of ceremony. We were given a lot of instructions as to what we shouldn't do and we were kinda scared.

But the President was a cinch.

He accepted picture-making as just another job and he moved around instantly whenever he was asked.

His curiosity about things is great. He asked a lot of questions about the camera. I was shining a magenta light up into his eyes so as to outline his pupils and give them sparkle. "What's that for?" he asked. "It's colored so it won't hurt your eyes," I answered. You couldn't tell the President of the United States that it was really for the purpose of making him more beautiful!

John Gilbert is, of course, an old hand at studio photography. He knows as much about it as most experts. One day he asked us to come up and photograph his new house. When we arrived, he was very much disappointed at my small, portable lights. "You can't get anything with those," he told us. "Bet you a new hat we can," I said, and I got the new hat. The pictures were swell. John's place has a particularly wonderful view. It looks down over all Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the nearby beaches.



Marion Lessing, beautiful player, new to the screen, in "The Seas Beneath" with George O'Brien.

I've heard nearly all the photographers I worked with say that Norma Shearer is their most satisfactory subject.

This is probably true because Miss Shearer has such an instinct for proper poses, and lighting. There is very little waste time in fixing lights when she gets in front of the camera. That lady knows where all the lights are, and just what they are going to do. Photographers never have to fuss around getting a pose for her. She is a cinch to work with. Wish they were all like her.

The Crown Prince of Sweden got a great thrill out of the pictures we took of him when he was Louis B. Mayer's guest. For outside pictures we have boards covered with tinfoil which we call 'reflectors.' With these we throw light into a subject's face. After he had been under a barrage of these for a while they began to get his goat a little, for the glare is pretty strong.

"I say, old fellow," he called to me, "do you do this to all the stars?" When I told him we did he was satisfied and let us shoot the reflectors at him from all sides.

Sometimes an electrician can help a photographer get a good shot by being just a little extra tactful. When we went up to photograph Grace Moore at her house we wanted to get a picture of her in her kitchen, as she really likes to fuss around cooking stuff. But she didn't like the idea and refused. We went on with our work until noon. I went out into the kitchen to fix my connections, and found Miss Moore dishing up a salad. "Say," I told her. "That's a swell pose, people'll believe that." "Do you really think so?" she answered—and in twenty minutes we had the picture.

I've never been to Greta Garbo's home, because no pictures have ever been taken there. But I've acted as 'outside guard' many times when she has had pictures taken at the studio. I would set my lights and then go outside the studio to make sure that no one came in. Greta Garbo is an easy photographic subject, if strangers are kept out. She works hard and knows how to pose. She doesn't come often to the photographer's, but when she does she follows his orders so easily that in a day he can finish an extraordinary number of poses. And it's done silently. She rarely says a word. If the photographer says, "Move to the right," she does it, without comment. I have focussed lights on her hundreds of times, and I don't believe I have heard her say a hundred words.

Cecil De Mille and Charlie Schwab are both men with a reputation for having forceful minds of their own. But when they're before a camera they are like lambs. They meekly do whatever is asked of them. One morning De Mille got up from his breakfast, walked to another room and before a camera, did everything we told him, and in ten minutes we had taken a dozen good photographs. Finished, he thanked us and walked away. He is a very cordial man and makes you feel very much at home.

Charlie Schwab is a great kidder. He tried to make up a tale that he and I were in the steel mills together and we were having a grand time until Mrs. Schwab told him to stop, that I was working for a living and he was wasting my time.

When you go to Ramon Novarro's house one thing must always be done. You must get a private picture of the star's mother for him personally. Novarro's affection for his family is a very real thing.

I could go on for hours talking of various stars whose homes I have visited as a 'juicer.'

Nearly all of them have very nice, well decorated homes. Some few of them have very special hobbies which make their homes particularly distinctive. Fred Niblo's collection of hats always makes a fine background for pictures; likewise, Bill Hart's group of guns taken from famous wild-west killers. Kay Johnson has a bedroom in Chinese style that is tough to light because of all the thick, beautiful Chinese embroidery, that soaks up light like a sponge. Joan Crawford's place was once hard to photograph because it had comparatively few windows and went in for heavy shadows. In remodeling, however, she had young Doug poke in new windows and made it one of the most attractive places in Hollywood.

As for the folks themselves, there are a few who are temperamental and sometimes unreasonable at the studios, but never at home.

I've had a lot of swell times on this assignment of mine.

The only thing that is tough about it is its effect on the indigestion. I'm getting so I can say, "No more caviar" with all the sincerity of one of these old Russian dukes!

The Munson Line

Continued from page 83

should really be prefaced with a description of what was in Ona's girlish life from the time she learned to toddle onwards. It would be pleasant and romantic, wouldn't it, to have Ona tell us that instead of learning to walk, as a child, she learned to dance? But it would be a fib, and anyway who would believe it?

Dancing came soon enough, and at the age of eight years, Ona felt herself ripe for Broadway. She penned a letter to the firm of Klaw and Erlanger, and in the neatest and the most impressive scrawl at her command, informed these gentlemen that at a word from them she was ready, there and then, to leave Portland, Oregon, and home, come East and replace Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs." P. S. She *didn't* get the job.

During her school days, she continued to practice dancing. Her parents—the family name is Wolcott and Ona is a direct descendant of Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—refused to let her perform publicly, feeling that it was in bad taste to show off their child. Little Ona by this time felt that the Ziegfeld Roof was the most desirable spot in the world, and New York the place she must storm.

It was hard for her mother to consent to let her only child come to New York to spend the summer studying dancing under a dancing virtuoso. But the consent was given; mother felt she would have Ona back by Fall. Ona had her own ideas. Never, she told herself, would she return to Portland before she—and millions of others—had seen her name incandescent on the marquees of Broadway's popular theaters.

While she was gaining terpsichorean proficiency under Tarasoff, in his ballet school, a visitor approached her after class work. It was none other than Gus Edwards, discoverer of child prodigies for the stage and screen. She appeared in his revue in two specialty dances. George White saw her and was so impressed that he asked her to understudy Ann Pennington and do several dances with him in his show. A few years later she was given the title rôle in his first musical comedy, "Manhattan Mary." The electric lights

were hers, and she was free to return for a visit to the home folks in Portland.

Ona likes Hollywood. She can be seen, while there, enjoying herself at the Mayfair and the Embassy, just as in New York she is a frequenter of the smart Casino. Both in New York and in Hollywood she has a reputation as a considerate and tactful hostess, a girl who doesn't look like an actress, whose principal asset is her natural charm. But to her, New York is home, and she will probably be flitting between these far-flung outposts as long as she remains in pictures.



Anita Page in tricky sweater and cap, all ready for a vacation trip to the mountains.

Ona is the author of two, as yet unproduced plays, which she feels will have to be translated into a foreign language and then re-translated into English before producers will look at them. Since coming to New York seven years ago, she has taken a dancing lesson every day of her life. She is a past mistress of ballroom, toe, tap, acrobatic and musical comedy dancing; only the Harlem 'snake-hips' dance stumps her and she is resigned to her limitation in this form of serpentine shimmy.

She is overjoyed with her picture work. It doesn't seem likely she will ever grow blasé at having a chair bearing her name on the studio set. She has no intention to buy a home or an apartment; her reason is that there are too many beautiful ones to be leased, and a stage or screen star never knows when her plans will take her elsewhere. There is always the possibility that she may take it into her head to go globe-trotting. Havana—not because of its wild night life, but despite it—she adores. She spent a year with her mother bicycling through Europe, and likes Switzerland on the strength of its cheeses, England on the strength of its weak tea, France on the strength of its impossible coffee, and Italy on the strength of never having been there.

She has done many things, you see, been places, and hasn't yet stopped experimenting with the adventure of living. She admits to one secret ambition, and is resolved to consummate it: sometime she must referee a professional prize fight!



Kay Francis, as she appeared one night recently when Los Angeles had a brief season of grand opera.



EVELYN BRENT, says: "Congratulations! Straight from the shoulder... to Max Factor and his Society Make-Up."

Any Girl Can Work a Miracle of Beauty with...

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful than you Really Are?

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, reveals the Secret, and offers you a priceless Beauty Gift! See the Coupon below.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret...a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty; new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of Make-Up.

Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

"Cosmetics...powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials...must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and redheads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film...have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars...Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood...and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Amazing Book Free...Learn Hollywood's make-up secret.



LUPE VELEZ
Universal Star and Max Factor,
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony, FREE. You'll also receive his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-2-35
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page, book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair		Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy		Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____

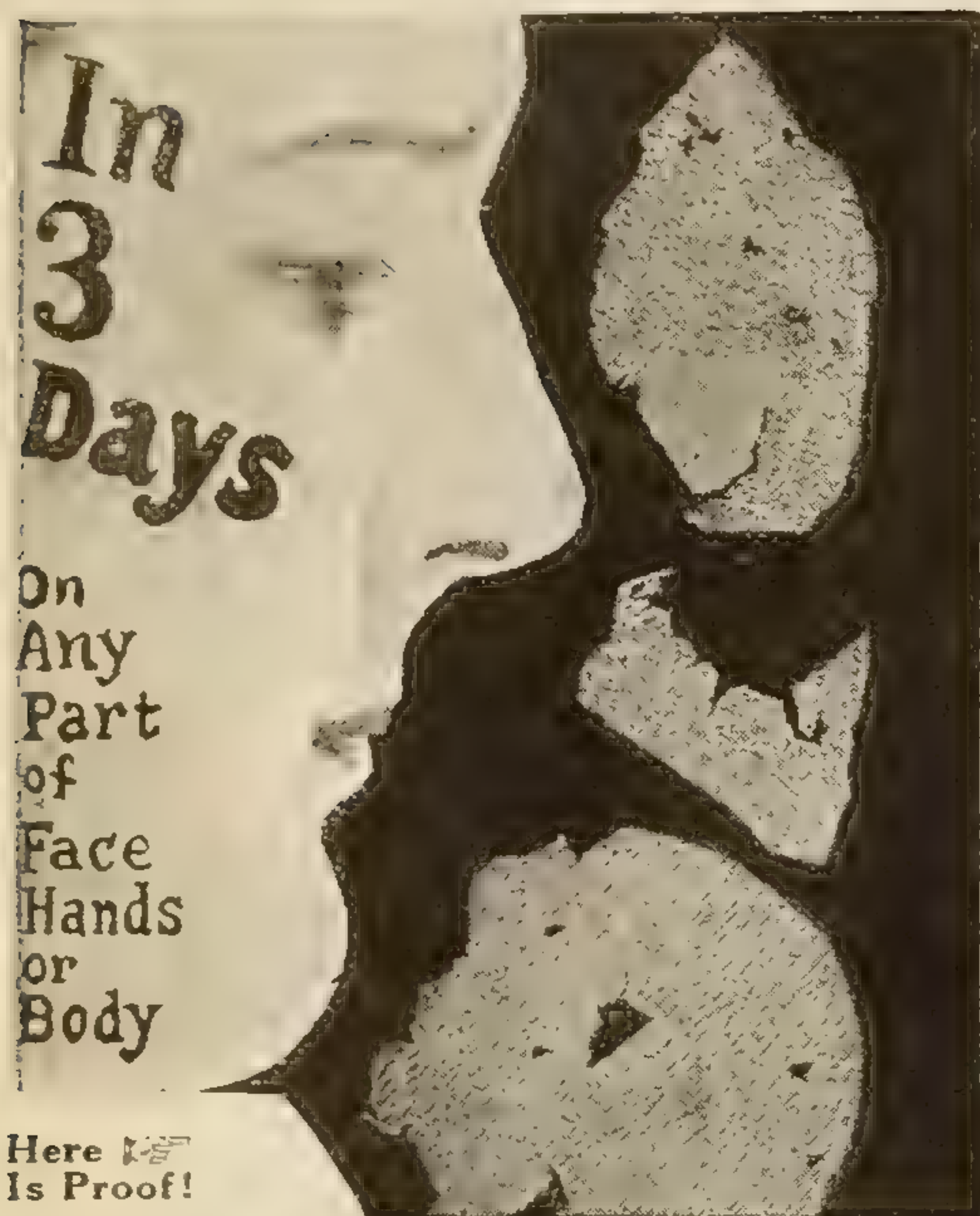
Address _____

City _____ State _____

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

A New Skin

Smooth, Clear and Beautiful
New Discovery Removes
Old Blemished Skin



Read Free Treatise Offer Below!

Say Goodbye to your pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin, shiny nose, surface wrinkles, freckles, rough skin and signs of approaching age. Because now you can peel them off in a simple, harmless way, usually in three days' time.

What would you say if you awoke some morning—looked in your mirror and saw a new, youthlike, clear skin on your face, and the ugly blemishes all gone?

You would jump with joy—just like thousands of people have done who have learned how to perform this simple treatment themselves—the same that foreign beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for.

—and, what was considered impossible before—the absolute removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, surface wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by any person at home usually in 3 days' time, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE by the author. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion, or signs of approaching age. Simply send your name and address to Wm. Witol, Dept. K-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

Public Speaking - Has Its Rewards

If you are interested—

—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

2601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 6322, Chicago, Illinois

The next issue of
SCREENLAND
Will be on sale Feb. 1

Be-Blonded Picture Parties!

Continued from page 85

Lawrence Tibbett came over to chat and to announce that he was through being a host and waiter and was just going to be himself, and we told him he couldn't do any better possibly than just that.

"If any of you see anything you want, just take it!" said Lawrence.

Somebody asked Lawrence to sing after supper, but, of course, no singer would warble after he had eaten, so he did a funny fall instead.

Somebody asked Lawrence if he was falling for Anita Page, and he said, "Oh, no, he could fall for her standing up!"

Ramon Novarro was in jovial mood, going about kidding everybody.

"Ramon is another untemperamental singer," whispered Patsy.

He sang for us, some of his lovely Spanish songs.

Rob Wagner, the writer, and his wife sat at table with us. Rob declared his wife, who is taller than himself, was growing all the time!

"I'm going to climb on her shoulder and jump off and commit suicide!" Rob grinned.

Lawrence Tibbett's mother was among the guests, awfully proud, apparently, of her famous son.

We moved over to Elsie Janis' table, where a crowd had gathered, and were in time to hear her tell about a dinner party at Cecil B. De Mille's house.

"They say that everybody 'yesses' Mr. De Mille," Elsie related. "That isn't so. His family doesn't. That's a place where everybody is encouraged to speak his mind. His daughter said to him, 'I'll tell you what's the matter with your heroes—they never have any sex appeal.' And from then on everybody criticized frankly, while

Mr. De Mille sat and took it all either good-humoredly in silence, or in logically argumentative mood."

"Oh, dear," said Hedda Hopper, who had joined the group, "none of these grand opera stars is going to sing. I had so hoped to hear something for nothing!"

Catherine Dale Owen asked Elsie to let her wear her pearls awhile, and Elsie handed them over, saying, "Oh, yes, I'm always letting somebody wear them for an evening!"

They were a tremendously long string, and unto those pearls a tale is attached.

Ramon and Elsie began a kidding sort of scuffle, and Elsie, who had her pearls back by that time, took them from her neck and handed them to Lawrence Tibbett to keep. Lawrence, having to bid some guests goodbye, tossed them on a table, thinking they were the usual imitations.

Elsie went home later on, forgetting all about the pearls for several hours. Then she frantically telephoned the Tibbetts. A scurry ensued in search of them, and they were finally discovered under the kitchen table!

Evidently they had been brushed off the table where Lawrence had thrown them, and had probably been moved about under foot until they found their humble resting place. Everybody, including the servants, evidently had thought them imitations. As a matter of fact, they are a string a yard and a half long, and one of the most valuable sets in this country!

Claire Ray was among the guests, having come west for the first time since she and her husband, Charles Ray, went to New York four years ago.

We hear that she and Charles are to be divorced, but she told us nothing of that. She said that Charles has written a musical comedy, soon to be produced, which promises to be a success.

Charles Ray always was a bookish person, given to writing, and we shouldn't be a bit surprised if he turned writer entirely, although he has lately been studying voice culture with good results.

It was wonderful, the way in which Mrs. Tibbett and her famous husband managed to make each individual guest feel that he was the most honored one, and very late we left for home.

"WELL, of course, nobody would miss one of Leo Carrillo's parties for anything!" exclaimed Patsy. "He's giving one of his famous barbecues down at his Santa Monica Canyon ranch, and Reginald Sharland, the English actor, is going with us."

It was a hot day, and the depths of the canyon, under the big sycamores and oaks, was most welcome.

Leo had just returned from a long tour of Australia to enter pictures in Hollywood. He is going to make his famous play, "Lombardi, Ltd.," into a picture.

He was the same old Leo, handsome, warm-hearted Spaniard that he is, and we found him surrounded by guests, but dashing away to the big barbecue oven every once in a while to see how the meat was getting along. The president of the greatest picture company in the world could speak to Leo when he's anxious about his guests and the best he'd get would be an anxious frown, for a minute at least. Then his cordial Spanish hos-



It is reported that Lewis Ayres is 'that way' about Lola Lane. However, no engagement announcement has been made as yet.

pitality would rise to the surface and even the lowliest guest would be put at ease.

Wong Wing, Leo's faithful man-of-all-work, valet and everything, was rushing about as only an Oriental can when he gets excited, amusing the guests, looking after the food, and what not. He is called Wing for no reason whatever that I could discover.

Wing is a privileged character, and can greet a guest with all the gracious condescension of a prince. Profanity is his second name, however, but such an amusing use he makes of it that it adds infinitely to the gaiety of nations. His shrewd wit, his frank observation, make him a feature of all Leo's parties. And he stands all kidding good-naturedly, nearly always having a shrewd come-back.

Leo related that the immigration officers in Australia had asked Wing if he were naturalized and he said, "Yes, I belong to Equity!"

Leo had had an awful time getting Wing into Australia, where no members of the colored or yellow races are allowed to enter, but Leo finally managed to have him okayed. However, Leo had to use a white man as a valet; that is, the white man supervised, but really Wing kept calmly on his way as dresser.

There were very many stage people, now in pictures, present, with a sprinkling of the regular film people.

Pauline Starke, looking as pretty and young as ever, was there with her husband, Jack White, and other picture people we said hello to were Polly Moran, Lew Cody, Roscoe Arbuckle, Ann Christy and one or two others.

The recruits from the stage included Edgar Allan Woolf, Phyllis Crane, Francis Donegan, Myrt Blum, Kathlene Martyn, Addie McPhail, Georgia Lerch, Dorothy Lee, Alice Ledner, Hazel Flynn, Margaret Young, Sylvia Clifton, Barry Thompson, Dorothy Peacock, Margery Sonneborn, Walter Catlett, Reg Sharland, Harry Stoddard, Gus Shy, Charles Mosconi, J. P. Medbury, Hal Horne, Frank Orsatti, and others.

Edgar Allan Woolf, known for his plays, and who is now writing for the talking pictures, was one of the busiest guests present. Not only was he ministering to the mental side of our host's guests by his wit, but he declared that he was jealous of the cook, and kept running about to see that the food was being properly prepared and placed on the tables, which were long, rough, board affairs, with benches to sit on.

We ate off paper plates, and never did anything taste better than those chili beans and that barbecued mutton, washed down with grape juice or near-beer or coffee, drunk from tin cups.

Somebody asked Wing to do an imitation of Edgar Allan Woolf, and Wing gave one of him as a diamond merchant which was so funny that Woolf himself smiled.

"Now I'll do a Chinese imitation and you do an Irishman," Woolf came back at Wing.

"That damn good!" exclaimed Wing with his good-natured grin.

George Olsen and his wife, Ethel Shutta, were there, Miss Shutta looking as charming as possible.

We had high-priced waiters dashing about, including Woolf, Olsen and Leo himself.

Poor little Ethel Shutta unsuspectingly accepted a red pepper when it was passed around, just as any little tenderfoot would have done, and repented in tears.

Polly Moran gathered up the remains of her mutton, wishing she had a paper sack, because she said she wanted to take the bits home to her dog, and George Olsen dashed about and found a lot of paper napkins for her.

Leo told us about the kooka-burra bird he had brought from Australia with him. He also said that they were bridging Sidney Harbor over there, but had a strike every other day, so that he thought that "never the twain would meet."

He said he adored the Australians, who had been marvelous to him.

Woolf went about prophesying how long each person would live. He told Patsy she would live to be eighty-four; Pauline Starke that she would see sixty-one; Reginald Sharland, fifty-nine.

There was some entertainment, with the entertainers standing up on the bit of turf banked around one of the huge trees.

Woolf gave some marvelous imitations of everybody from a famous German aviator, to an imaginary German composer come to America and putting on his latest opera. I think I have never heard anything quite so amusing.

Polly Moran refused to perform, said she was lovely in a drawing room!

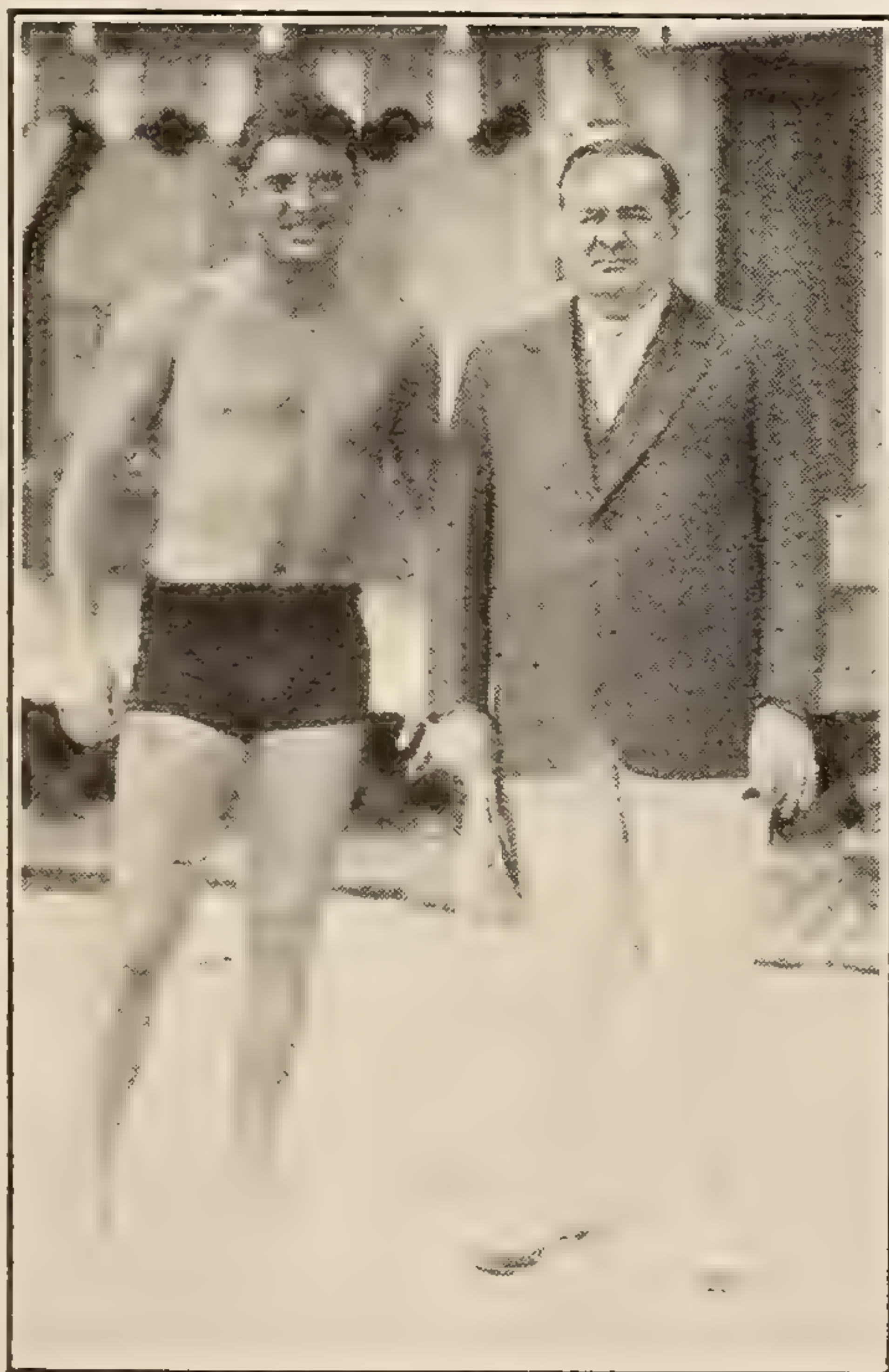
Mr. Medford refused, too, saying he wasn't "wired for sound."

Ethel Shutta sang one of her famous songs, and Wing got up, sang a song and made a speech; Walter Catlett told some of his funny stories in his own inimitable way; Leo read a couple of highly informal poems. When Wing sang, Leo beat an accompaniment on a tin cup. Arbuckle sang a spicy song.

Leo told how, in Atlantic City, they charged Wing six dollars for some steak, and how Wing had retorted, "H--l, I can buy a whole cow for ten dollars."

Wing, you see, had had an act in vaudeville at one time, involving some chickens and ducks, but it didn't do very well, so Wing ate up his cast!

Amid his duties as waiter, Wing en-



Malibu Beach has been appropriated by the film colony, both players and executives. Here is James R. Grainger, Vice President and General Sales Manager of Fox, taking a rest with his son, J. Edmund Grainger, Associate Producer.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

Girls Test Your Art Ability FREE



IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, here is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Federal Graduates Are Successful

Many Federal School students and graduates—girls as well as men—are making \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000, and \$6,000 yearly. In Commercial Art work you can earn *as much as a man of equal ability*. Millions are paid yearly for illustrations and designs. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by the leading artists, gives you *personal* criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work.

Send for Free Art Questionnaire

By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire—and we will also send our book, "Your Future," showing work of Federal Students and explaining the course in detail. Please state age and occupation.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

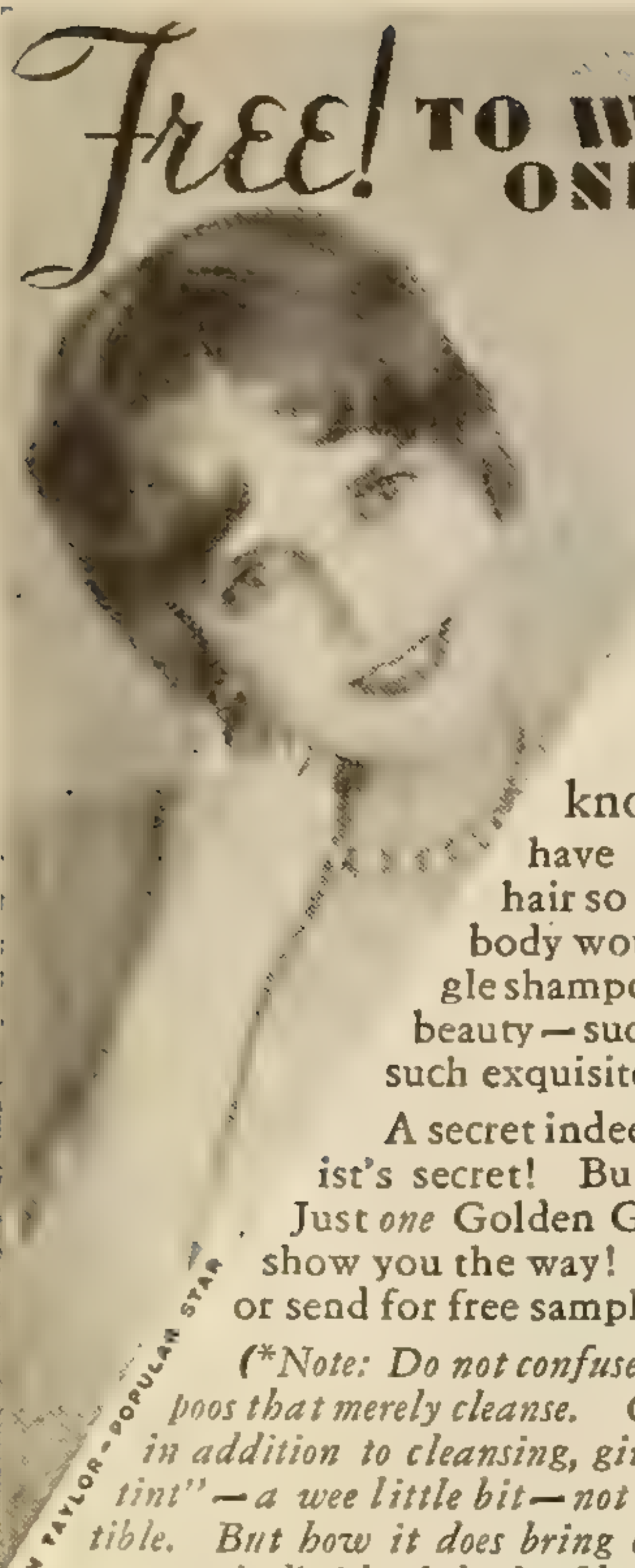
1080 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send Free Art Questionnaire and book, "Your Future."

Name.....

Age..... Present Occupation.....

Address.....

Free! TO WOMEN ONLY...



this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

MAIL COUPON NOW

J. W. KOBI CO., 633 Rainier Ave., Dept. B
Seattle, Wash. * * * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

BUNIONS DISSOLVED AWAY



Test FREE Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. *Fairyfoot* gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment **absolutely FREE!**

FAIRYFOOT PRODUCTS COMPANY
1223 S. Wabash Avenue Dept. 692 Chicago, Ill.

Hollywood Sweetheart Bracelets



Be the first to own one—arouse admiration! **UNUSUAL GIFTS!**

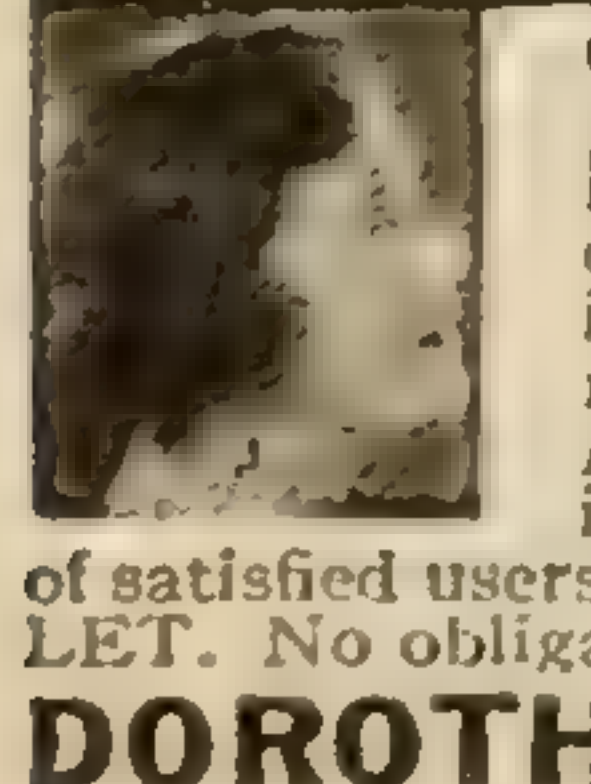
(A) **PHOTOGRAM** Bracelet—Two initials as desired and frame for photo. Plati-royd finish—never tarnishes.

(B) **AMALINK** Bracelet—Any four letters and one emblem as desired. Unusual—Attractive! **EITHER** Bracelet—Postpaid \$2.00 (C.O.D. plus Postage).

Rush order—State initials—Send check or Money Order.

NAT'L CRAFTS CO.
20 West 27th St.
Dept. 251, New York

Beautiful COMPLEXION in 15 Days..



Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, oily skin, whiteheads, etc. Have a soft, rosy, clear complexion in a few days. No lotion, salves, clay-masks, soap. No dieting, nothing to take. **Harmless**, quick sure method. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Thousands of satisfied users for over 15 years. Send for **FREE BOOK-LET**. No obligation. Send no money. Just get the facts.

DOROTHY RAY 646 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE
DEPT. 2521, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE 8x10 PHOTOGRAPH

Of Your Favorite MOVIE STAR with every \$2.00 order.

ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS
4 for 50c 9 for \$1.00
20 for \$2.00 31 for 3.00
54 for 5.00 115 for 10.00

55 Different Poses of
Sue Carol Rudolph Valentino John Gilbert
HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1, Dept. F., Hollywood, Calif. U. S. A.
Dealers Wanted

tertaind us with his ideas of what would be novel in vaudeville.

"Go up in airplane; catchem angel; take him Palace; easy get ten thousand dollars a week!"

Leo told how he had taken Wing, all dolled up like a Mandarin, to the Lambs' Club in New York, one night, to a banquet, pretending Wing was a Chinese notable. He was supposed to be able to speak only Chinese, and Leo pretended to translate. All went well until, Leo leaving the room for a moment, Wing went on the loose. To tease him somebody told him in confidence this was the Friars' Club, and that the Friars and Lambs were rivals. Then he said aloud, "And, my good Wing, what do you think of the Friars?" All eagerness to please, Wing exclaimed. "Friars great!" Then, to cinch the matter, he exclaimed: "Lambs lousy!" which nearly broke up the meeting!

Darkness began to gather in the canyon before we left, voting it all great fun.

"I THINK it is very unselfish of a lady to give a birthday party for herself," declared Patsy. "There's all the trouble of preparation, and you're sure to get gifts, anyway."

"Just a gold-digger at heart, aren't you?" I told her.

"Well, anyway," Patsy said, "Julia Faye is giving a birthday party, and we're invited. But we're told specifically 'No gifts,' so I can't take her that simple string of pearls I was thinking of!"

Julia greeted us looking beautiful in a pale pink, lace gown, which made a lovely contrast to her dark hair, and she was assisted in receiving by that astonishingly young-looking, pretty mother of hers.

One of the first guests we met was Catherine Dale Owen, looking stunningly pretty in white. She and Mrs. Henry Majors were chatting, and Mrs. Majors was showing Catherine a clever little vanity box. It looked like a box of matches, made of silver, but when you came to investigate the matches they were tipped with lip rouge. She had brought it from Paris.

Mr. Majors, you know, is the artist who makes all those clever caricature busts of famous people.

One of them at that moment, by the way, rested on a coffee table downstairs, and we found Cecil B. De Mille, whom the bust represented, looking at it in amused admiration.

Mrs. De Mille was there, too, looking very handsome in a black and white evening gown.

Mr. De Mille held quite a little levee, as he sat in a big chair. He had broken his foot, and could not move about. The accident had occurred a few days before on his yacht, but he had bravely kept up, refusing to go to bed. Since the party, however, he has had to submit to bed and treatment.

But that evening he was as gay as could be.

He told us that one of the few places in the world that is silent is his ranch. He has no radio nor even a telephone. No trains or automobiles pass close to it. And we found that he makes a hobby of raising pheasants, has thousands of them, so many that he has sold some to other people with the same fad, and for breeding purposes. But he won't sell them to the markets for food. He has also given a number away to pheasant fans.

He told us about his trip along the California coast, and of the lovely islands

he found, which some day, though they are barren now, will doubtless become summer resorts.

Dr. Francis Groman was our dinner partner. He is a musician who has a good deal to say about the music at Pathé studios. He told us an amusing story about Ann Harding:

"Miss Harding was supposed to play the piano in a scene we were to take," he related. "So I sat down to the piano with her and showed her how to hold her hands and how to finger the keys so as to look as though she were playing. But I hadn't left her for ten minutes, after the scene was over, before I heard someone playing beautifully. I came to see who the musician was. Imagine my embarrassment when I saw that it was Ann who was playing! How demurely she accepted my instruction a few moments before! I fried in my blushes as she smiled sweetly at me from over the piano top!"

Dinner had been served at little tête-à-tête tables, and after we had finished, paper-backed books, containing horoscopes and birthday fortunes, were distributed at each table.

We discovered that Shakespeare and Bud Fisher had been born on the same day of September!

"My horoscope," announced John Loder, "says that I should never wear anything I don't like, and I remember suffering unspeakable torments, as a little boy, when my mother dressed me in a Lord Fauntleroy velvet suit!"

"I'll bet you liked it!" Catherine Dale Owen rallied him.

The two had come together, and Mr. Loder seemed very attentive.

Miss Owen discovered that she should be wearing an emerald, but showed us her exquisite white hands entirely innocent of that gem.

"But I have no emerald," she said quite pathetically. "What shall I do?"

"A desperate situation, I should say," smiled Mr. De Mille. "I suggest that you either get an emerald or re-write the book!"

The talk turning to Aimee Semple Macpherson, California's sensational red-headed evangelist, who has been in some exciting episodes, Bessie McCaffey, Mr. De Mille's research expert, demanded to know, with that roguish grin of hers whether it was true that Clara Bow was her daughter!

Paul Fejos, we found, was master of some clever magic tricks, including card and sleight of hand feats. We sat very close to him, but he was much too clever for any of us. One stunt was especially interesting. That was a card trick. He began with a regular-sized pack of cards, which he made to disappear. Brought them back as cards that were smaller. Kept on making them disappear, each time bringing them back smaller, until the last pack was about the size of one inch by half an inch.

Victor Varconi and his sweet wife were among the guests. They had lately returned from their native Hungary. They came over to chat with us, and Mr. Loder said that Hungary was the ideal place to live.

"It's all right for the men," Mrs. Varconi remarked, "but the women aren't so happy, because the men are too happy!"

Ernest Vajda, the author, and Adrian, the artist, were among the guests.

We lingered until a late hour, and decided that Julia's birthday had brought a lot of people happiness.

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

Oh, for a Man! *Fox.* Jeanette MacDonald delightful in an opera star rôle, with Reginald Denny providing the masculine interest and providing it very well.

One Night at Susie's. *First National.* An underworld drama saved by the beauty of Billie Dove and the sensitive performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Worth seeing if they're two of your favorites.

Playboy of Paris. *Paramount.* Maurice Chevalier in a light-hearted farce. Story no good but what does it matter? When Maurice smiles—the world is happy. *

Renegades. *Fox.* Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and Noah Beery in a finely-acted, but highly implausible tale of French legionnaires à la Hollywood. Good fight scenes.

Sea Legs. *Paramount.* An unbelievable plot, set in an unbelievable locale, but through the efforts of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Lillian Roth, Eugene Pallette, and Albert Conti, an amusing film is the result.

See America Thirst. *Universal.* A jazzy satirical burlesque on all the underworld films. Harry Langdon, Slim Summerville, and Bessie Love put it over at the box-office.

Sin Takes a Holiday. *Pathé.* Constance Bennett, for the nonce a little stenographer, makes good in business in a big way by marrying her boss, Kenneth MacKenna. Basil Rathbone and Zasu Pitts assist. *

The Bat Whispers. *United Artists.* Mystery thriller with Chester Morris, Una Merkel and William Bakewell. Of course, spooky houses, a fortune involved, and a mysterious menace. *

The Cat Creeps. *Universal.* Whooo! Haunted houses. Midnight. *Sturm und Drang.* Helen Twelvetrees, Neil Hamilton, Lilyan Tashman and Raymond Hackett keep the mystery alive—but why?

The Dancers. *Fox.* Lois Moran, as an English school girl, goes decidedly sophisticated. Plenty of night club background, fights, hangovers, plane flights, but Lois remains a lily pure. *

The Girl of the Golden West. *First National.* Puccini's opera and Belasco's old thriller made into an uninspiring talkie despite the great work of Ann Harding.

The Hate Ship. *British International.* Nearly all the action takes place on a yacht where the polished but sinister host, Jameson Thomas, has the habit of shooting his friends. Good suspense.

The Love Trader. *Tiffany.* Henry B. Walthall is the trading vessel captain with the young wife. Another South Sea romance, with Leatrice Joy, Roland Drew, Barbara Bedford, Chester Conklin and Noah Beery.

The Port of Missing Men. *Tiffany.* Just an average western—with talk, featuring Bob Steele and Al St. John. No new story angles. Little to recommend it.

The Pay Off. *Radio.* Lowell Sherman directing and acting in a crook drama with a weak plot. Marian Nixon, William Janney and Hugh Trevor are Sherman's co-conspirators. Good acting.

The Third Alarm. *Tiffany.* Ye brave fire fighters, two orphan kids, and plenty of real red flames make this a good old melodrama which will prove popular with the youngsters and grown-ups alike.

The Utah Kid. *Tiffany.* A real old-time western with talk. Packs a mean punch, with Rex Lease and Tom Santschi doing the wallop. Of course, the hero's a member of a bandit gang and saves the gal.

The Virtuous Sin. *Paramount.* Story tripe but acting really wonderful. Kay Francis, Walter Huston and Kenneth MacKenna all give ace performances.

Tol'able David. *Columbia.* Richard Cromwell scores a hit in Richard Barthelmess' silent hit of years ago, the old Hergesheimer story of mountain feuds, with resultant disaster and death. *

Viennese Nights. *Warner Brothers.* An all-Technicolor operetta full of fire and romance with Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray, and Walter Pidgeon. Beautiful music by Sigmund Romberg. Don't miss it! *

* Reviewed in this issue.

Short Features:

By Appointment. *Paramount.* A young blade broke on New Year's Eve night, with a heavy date with a pretty girl—a good fast comedy with the climax in an Automat restaurant.

Cleaning Up. *Paramount.* Chester Conklin and Mack Swain, two silent favorites, in a slap-stick talkie. As rival street cleaners, they clean up—and how!

Five Minutes from the Station. *Warner Brothers.* This one of inviting the boss out for dinner while the wife has trouble preparing the meal is pretty thin. Comedy weak. Story stale.

Go to Blazes. *Universal.* Charlie Murray and George Sidney up to their old tricks. Gags are pretty old but the director has crammed this one so full of action that it gets by.

A Hollywood Theme Song. *Educational.* A grand burlesque on the theme song, set in a martial atmosphere. Harry Gribbon leaves his home town to enlist, and bursts into song on no provocation at all. A clever comedy. *

One Nutty Night. *Pathé.* You know this one about the amateur detectives who go to protect a young couple in a haunted house. Old gags, but Robert Carney and Si Wills, the comedians, have a good line.

Not So Quiet on the Western Front. *British International Pictures.* A miniature musical with a bunch of British soldiers hitting it up in a French cabaret. Good clowning.



Grow— Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffelfinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 6542 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money. Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid. Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

Name.....
St. Address.....
City..... State.....

Truly a Miracle... instant beautifier for all... no cosmetics. Simply apply pure M-B Saline—leave it on your face 5 minutes—to rejuvenate your skin—then wash it off. Like a flash your sallow blemished complexion clears right up—becomes more smooth, firm, delicately radiant and glowing. Just give it 5 minutes' time on your face. Works quick and sweet. Praised by over 200 movie stars... in 5 minutes' time a peach-bloom texture glorifies the skin... it's all so amazing. Made in California from a U. S. Government approved product. A \$3.00 sealed jar sent on approval. Mail this ad to Robert H. Hilton, 31 South St., Newark N. J. And enclose just 25c handling charge. Guaranteed astonishing results or no pay... © 1930 R. H. H.

Denison's Plays
55 Years of Hits
We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 14 Chicago

Songs Minstrels Musical Comedies Operettas Vaudeville Acts Blackface Skits
Catalogue Free

Be The Man Behind the Camera



LEARN

Motion Picture Photography
"Still" Photography
Motion Picture Projection

ADVENTURE — thrills — more action in a week than the average man sees in a lifetime—AND GOOD PAY, TOO. Splendid opportunities—fascinating work.

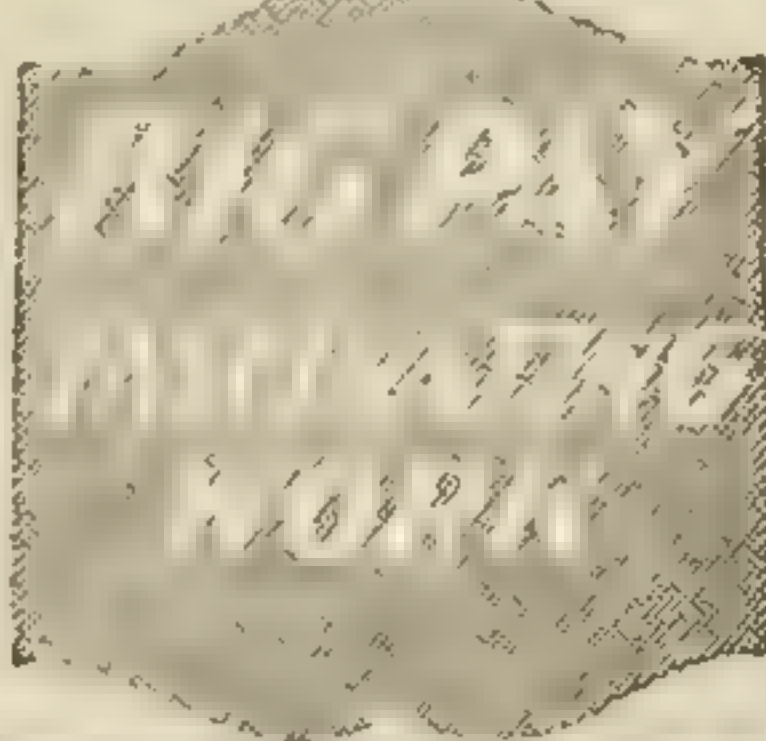
Motion Picture Photography is just one of the branches of the billion-dollar photographic field. Today there are opportunities everywhere for expert projectionists—photo-finishers—"still" photographers.

"Sound" Course **FREE** of extra charge

Our complete course in "Sound" and "Talking" Pictures included **FREE** of extra charge with either the Motion Picture Photography or Motion Picture Projection Course.

Previous experience unnecessary. Age or lack of education no obstacle. Simplified Method trains you. **FREE** book tells how you can qualify. Mail coupon NOW.

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. AB-536, 10 W. 33rd St.
New York, N. Y.



YOUR SUCCESS COUPON

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. AB-536, 10 W. 33d St., New York City
Without cost or obligation send me a copy of your **FREE** book and details about:

☐ Motion Picture Photography or ☐ Projection
☐ "Still" Photography or ☐ Photo-Finishing

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Aviation Adventure

Big Pay Thrills..Popularity

THERE is no field that offers such amazing opportunities for daring, ambitious young men as does Aviation! It clamors for men with courage, nerve and self-reliance to fill thousands of highly-paid jobs open only to trained men. Get into this thrilling business while it is still in its infancy and uncrowded! Now—by a unique new home-study plan—you can quickly secure the basic training in spare time. Fascinating, interesting—almost like the work itself. Men with actual experience guide you. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints and bulletins—tell you what you need to know. New Free booklet *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry* now ready. Tells you how to get into the Aviation Industry. Simply send your name and address for your copy. No obligation.



NOW SENT FREE

American School of Aviation, Dept. 6322
3601 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98¢**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 50¢ plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer

With each enlargement we will send **FREE** a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY

900 W. Lake St., Dept. B-201, Chicago, Ill.



Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 32-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



Par and Double Par. *Pathé.* A jolly and entertaining comedy for golfers and muffers. Opens with Bobby Jones, the world champ, giving various slow motion shots of his strokes. Interesting.

Polo. *Visuagrophic.* A box-seat view of the International Polo Match between the British and the American teams, held at Meadowbrook, Long Island. Well worth catching.

Racing With Death. *Universal.* Bobby Nelson, the kid who resembles Jackie Coogan as he used to be, is the hit of this circus picture, third of a series. Chariot crash as the big climax.

Take Your Medicine. *Educational.* Andy Clyde, as one of these hypochondriacs who's doctoring all the time, Vernon Dent, and Patsy O'Leary make this color comedy with surf-board climax a good bet.

The Bluffer. *Educational.* The first of the Mack Sennett one-reelers done in color. Andy Clyde, Lincoln Stedman and Patsy O'Leary provide the fun of which there is plenty.

The Comeback. *Universal.* This is one of the roped arena series, with a mixture of high society and rough-neck drama. Sally Blane and Sam Hardy keep the ball rolling.

The Mystic Isles. *Pathé.* The Vagabond Director takes us to Java. Gives a good idea of the craftsmanship of the country, batik, carving, etc., and also of mysterious temple worshippers going through their weird ceremonies.

Traffic Tangles. *Pathé.* Nat Carr and Dot Farley, a married couple with a flock of kids, get in their first traffic jam. Old stuff but we're for it, for we've all been in the same fix.

Vacation Lovers. *Educational.* This beach yarn, reminiscent of the old Mack Sennett days, gives Andy Clyde a chance to kid around surrounded by plenty of mermaid beauty.

Who's the Boss? *IVarners.* Another one of these marital arguments on the subject of household economy. Franklin Pangborn decides he can do a wife's work better than she can. Funny climax.



Betty Compson in a lovely kimono-negligée sent to her by a friend in Japan. Very becoming, Betty.

The Rich Little Working Girl

Continued from page 57

my husband in a scene I know just how he is going to play it, and I know his mannerisms well enough not to be conscious of them. I'm able to play naturally without forcing at all.

"With a stranger you strain to keep in the same tempo and the right mood. And you're a trifle on the *qui vive* for fear of having the scene snatched from under your nose.

"You play more honestly when you play opposite your husband. The romantic part may be affected, as far as the audience goes, but I doubt it. Look at Lunt and Fontanne. Everyone knows they are married. Yet their stage scenes are always tremendously successful. I like to play with Norman."

From the very outset the Colbert career in pictures has been marked by success. Here is an actress who represents that New Era in pictures that you've been reading about, if you do any reading about at all. Claudette is the type that appeals to the adult mind. Her popularity would indicate that the average mentality is on the climb from eleven years to something approximating the age of reason.

Besides her beauty Colbert brings to the screen an authority, a technique that sets her in the forefront of screen actresses. Gone are the Colleen Moores, the Mae Murrays. The Colberts and the Chattertons are the newer order. It is well. In fact it is dandy.

"Manslaughter" was her favorite part. "And surprisingly enough I liked Hollywood, where we made it. I had gone out prepared to dislike it," Miss Colbert said. "I had heard all of the things one hears about Hollywood and I was braced for the shock." She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "It was charming and restful."

She had just started on a picture at Paramount's Long Island studio, an original story in which she is supported by Fredric March and the amusing Charlie Ruggles. Her husband was on the Coast doing a lead opposite an actress called Clara Bow in a picture not to be called "Usherette."

Offstage—offscreen if you will—Colbert is reserved, pleasant, natural. There is no suggestion of the actress about her. You would spot her as a beautiful girl but not as a striking type. Born in France, educated in these United States, she looks distinctly American. She does not dramatize herself as do such lovely ladies as Lily Damita, Estelle Taylor, Jean Harlow. She is ultra-conservative.

Even in the short time that she has been acting for the articulate cameras, the Colbert name has become one to reckon with at the box-office, which is a very important place. She is not a star, but she is distinctly a magnet, which means that stardom may come in time. The camera has not yet succeeded in transferring to the screen her high voltage. In her stage performances her allure was electrical. Thus far the taintypes have been content to project her as a charming woman. She has terrific potentialities if the right director gets hold of her and a story at the same time. Such things sometimes happen.

"As an actress, there is nothing I can tell you that would be interesting," said Miss Colbert. "Acting is the thing I work at, forgetting it when I leave stage or studio. I have no trick ideas, no weird hobbies. There is really nothing I can give you for what you call inside stuff."

But I shall remember Claudette for long. She goes down in the memoirs as the girl who asked for cup custard in a Fifty-eighth Street filling station.



Welcome back to the screen, Vera Reynolds. Above we see Vera as she appears in her rôle in "Borrowed Wives." With her, is her handsome husband, Robert Ellis, prominent screen villain.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Will you give me 10 days TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER

Annette Kellermann

HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust, waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the proof that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over ten years.



40,000 women of every weight, age and condition of life have been benefited by those methods. No need now for you to fear obesity in any part of the body. Graceful posture and poise come with this new figure you will acquire. Health, too—health that will glow in a rosy complexion free from sallowness, wrinkles, pimples, "fag lines." Pep and energy that will make life worth living! Your whole system will be cleansed of impurities. Constipation and other ailments contributing to your present condition will be corrected. And it's fun this quick, easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. I use no drugs or pills; prescribe no starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 922, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 922,
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose _____ pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SONG WRITERS



Advance Royalty Payments,
New Talking-Picture Song requirements, etc., fully explained in our Free instructive book. Writers of Words or Music for songs may submit their work for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose, arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. Write Today—Newcomer Associates. 1676-O Broadway, New York, N. Y.



AN EASY WAY TO
SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep. Lasting results. Gold Medal Winner. 78,000 users. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL
Anita Institute, B-69 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

Amazing youth lingers with thousands of women who have learned the magic of Kremola. This marvelous cream keeps skin young, freshly white, free from dark spots, age lines, and other unlovely defects. There is nothing else like it. Your first box will show you that. Ask your druggist for Kremola. If it fails to enliven your skin to a new, youthful, crystal-clear loveliness your money will be refunded.

Should your druggist be out send name, address and one dollar for new introductory box—a full month's supply, postpaid, to Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. 205, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Then see new youth return.

KREMOLA



Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. **The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited** 252 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Advertising

Send your name and address for free booklet giving interesting information and vital facts about Advertising. Find out how we prepare you at home, in your spare time, for the opportunities open in this fascinating business. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Successful graduates everywhere. Just the Plan you have always wanted. Write today. No obligation.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Dept. 6322, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

\$250 EUROPE

Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sight-seeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E 252."

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION**. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25 cents for this amazing book.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-402, Flatiron Bldg., N.Y.

LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING

At Home in 12 Weeks

Marvelous calling. Many earn \$20 to \$30 weekly caring for invalids in their vicinity WHILE LEARNING. We help secure positions. Write

MISS H. TULL, 6204 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

Is the Stage the Port of Missing Screen Stars?

Continued from page 29

lived play, will make a brief vaudeville appearance. And Ginger Rogers, always popular, is lining them up in "Girl Crazy," a Broadway hit.

Alma Rubens, Ruth Roland and her husband, Ben Bard, Helen Ferguson, Aileen Pringle, Leatrice Joy, and several others are trying their luck in one place or another.

It would seem a pretty hopeless job for these thirty-odd screen people to try to reinstate themselves if it were not for three little facts. Three screen players who were definitely on the skids this time last year have recovered their lost ground with a vengeance: Estelle Taylor, Esther Ralston, and Ricardo Cortez.

And yet it has been barely ten months since I remember all three here in New York and feeling pretty low, too. Esther was dancing with a twisted ankle. Estelle had a big voice and didn't know what to do with it. Ricardo was appearing in vaudeville four times a day and trying to look after his then wife, Alma Rubens, who was just staging her come-back—in his spare moments, if any.

But how times have changed! Esther Ralston, who everybody said was a "nice, pretty girl but had no place in talkies," has just been signed by Metro to play Lawrence Tibbett's leading lady in his forthcoming picture, "The Southerner." Some honor! Estelle Taylor, who appeared with Charlie Farrell in "Liliom," is now playing Dixie Lee, the hot mama, in Richard Dix's "Cimarron," which bids fair to be one of those great big outstanding films which lines them up at the box office. And as for Ricardo, with a five years' contract with Pathé, he should worry!

However, as we run our eyes back over the present list of stage hopefuls who are trying to recover their lost screen ground, only one stands out mightily. And that one, strangely enough, is the little Chinese girl, Wong Lew Tsong, which translated means 'Frosted Yellow Willow,' but in cinema circles we understand it to be Anna May Wong.

Because Miss Wong could only be cast in a limited number of rôles in this country, she went to Germany. Germany and England have been the graveyards of many screen careers. Once out of Hollywood, few come back.

But Anna May has come back. She shows more outstanding dramatic talent than any one screen woman who has appeared on the New York stage. And it isn't luck. She prepared herself! After appearing in "Tsong" and other pictures written for her by the great Dr. Karl Voelmoeller, author of "The Miracle," Anna went to England and played in five British pictures. Also, in an old Chinese stage play which Basil Dean produced. Next, Miss Wong went to Vienna and sang and danced for ten months in a Chinese operetta. But even while she worked she studied strenuously. And returned to America with the ability to read, write and speak perfectly, not only English and her own native Chinese, but also French and German. She made her Broadway debut in Edgar Wallace's mystery "On the Spot," and the whole town fell into her arms. There is no question but that film producers will be clamoring for Anna May. She can return to Hollywood any time she likes with a big fat contract in her hand.

Lillian Gish is another movie star who has made good on Broadway. She appears in one of those Russian plays in which everybody loves the wrong person and nobody gets anywhere. It is perfect for Lil and the critics raved. Don't tell on us, but we were bored. As the sweet, gentle wife of an old Professor, Miss Gish is perfect. But whether she can be versatile, whether she can do anything more than gently sway in the dramatic wind, remains to be seen. She should. She has studied with Max Reinhardt. George Jean Nathan, celebrated writer and stage critic, is her good friend, and his experience could guide her. But whether she is willing to throw off the girlish protective covering which she has worn since her Griffith days and 'get out among 'em' is a problem only Lillian can solve.

Lois Moran is another fair bet, but she has been handicapped for years by her splendid performance in "Stella Dallas." Nobody can forget that Lois is a nice girl, not even when she appears in "This is New York," in a rather sophisticated rôle. I think she should go positively radical—adopt an extreme coiffure, extreme clothes. She ought to quit being sensible—at least for publicity purposes, and play some interesting girls, and then maybe we'd believe she is a real flesh and blood human with the capacity to err as well as the capacity to drink her tea prettily. Lois has all the stuff. The only question is, has she the courage to let herself go?

Poor de Putti, the vest-pocket vamp, has never had a break since "Variety." They know so little how to handle her in this country that perhaps it would be a good thing for her to go back to Germany and start all over again. Her Broadway play folded quickly. We don't have to worry about Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. That comedy team can always keep the wolf from the door. Basil Rathbone had already made his Broadway mark before he ever sniffed the air of Hollywood, so there's no fear for him. Herbert Rawlinson and Montagu Love are good troupers so we needn't be anxious about them.

And now we come to Colleen Moore! We had a letter from her while she was on the road in "On the Loose," in which she said:

"I am nearly dead—done nothing but catch trains and every night is an opening night. If I weren't so exhausted I could have a lot of fun. But I am so tired my sense of humor is at a low ebb. This trying out a play is like the circus. Off after the night show. Up at dawn. All we need are the trained seals and the elephants."

Colleen has worked so hard and amused us so long that she has earned the right to try her luck in another medium. But her play never reached New York. All through the middle west, however, Colleen was a big personal success. The folks loved her. But her play wasn't good enough. Colleen is now resting at the Battle Creek Sanatorium, getting ready, we hope, for another try for Broadway. There's no reason why Colleen can't make the grade. She has brains, great sensitivity to art, color, form, and drama. She is getting away, too, from that Dutch doll make-up and creating a different, more sophisticated personality for herself. When she gets her true bearings, I

personally believe Colleen will go far. She has depth, humor, humanity.

Sally Phipps has no cause for anxiety since she's made a hit in the stage play, "Once in a Lifetime." She works at odd times, too, in the Paramount Long Island Studio. As to Banky and La Rocque, it is too early now to give an estimate. That holds for Baclanova and Soussanin. Soussanin was always fine, in my estimation, on the screen, and so was Baclanova when she was rightly cast. Olive Borden has been in the picture background so long, it's not possible to express a just opinion about her. That holds true of Agnes Ayres, and, of course, of Ruth Roland, who recently made her first talking picture—"Reno"—after a silence of years.

Irene Delroy and Ona Munson were real musical comedy personalities before they essayed Hollywood. And the same is true of Dennis King and Bernice Claire. Ginger Rogers and Mary Lawlor were well liked, too! Irene Rich always has a sure home in screen land. Little Armida, after her big success in "Nina Rosa," can write her own ticket. Lina Basquette, after all her recent bad luck, seems happy at the Club Richman. Just

what her future screen chances are it is impossible to forecast fairly now. Stanley Smith is popular on the screen, as are Seena Owen and Helen Ferguson. But what will happen to Aileen Pringle and Leatrice Joy remains to be seen, as they have been out of pictures for a pretty long period.

The same is true of Alma Rubens and a few others. We rise or fall on our ability to adjust ourselves to existing conditions. When conditions change as they did when talkies hit Hollywood, personalities have to become flexible. Those who are case-hardened, unable to develop their voices, make over their personalities, will fall. On the other hand, those who are tenacious, who have the intelligence and the temperament to keep on—even when the going's tough, like Ralston, Taylor and Cortez—will rise.

Sigrid Unset, the famous Scandinavian novelist, says: "Happy days fall to the wise; but the best days of all befall those who dare to be unwise." And it is among such characters as these, who are unwise enough to keep on tramping even after they feel they are licked, that the real star dust of the future will be found, sifted, and brought to the top.

Is Fredric March Barrymore's Talkie Twin?

Continued from page 51

the stage, which had already begun to crop up in the incipient *Hamlet* like a bump on the head, he received his sheepskin to the tune of the class valedictorian who babbled on in the manner of all that ilk.

Now, in this tale of young Freddie, appears a character in the rôle of benefactor, one who probably never even dreamed that anyone by the name of March was in his employ. It was Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, who thought it an excellent plan to grant working scholarships in his institution to college graduates with a view toward sending the young men into banking service later on. Freddie took a chance.

But a change of bank presidents presaged for Freddie a change in the scholarship plan so he flew the camp for his first love, the stage. One thing leading to another, and things being what they are, he landed finally on the sod of auld Hollywood where his cinematic career blossomed from a part in "The Dummy" to his more recent rôles in "Laughter" and "The Royal Family."

Freddie will tell his interviewer that he is the dullest copy imaginable and then proceed to discourage that person from interviewing him. With a little persistence of the kind 'that wins,' a slogan or two thrown in for a bargain, the reporter eventually will unearth a series of strange facts about Freddie that are only partially listed below. The following, it might be mentioned in passing, are not quite up to an official biography of March but if you care anything at all about the four Marx Brothers, you'll probaby take these to your bosom and cherish them as you would your own.

Freddie likes fried sardines of the type you get in Provence, France. Once he walked four and one half miles to get to a French restaurant to ask for this type of fish. He left the place in a hurry after they put the sardines on the fire. It seems they forgot to remove the can.

He once won a prize at a dairy show

for having the largest ear of corn. He collected it the night before when he and a college chum substituted for an act in a vaudeville show.

He is an expert on eggs and knows every way of serving them from the hundred-year-old Chinese variety to the various forms of poached, fried, boiled, etc. of the domestic kind. He has a special mask he puts on when opening the Chinese ones.

With the proper length hair and eyebrows, he looks enough like Jack Barrymore to be his double. He modestly adds he can do nothing, however, about the acting.

He changes his residence from Hollywood to New York so often he tips the porters on the transcontinental trains by a subscription method.

His first reaction always upon coming to New York is to rush to a restaurant in Forty-fifth Street where he orders onion soup and then to an art exhibit where he stays until his eyes get tired.

He claims he is the first actor married to a successful professional woman who is not called Mr. Florence Eldridge and that his wife is not called Mrs. Fredric March. Each manages to retain his separate professional identity.

He is known intimately by every member of the Paramount studios and liked by all of them except a very young prop man who once went after the key to the elephant's trunk which Freddie tried on him to see if the new generation had heard the joke.

When he rises in the morning he jumps out of bed and into a shower which is adjusted to exactly 75 degrees. If it is a degree higher he complains always in the same tone, that "it is hot enough to boil eggs in." Once he said "it is hot enough to fry eggs in" but immediately realized his mistake and hasn't said it again.

He sleeps with both eyes closed.

He doesn't snore but prays that if he ever does it will be to the time of *Body and Soul*. That's his favorite popular song.

NAME THESE MOVIE EYES!



They're hazel and belong to a beautiful First National Pictures star who once adorned Ziegfeld's stage shows. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall, weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair. Name below*

no need now to have dull eyes

It's foolish to let dull, bloodshot eyes mar your appearance when an application or two of harmless *Murine* will make them bright and clear again. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from over-use, late hours, crying or outdoor exposure. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

*Dorothy Mackaill

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

OLD MONEY AND STAMPS WANTED



POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big premiums. Offer \$100 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 240 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
[Established 28 Years]

Mme Adèle WONDER PEEL PASTE



■ 1-Day Home Treatment for freckles, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, wrinkles, pits, scars, puffs. Acne condition of back and shoulders. Wonder Peel Paste gives new life and youth to aging faces. ■ No failure, no redness afterwards. ■ Price \$5.

Mme Adèle

5751 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
DEPT. 38

Rupture No Longer Spoils My Fun

"Now that I am rid of my rupture and do not wear a truss, I enjoy dancing again. There are many things I now do that I could not even attempt before, also my work is a pleasure instead of a task. To look at me now, no one would believe that I ever was crippled by a rupture."

This is the way people write us after ridding themselves of rupture by using STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS. Stacks of sworn to endorsements report success—without delay from work.

The PLAPAO-PADS are designed to assist nature in closing the hernial opening so the rupture can't come down. When this is accomplished, mechanical support will no longer be needed. The PLAPAO-PADS cling to the body without straps, buckles or springs. Easy to apply—comparatively inexpensive and comfortable.

Convince yourself by actually testing "PLAPAO". SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon below and secure a free test of the remedial factor "PLAPAO" the muscle rejuvenator.

Test of Factor "PLAPAO"

FREE! **ACT SPEEDILY**

MAIL COUPON BELOW TO-DAY

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.
350 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE Trial Plapao and 48-page book on Rupture. No charge for this now or later.

Name.....

Address.....

\$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$

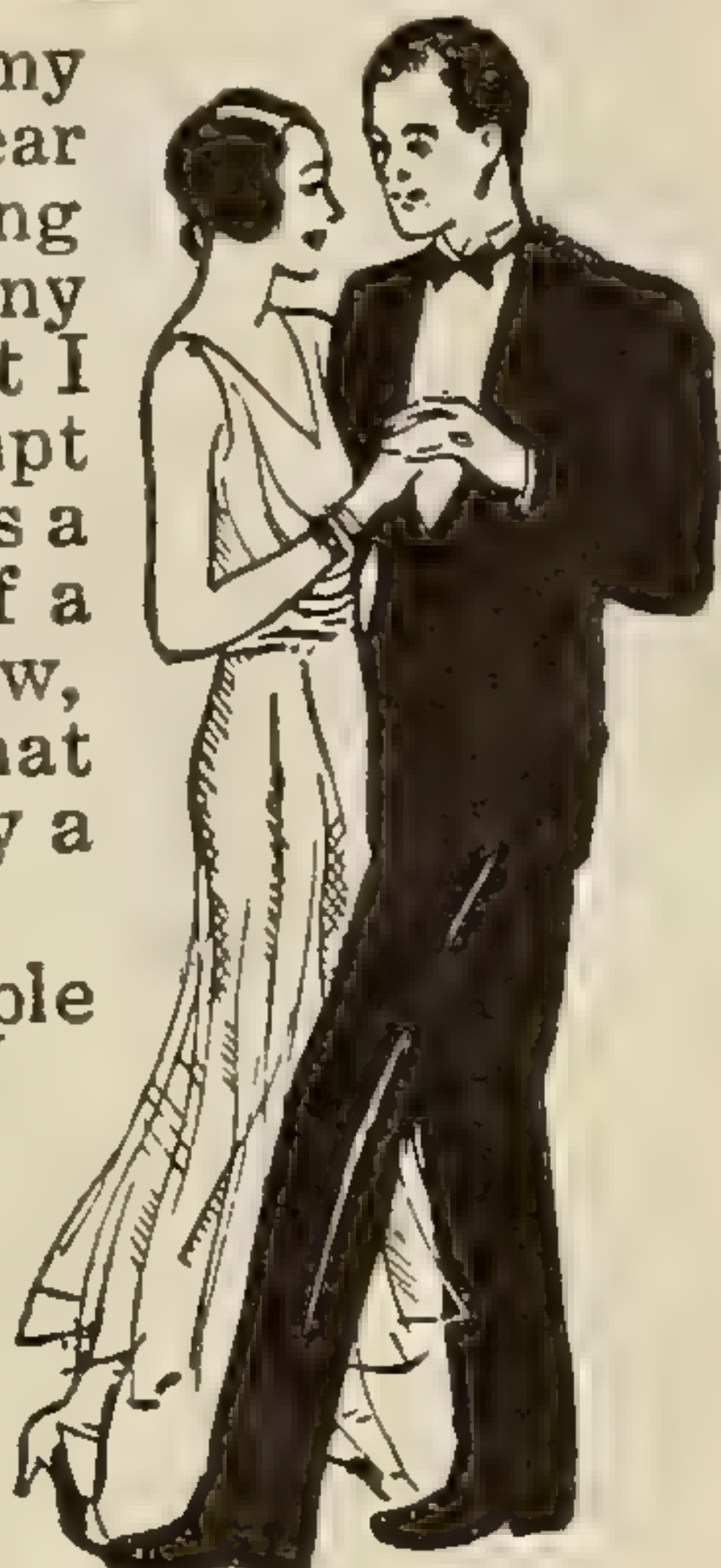
For Silent and Talking Pictures
Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios
Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
504 Meyer Bldg., Western and Sierra Vista
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
346 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.



Sex and the Talkies

Continued from page 21

She shifted her attention naturally from the hammock on the front porch to the kitchen, the nursery, and to church suppers.

"But today—how different. Not only has a wife to be a combined Madonna and Cleopatra, but she has often to be a business woman, sharing a fifty percent economic burden with her man, as well as a fairly good athlete, a perfect listener, and—if she hopes to hold her man, she must also put on a 'clinging vine' act. She must never appear too capable or self-sufficient. And her sharpest weapon to fulfill all these modern exactions is her appearance. Foreigners say we American women exaggerate the importance of physical appearance, of sex appeal. But without this one tangible quality, we cut the throat of our own happiness and some other woman wins the diamond bracelet!

"Bitter? I think not. I have studied this situation very carefully from the time I left Radcliffe College. I have been married myself, am a mother. Loved my husband but we separated. I've also been a business woman. I answered an advertisement in *The New York Times* and procured a position in an advertising agency.



Gary Cooper who co-starred with the beautiful Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" will play next in "Fighting Caravans," a lusty Western.

Right away, I noticed that of the twenty women there, nearly all were divorced, separated, or actively or phlegmatically unhappy in the marital relationship. We were all in the same boat! Therefore, I combined their experiences with my own and wrote them down in a book, 'Ex-Wife,' which I didn't sign. But after two printings, at the advice of my publishers, I did. And imagine my embarrassment when everybody thought it was my word-for-word life story! Which it is not.

"Recently, I became interested in talkies when I read a book, 'The Art of Talking Pictures,' by Walter Pitkin. Shortly afterward, I received a contract to write original stories for the screen. I accepted on the condition that I would not have to white-wash my heroines or life in general. They agreed. And in my scenarios, I present life as it is and sex as it is, not trying to pretty things up.

"Often, naturally, the picture companies

must change my stories to meet the demand of the censors, as was the case in 'The Divorcée,' made from 'Ex-Wife.' I like the film, and thought Norma Shearer gave a remarkable characterization, even though it was not 'Ex-Wife.' However, despite the present censorial limitations, talking pictures interest me greatly. And I believe they are 'going' more and more sophisticated all the time. That's how they can help. By beginning their stories at the altar instead of ending them there. And by giving the unsophisticated, inexperienced feminine theater-goer some idea of just what she is up against when she slips on the good old marital bonds. She will be up against terrific economic pressure, terrific female competition, and up against a condition twice as threatening as these two—the old marital specter, familiarity!

"The movies are doing their best to treat sex honestly. Norma Shearer stars in sophisticated pictures. Kay Francis, also. Ann Harding in 'Paris Bound' did more for marriage than a million preachments. And, of course, Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook have done a great deal of good in the normal attitude many of their films have assumed on the marriage problem.

"The one fact which cheers me up most of all about the future of matrimony is that statistics show that while one out of every five marriages—that is twenty percent—ends in the court of domestic relations either in separation or divorce, in second marriages only three out of every hundred do, which is only three percent! And as women see more and more sophisticated films, and more and more begin to look on marriage logically instead of hysterically, both of these percentages will be lowered."

Despite Miss Parrott's broad views on life, she looks as unsophisticated as a little New England girl. She is twenty-seven years old with straight-cut blue-black hair, and straight-seeing clear, grey eyes, and presents none of the extremely urban characteristics one would expect. But no matter what she allows her heroines to do, Ursula Parrott holds rather conservative views herself.

"Just how much talking pictures can help women to adjust their views of living, to become at the same time more balanced in their own behavior and more understanding of the behaviour of their husbands, is a problem. If producers handle the sex question honestly, that may not mean 'box-office' successes, unless women learn to take their amusement in adult doses. And since all of us want to make as much money as we decently can, it is perhaps asking a lot of the producers to take this risk. In the final analysis, it's up to the women themselves to decide whether they want impossible fairy-tale romances or whether they want the portrayal of human, compassionate relationships.

"Naturally, not every woman has a marriage problem to solve. There are many happy marriages which we don't hear about because only the unhappy ones publicize their dissatisfaction. And, after all, a woman may achieve a business career—she may travel, flirt, gossip, write, paint, be a concert artist and all that. But, in my opinion, the woman who wins first prize in the grab bag of life is the woman who marries the man she loves—and holds on to him!"

Hollywood Headliners Take the Air!

Continued from page 66

the great of Great Britain.

England's great could wait. Some day we might hear King George and the Prince of Wales and Premier MacDonald and Winston of the Churchills and Lloyd George and Shaw and Kipling and Lady Astor and Sir Oliver Lodge, but that day was not at hand. Not while Gloria Swanson was in London and was ready to lift her voice in song.

And so spectacularly, unprecedentedly, one afternoon American armchairs heard the pleasant, though frightened, soprano of Gloria Swanson, singing the theme song of her talkie—*Love, Your Spell is Everywhere*. It was not marred by interference. No roar of static impeded any of its mournful syllables.

The broadcast established a vogue for the song which continued for several months. Crooners swooped upon it, jazz bands adopted it, vocalists paid regular tribute to it. Its popularity as a radio number must have been reflected at the turnstiles of the movie houses.

It was, in our opinion, a mediocre number. It lacked melody, rhythm, and vitality, and yet it achieved a triumph on the air waves. All the more credit to Miss Swanson and her able propagandists who conceived and carried through its trans-Atlantic introduction.

Two stars definitely associated with the talkies possess the distinction of having been the highest paid American artists who have been heard on the air—Al Jolson and Will Rogers. Rogers was regularly heard each week last season for a period of several months, airing his shrewd homespun philosophy on the American scene for a sum said to have been \$12,000 a broadcast.

Massa Jolson comes to the microphone frequently and receives a pot of gold for voicing his latest tributes to mammy and mammy's sonny boy. It is my opinion that he is not heard enough, considering that there is no one in America who approaches him in the knack of putting a song over. His song, *Sonny Boy*, historians agree, put the talkies on Broadway and kept them there.

The latter is the type of tune that Jolson can do better than any other person this side of Valhalla. It gives him a glorious opportunity to use the tremolo stop, to conjure up a pathetic picture of helpless childhood.

He must have thanked Allah when it came his way, for it turned him overnight from a restless, though rich, monarch of the music halls to a veritable Midas of the movies, the contented and fabulous figure about whom the whole new planet of the talkies revolved.

Among the minstrels of the talkies in the class just below Jolson in their ability to put a song over are Maurice Chevalier, Harry Richman, and Rudy Vallée. Vallée cannot be definitely classified as a talkie star. His success as the foremost of radio's troubadours was wholly responsible for his entrance into the Hollywood gold fields. He made one picture and hurried back to the welcoming shelter of the broadcast studios.

Chevalier disclosed in his American radio debut—it also had the stamp of in-

ternational prestige—one of the most vivid microphonic personalities that has yet penetrated the loudspeakers. From a theater dressing-room in Paris he sang one or two ballads, talked a little of his screen adventures. A nation tuned in and expressed its satisfaction—such satisfaction, indeed, that the French minstrel, they say, is now asking the tidy sum of \$15,000 for further radio appearances.

Not so long ago dispatch-bearers from California announced that William S. Hart was contemplating an exclusively radio career. He was heard once on a national network in a recital of the poem, "Lasca." Perhaps, for his sake it should have been rewritten under the title, "Lasky." At any event he failed to set the radio sea on fire, a fact which may have been due to the lack of any preliminary publicity. Perhaps in coming unheralded before the microphone, he wanted to know whether he possessed that elusive quality known as radio personality.

With the right kind of material, Hart should not find the microphone unkind. His long stage experience—he was the original *Messala* in "Ben Hur" and played the villain in the first production of "The Squaw Man"—should be of help to him when the radio men give as much thought to drama as they do to music.

One of the best Hollywood singing voices yet heard on the air is that of Bebe Daniels. Her soprano, while not of great range or power, has a softness and clarity about it that could make her one of the most popular of radio stars.

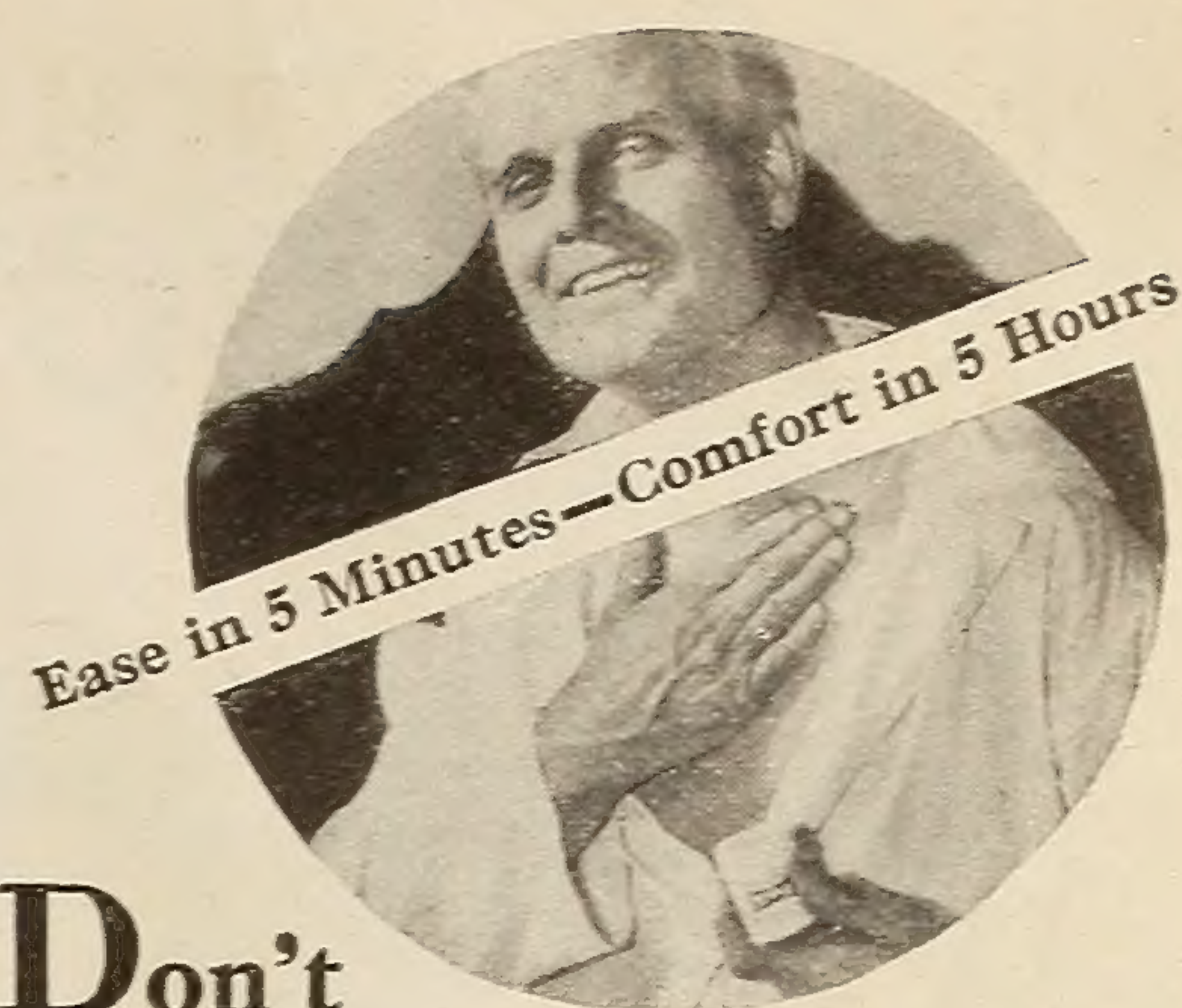
Paramount's close association with the Columbia network has been responsible for the air journeys of an imposing number of screen stars. Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie have been foremost in the Paramount radio parade. Clara Bow, however, has been strangely inconspicuous. Clara, wisely, may be waiting for television.

Radio has even brought to the overstuffed divans that strange phenomenon known as a Hollywood premiere, in which twenty fabulous figures of the screen were heard on the air in a single program. Their efforts were too limited by time to provide listeners with a satisfying earful, and the custom has, happily, been abolished.

Still, the microphones sound their call and the movie stars continue to respond. Smiling Billy Mason, silent all these years, has come out of retirement for a regular radio appearance, commercially sponsored. Dolores Cassinelli, once one of the most eye-compelling figures of the screen, is now a leading soprano of the National Broadcasting Company, voicing regularly not only the more familiar ballads of the day but the sun-swept melodies of Spain.

Jean Sothorn, Dorothy Lee and Lillian Roth, are other screen notables heard regularly and often on the loudspeakers. Ruth Roland recently lifted her voice in song in an R-K-O hour, broadcast from the *Leviathan* while the liner lay at her New York pier.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used *once every hour for five hours*.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



How To Obtain A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remodeling the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 207, Binghamton, N. Y.

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 6322, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.
Engel
5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write
Dept. 30P, ENGEL MFG. CO.
4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

BASHFUL?

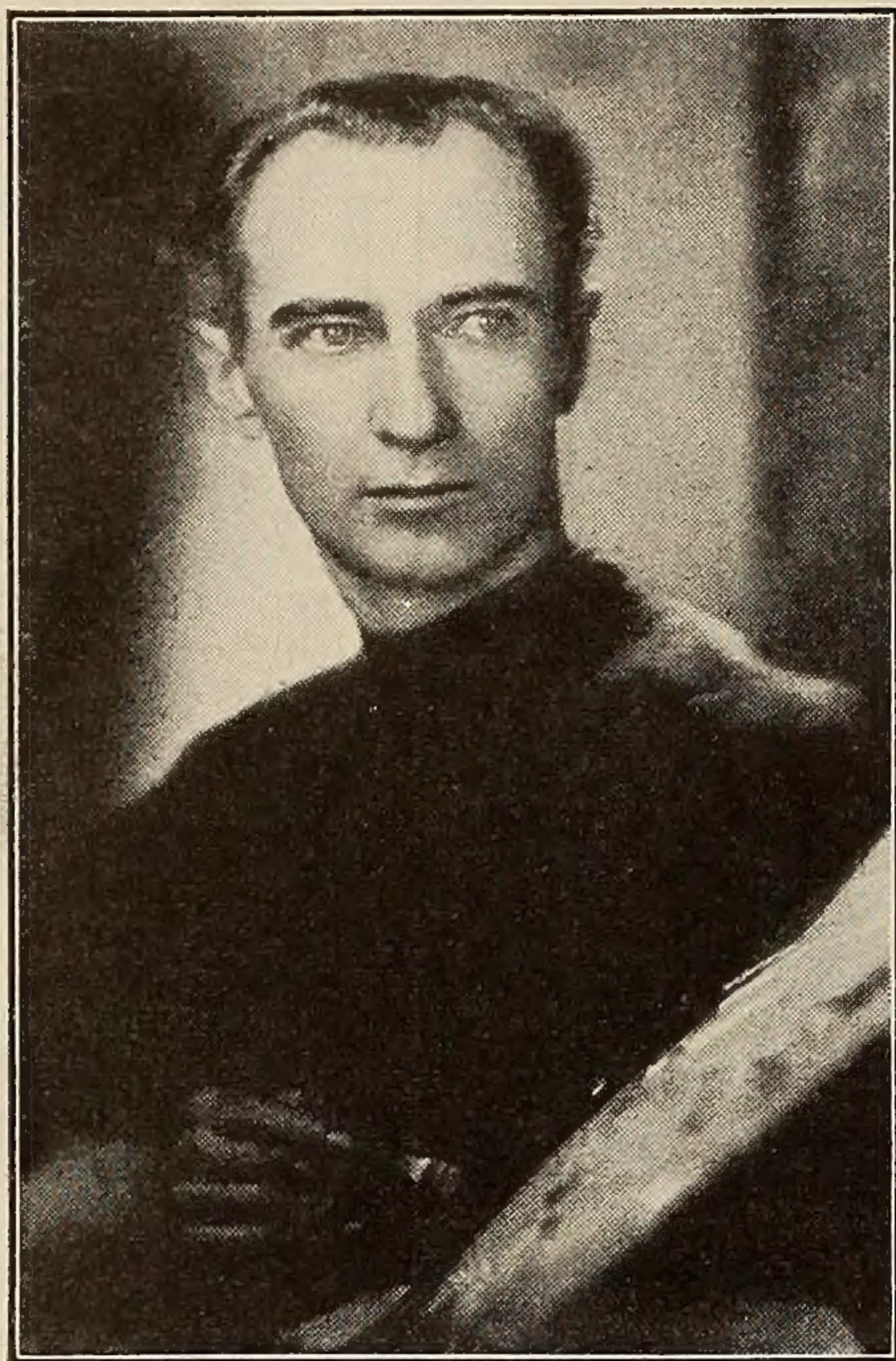
"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c. for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE
B-402, Flatiron Bldg., New York

Meet the Family!

THE best motion pictures have all-star casts. So have the best magazines. There may be a bright particular star billed first and biggest, but that star must be surrounded by a supporting cast packed with personality and punch. Just so with publications. There's a publisher. There's an editor. And they are pretty important. But they must be backed up by a supporting cast of definite box-office value.

So we want you to meet our cast. We are proud of our support and we don't care who knows we're bragging. Let's begin with the cover. A magazine cover is like a department store window. It gives you a pretty good idea of the attractions inside. At least, our covers do that. Reason: they are portraits of the loveliest girls on earth, by an artist who appreciates beauty and knows how to pin it to canvas. Thomas Webb is the name. Tom, meet the folks. Mr. Webb's covers on *College Humor*, his illustrations in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other magazines have made him widely known. Now he is enlarging his appeal by painting the film beauties of and for SCREENLAND. Mr. Webb is an authority on color. He studied with Bridgman and Bellows, Kyahei Inukai and Power O'Malley. When he isn't painting he's playing golf or riding horse-back. And wait until you see that Marlene Dietrich cover he is working on now! It sings!

Now let's step inside the book. You'll be meeting Rosa Reilly on one of the first feature pages. She's our Associate Editor and she has had a more colorful career than most screen stars. She's a striking brunette—romantic-looking!—born in the Shenandoah Valley in the town where John Brown was hanged—Charles Town, Jefferson County, West Virginia. Grand-niece of Johns Hopkins of Baltimore and of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, one of the first American novelists. A lot to live up to, but Miss Reilly is doing very well by her family tree, thank you, climbing very fast. Her ambitions were about equally divided between acting and



Nicholas Muray

Thomas Webb.



Painting by C. D. Bachelor

Rosa Reilly.

writing; they took her to Washington, D. C.; Sapulpa, Oklahoma; Queens-town, Ireland; Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany; Bucharest, Roumania, Hollywood, California, and New York, N. Y.! Let her tell you: "I've been through three revolutions—Sinn Fein, German, and Mexican. Have lived in Cuba, Mexico, Ireland, England, Germany, Austria, and Roumania. Like bull-

dogs, bridge, and beer. Favorite pastime, eating and reading—in order named!"

You have noticed by this time that we have a brand new Western Editor. We're proud of Alma Whitaker not only because she is one of the famous newspaper women of America but because she is also a very charming and witty person. She was born in London, England, and went to thirty-two schools in nine different countries! Traveled all over Europe, South Africa, India, the Argentine, Australia, Borneo, the Orient—whew! She has been on the *Los Angeles Times* for some years and gave half the stars in Hollywood their first interviews. She's an honorary member of no less than thirty-seven clubs but still has her sense of humor. You'll like her.

Victor De Pauw, whose humorous drawings appear in *The New Yorker* and other magazines, is one of the cleverest caricaturists in America. He has his more serious side, too—much of his work has been shown in the smarter galleries in Manhattan. He came from Canada to San Francisco and from there to New York. He has made caricatures of stage stars, opera stars, movie stars, politicians, and aviators—and he still likes his work!

There are others: Evelyn Ballarine, very young, very pretty, and a real screen fan; Louis Reid; Anne Van Alstyne and Mary Lee, our authorities on feminine charm; Marie House, who is winning a following for her smart stories—they're all grand and we'll tell you about them some other time!



Victor De Pauw sketching Lya De Putti.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
Publisher.

twice the beauty

from face powder
if you use

princess pat

the
famous
almond base
makes it
different.



Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not “powdery.”

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried “the powder with the almond base.”

A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you’d dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* “twice the beauty” from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason.

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)



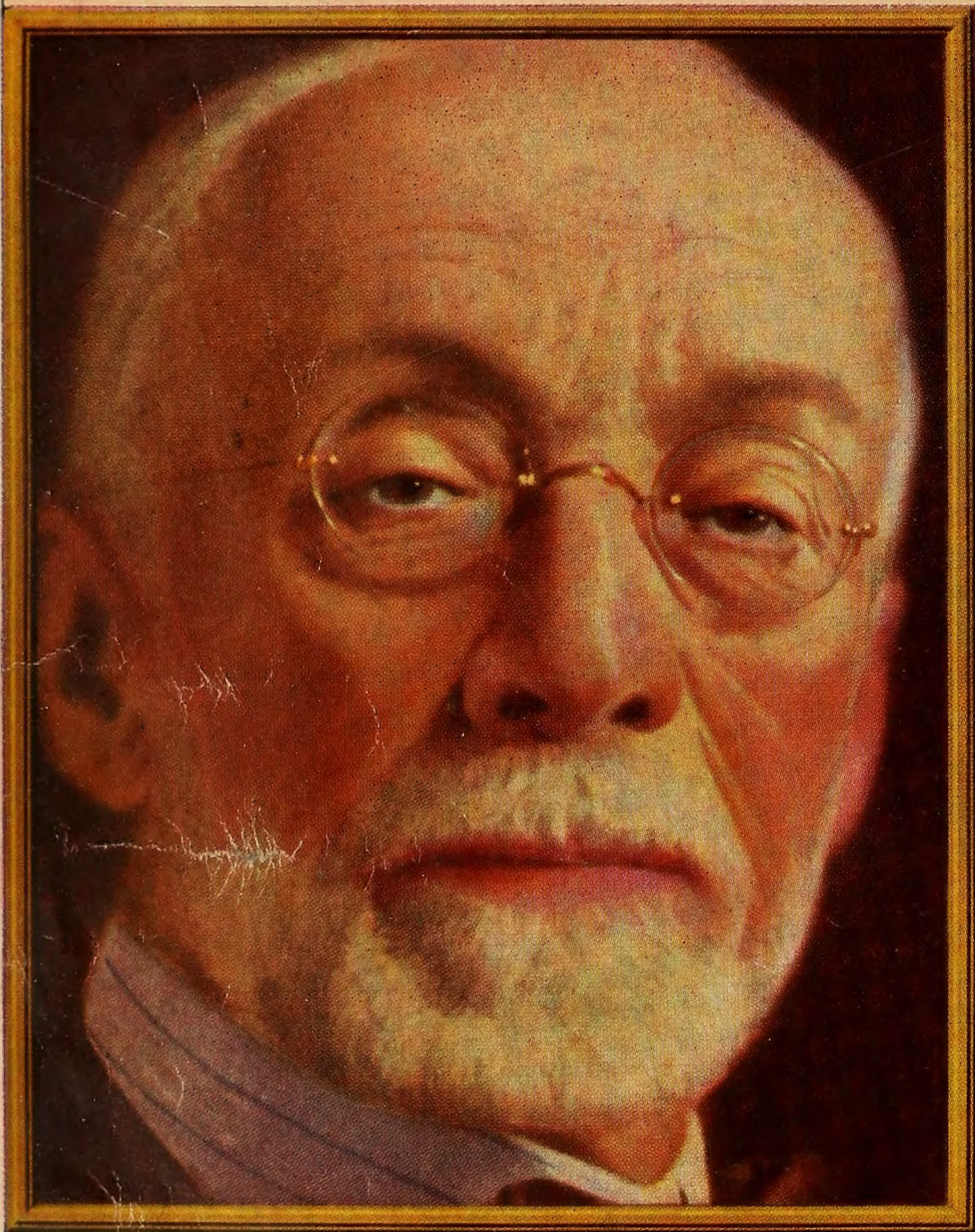
get this Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. A-1542. Enclosed find 25c for which
send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....
Street.....
City and State.....

"A DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION"



Says

AUGUST HECKSCHER

Noted Philanthropist

Chairman of the Heckscher Foundation for Children; President Child Welfare Committee of America

Director:
Empire Trust Company
Crucible Steel Company

"The most laudable service that any industry can render is the attempt to benefit its patrons. That is the cardinal principle of philanthropy. And so, interested as I always am in modern developments, I consider that your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in your Toasting of LUCKY STRIKE is a distinct contribution of which the public will whole-heartedly approve."

August Heckscher

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.